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# In the Light of Myth

*Selections from the World's Myths*

COMPILED AND INTERPRETED

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TO MY FRIEND

MABEL GODDARD

WHOSE INTEREST AND ENCOURAGEMENT

HAVE MADE THIS BOOK POSSIBLE



*Great truths are portions of the soul of man,  
Great souls are portions of eternity.*

—LOWELL

## FOREWORD

*To the mean person the myth means little, to the noble person, much.*

RUSKIN

In the broadest definition of the term, a myth is a story with a meaning attached to it other than it seems to have at first; and the fact that it has such a meaning is generally marked by some of its circumstances being extraordinary. Only with this very liberal construction may all of the selections included in this volume be classified as myths. A few have been designated as legends, but no further attempt at classification has been made.

The study of the origin of myths and the tracing of their sources is quite beside the point in a book of this nature. Some interesting side lights, however, are thrown on the subject. One of these is the striking similarity in plot and detail of myths from seemingly very different sources. The under-ocean caves of Neptune's waters are also not far from Alaska; Endymion sleeps in the moonlight of the Middle West as surely as on Mount Latmos; the Sirens sing in Ionian Seas and among the cascades of Yosemite; Edens and Mount Ararats are found on both continents; the mystic fires of Vulcan's forge smoulder in Hawaiian volcanoes; and from the heights of the Hudson, Jove's thunderbolts are hurled.

A general knowledge of classical mythology as a key to the origin and meaning of many words in everyday use, and as an aid in the interpretation of literature and art cannot be overestimated. Since the literature and art of any nation is dependent, in a sense, on its body of legend and stored-up experience, it would seem a happy obligation to encourage the growth of the legends of our country by telling again the stories that have taken hold of the American imagination, and by stimulating an interest in the myths we already have.

For comparison with the greater and more literary myths, a few examples of the primitive type have been included. Since the real meaning of any myth is that which it has at the noblest age of the people among whom it is current, the myths of a simple and ignorant race must necessarily mean little. Only for wise men of high vision does the moon walk the night, watching, defending, and loving; or the sun mount the sky, purging fear and evil vision, calling the world to new life and glad labor, and rejoicing as a strong man to run his course. It is hoped that, without sacrificing the charm of romance by undue emphasis of moral, the stories interpreted herein may lead the readers to see that myths deal with universal problems of life and destiny, and present, however imperfectly, things which are for all ages true; that the hearts of men do not change; that love, faith, and duty are ever supreme incentives to noble living.

I am indebted to Bulfinch's *Age of Fable* and to Gayley's *Classic Myths in English Literature* for some of the phraseology used in the stories of the first two groups. I am sincerely grateful to the American Bureau of Ethnology, and to the many authors and publishers whose works and copyrights are acknowledged, for their courtesy and interest; to my brother, Harry W. Patterson, for his assistance in the collection of material; to my friends and co-workers of the Arsenal Technical High School, and especially to Miss Mabel Goddard, Head of the English Department, for valuable help in the selection of material, for translations, and for criticism and correction of the completed manuscript. If these stories may bring to the classroom new pleasure and interest, if they may, for the high-school student, enrich imagination by a moment of romance, our work shall not have been in vain.

R. B. B.

Indianapolis  
January, 1925

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# Myths of Greece and Rome



## THE WORLD IS TOO MUCH WITH US

The world is too much with us; late and soon,  
Getting and spending, we lay waste our powers:  
Little we see in Nature that is ours;  
We have given our hearts away, a sordid boon!  
The Sea that bares her bosom to the moon;  
The winds that will be howling at all hours,  
And are upgathered now like sleeping flowers;  
For this, for everything, we are out of tune;  
It moves us not.— Great God! I'd rather be  
A Pagan suckled in a creed outworn;  
So might I, standing on this pleasant lea,  
Have glimpses that would make me less forlorn;  
Have sight of Proteus rising from the sea;  
Or hear old Triton blow his wreathed horn.

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH

## PANDORA [*Hope*]

SYMBOLS: *The Charms of Woman. The Troubles of Mankind.*

*Hope springs eternal in the human breast.*

PCPE

Though strange it may seem, the first woman was created as a curse or punishment for man. Because the world had accepted the gift of fire which Prometheus had stolen from heaven, Jupiter was enraged and planned revenge in the shape of a woman. At his command she was fashioned a bewitching evil, every god and goddess contributing something to her perfection. Apollo taught her music; Minerva, industrial art; Mercury, persuasive charm. Venus gave her beauty of manner; the Graces robed her and decked her with flowers. This peerless creature, irresistibly attractive to man, was named Pandora, "the gift of all the gods."

Carefully guarding in her hand a box which the gods had forbidden her to open, she was conveyed to earth by Mercury and presented to Epimetheus. Now Epimetheus had been warned by his brother, Prometheus, to beware of a present from Jupiter; but being unable to see evil in so lovely a gift, Epimetheus accepted Pandora as his wife.

All would have gone well had Pandora forgotten the mysterious box. Such a charming box it was with its curious exquisite design, its delicate carving, its

snug little lid held firmly in place by a teasing intricate knot! And did not its tempting walls inclose a divine forbidden secret? The crafty Jupiter had planned wisely and well. Little by little Pandora's curiosity grew until finally one day she could restrain it no longer. With stealthy deft fingers she unfastened the lock, lifted the lid ever so little, and peeped within. Forth burst a cloud of plagues and troubles, dark fluttering creatures that swarmed through the air, filling not only the home of Pandora and Epimetheus, but all homes everywhere!

In consternation and haste Pandora re-covered the treacherous box; but alas, the evil was done! Woman, the inextricable snare, had brought to hapless man diseases, passions, cares, and sorrows. But in the midst of her despair and remorse for what she had done, Pandora heard a gentle insistent voice coming from within the box and pleading for release. The beauty of its tone soothed the maiden's anguish; she listened, enraptured, to the message.

"I am Hope. I bring healing to the body, peace to the mind, joy to the spirit. I will stay with you forever."

Cautiously Pandora lifted the lid, and into the world soared Hope Eternal, a white and shining creature, the rarest gift of the immortals. Not without compassion had the gods sent forth the curse of Jupiter. Into a world darkened by sin and trouble came an everlasting light, "the light that shone when Hope was born."

## ARACHNE [*Pride*]

SYMBOL: *The Spider.*

*He that is proud eats up himself.*

SHAKESPEARE

Arachne, although a maid of humble birth, had acquired great fame because of her skill in spinning and weaving. Even the nymphs deserted their vineyards and the golden sands of their streams to admire the beauty of Arachne's workmanship. The charm and grace of her working also gave pleasure to those who watched her. Whether she were softening the fleeces, unrolling the rough wool, moving the smooth round spindle, or embroidering with the needle, it was easy to see that she had been instructed by Minerva, bright goddess of wisdom and of household arts. This, however, the maiden denied; she could not bear to be thought a pupil even of a goddess. "Let Minerva try her skill with mine," she said. "If I am beaten, there is nothing I would refuse to endure."

Minerva heard the boastful challenge and was greatly displeased. In the form of an old woman, gray haired, and leaning upon a staff, she appeared before Arachne to give her warning and advice. "Challenge only your fellow mortals, bold girl! Do not compete with a goddess; rather give her credit for your teaching, and ask her forgiveness for your rash words."

Surrounded by the admiring nymphs, Arachne stopped her spinning and made disrespectful answer. "Indeed! Why comest thou with advice?



HER WORKING GAVE PLEASURE TO THOSE WHO WATCHED HER

Thou hast the misfortune to have lived too long. Why does Minerva decline this contest? Let her appear!"

"Lo, she is come!" said the goddess, throwing off her disguise. The nymphs bent low in homage;



but Arachne stood undaunted, except for the deep blush that dyed her cheeks, and passing, left them pale. Still firm in her resolve, she was foolishly bent upon victory or upon her own destruction. The goddess seeing this, advised her no further, and the contest proceeded without delay.

They took their places and stretched out webs of fine warp upon the loom. With garments girded, each bent eagerly to the work. The charmed nymphs stole nearer. In and out among the threads the slender shuttles hummed, while the moving sley, its fine teeth separating the warp, struck up the woof into its place and compacted the web. Pliant gold mingled with the threads, and wool of Tyrian dye contrasted with other colors in shading so delicate that transition eluded the eye. The effect of the whole was that of a rainbow tingeing the sky.

On her web Minerva wrought the gods of heaven resplendent in their lofty seats of council. As a warning to Arachne, the pictures showed the goddess triumphing over presumptuous gods and mortals. Jupiter sat in the midst; Neptune, ruler of the sea, held his trident; and Minerva herself was depicted with helmed head, and her ægis covering her breast. The border design was patterned after the goddess' own tree, the fruitful, peaceful olive.

Arachne, too, embroidered into her web stories of the gods; but she made light of them all, even of Jupiter himself, and exhibited only those scenes which recalled their failings and errors. The work,

marvelously done, was finished with a fine border of flowers interwoven with twining ivy.

Minerva could not forbear to admire and wonder at the work of her rival, although she was indignant at the insult and shocked at such presumption and impiety. With her shuttle she struck the beautiful web that displayed the criminal acts of the gods, and rent it to pieces. Then thrice she touched the forehead of Arachne to make her feel her guilt and shame.

The proud high-spirited girl could not bear the disgrace. She went away and sought to take her life by hanging herself; but Minerva, seeing her as she hung suspended by a rope, bore her up, and pronounced a different doom. "Live on, wicked one, but continue to hang, thou and all thy race!" As the goddess departed she sprinkled the wretched girl with the juice of aconite. Immediately her hair, touched with the noxious poison, fell off, and together with it her nose and ears. Her head and body became very small; her nimble fingers cleaved to her sides as legs.

Arachne, the spider, still works at a delicate intricate web, and spins from her shrunken body the silver thread to which she often hangs.



## PHAËTON [*Ambition*]

SYMBOLS: *Deserts and Volcanoes. The Poplar Tree. The Swan. The Dark-skinned Races.*

*I have no spur  
To prick the sides of my intent, but only  
Vaulting ambition, which o'erleaps itself  
And falls . . .*

SHAKESPEARE

The youth Phaëton, whose name, like the name Phœbus, means Radiant One, was proud that he was the son of the great Phœbus Apollo. He boasted so much of divine parentage that his companions ridiculed such arrogance and bade him show some proof of his origin. Phaëton, insulted, complained to his mother, the nymph Clymene, who told him to go to his father for the desired proof. Forthwith the boy hastened toward the Land of the East that he might arrive there early in the morning before

. . . the lark at heaven's gate sings,  
And Phœbus 'gins arise.

The great Palace of the Sun, made by Vulcan, stood reared aloft on columns and blazed with burnished gold and flaming jewels. Its doors were of finely wrought silver; its walls, of polished ivory; and over all was carved the likeness of the glorious heaven. Phœbus Apollo, arrayed in purple, sat on a throne that glittered as with diamonds. Spring, Summer, Autumn, and Winter attended him; on his right and left stood the Year, the Month, the Day, and the Hours.



THE HORSES HURLED THE CHARIOT OVER PATHLESS PLACES

Into the presence of his disputed parent came Phaëton, thrilled with hope and pride, and dazzled by the splendor and intensity of the light. When Apollo bade him speak without fear, he made known his errand. The Sun God was touched by the request and, embracing his boy, swore by the dark river Styx that any proof Phaëton might desire should be given him. Immediately the presumptuous youth asked to be permitted for one day to drive the chariot of the sun. The father, dismayed, and repenting of his rash promise and irrevocable oath, urged the dangers of the road and vowed the task was far too great for any mortal. But all in vain; Phaëton would not be persuaded. With the conceit of ignorance and inexperience he declared that a son of Apollo could manage his father's matchless steeds and drive the flaming car of day. Apollo resisted as long as he could, then led the way to his lofty chariot—Vulcan's handiwork in gold, silver, and precious stones that reflected the brightness of the sun.

There was no time for further entreaty; the world awaited the sunrise. The Hours harnessed and led forth from their lofty stalls the horses full fed with ambrosia. Aurora threw open the purple doors of the east and showed the pathway strewn with roses. At the coming of Dawn the stars withdrew, marshaled and followed by the Day Star. Then as the pale Moon retired and Earth began to glow, the impetuous Phaëton, scarce heeding his



anxious father's advice to keep the middle course between earth and sky, sprang eagerly into the chariot, seized the reins of the impatient horses, and was off. Before him lay the boundless plain of the universe. What joy to cleave the opposing clouds and to outrun the morning breezes that started from the same eastern goal!

Far up the first steep ascent all went well. But the steeds soon perceived that their load was lighter than usual, and when they finally realized that it was not their master's hand on the reins, they rushed headlong in frenzy and left the traveled road. The chariot dashed about as though empty; Phaëton, terrified, lost his courage and dropped the reins. Wildly he looked about and beheld near him the monstrous forms of heaven, and far below, the earth dizzily spinning. The horses, unrestrained, hurled the chariot over pathless places, now dashing into unknown regions among the stars, now plunging downward almost to earth. The constellations, scorching with heat, looked on in terror. The whole world seemed afire. Mountains smoked, giving up their snowy crowns; the sea shrank, and thrice Neptune plunged his burning face beneath its waters; fountains dried up; green pastures became parched deserts where boiling rivers buried their heads in yellow sands; whole nations were consumed to ashes; and the Ethiopians, because of the intense heat, turned black.

Then Earth, cracked open and faint with horror,

prayed in anguish to Jupiter to save her from destruction. Jupiter, amazed, heard the prayer and called all the other gods to witness, as with the speed of his lightning, he launched a thunderbolt at the young charioteer. A flash, and across the sky like a flaming meteor, Phaëton shot earthward. His burning body fell into the river Eridanus, from whose waters his loved friend, Cycnus, rescued and buried the charred remains.

In pity for his grief, the gods changed Cycnus into a swan who still swims mournfully about, plunging his head beneath the water and looking for fragments of his lost friend. Clymene, the mother, refused to be comforted; but the Heliades, Phaëton's three sisters, who wept upon the banks of the river, were transformed by the gods into poplar trees and their teardrops into amber. The remorseful Sun God swung his rescued chariot back to its steady course, never again to relinquish his trust into mortal hands. To this day both gods and men are aghast at the daring deed and the awful punishment of the proud, ambitious son of Apollo.

Striving to peer through the infinite azure,  
 Alternate turning to earthward and falling,  
 Measuring life with Damastian measure,  
 Finite, appalling!





## ECHO AND NARCISSUS [*Vanity*]

SYMBOLS: *Echoes. The Narcissus. Reflections in Still Water.*

*Oh why should the spirit of mortal be proud?*

KNOX

Echo, a charming nymph, was a lover of woodland sports. Light and fleet as a deer, she was one of Diana's favorites and deemed it a joy to follow the goddess of the chase. But Echo was as nimble of tongue as of foot, and foolishly fond of hearing her own voice. Sparkling wit and clever jest came trippingly from her saucy tongue; and, proud of the fact that none of her companions was a match for her, she cared not with whom she tried her skill in light conversation or heated argument. She could be impertinent, too, upon occasion, and always rudely insisted upon having the last word.

One day the jealous Juno in her abode on Mount Olympus missed Jupiter, her husband. Now she knew that he loved to spend his time among the nymphs, and fearing that he might be enjoying himself in their company, she suddenly appeared in their woodland haunts. Echo, in order to give her companions a chance to escape, engaged and detained the goddess with her lively chatter. But the haughty Juno soon discovered the plot and was enraged at the nymph's presumption. In her fury at being thus outwitted she pronounced poor Echo's doom.

"You are fond of hearing your own voice," said the goddess. "Since you dote upon having the last word, so it shall be. From henceforth you shall use your voice for reply only, and you may always have the final word."

Now it happened that among the same haunts in which Echo followed the chase, there lived a beautiful youth, Narcissus, the son of a river god. He too was nimble and fleet of foot, and he too loved all woodland sports and followed the chase upon the mountains. He was more vain than Echo, and conceited and cruel as well. Because of his godlike grace and beauty he was admired and sought after by all the nymphs. They praised, followed, and entreated him; but he cruelly shunned them all.

Poor Echo fared as did the rest. Indeed, what chance had she to win a proud youth? However much she longed to tell him her love in even the gentlest of whispers, she could only repeat his words. Narcissus was angered by her foolish repetition and mimicking voice, for the more she sought to put endearment into her accents, the more he thought he was being derided and mocked. Echo, despairing, fled in maidenly shame to hide herself in the deep woods. There she pined away in grief and humiliation until her form vanished and nothing was left of her but a monotonous echo that repeated the last words of the passer-by. Indistinct on the gentle slopes of the hills, her hollow voice rang out clearly on the mountains, at first loud and near, then

fainter and farther away, until it was lost among the distant cliffs and caves.

But among the lovers of Narcissus was a nymph not so tender-hearted as Echo. She became angry with the proud scornful youth and prayed to the gods that he might love someone who would not love him in return. The avenging goddess heard her and devised a means of answering the prayer.



HE WAS MORE VAIN THAN ECHO, AND CRUEL AS WELL

Narcissus was wont, when heated from the chase, to rest himself in shady bowers and to allay his thirst with the cool water of clear running streams. One day he stooped to drink, and as his lips touched the smooth glassy surface he was startled and pleased by his own reflection in the water. Immediately he fell to admiring the curve of his shoulder, the glow of his cheek, the brightness of his eyes and hair, until he was actually in love with himself!

From that time on Narcissus no longer cared for the sports, but would escape from his companions to seek out a spot far from the chase, where, kneeling in deep shadow beside some shining pool, he might gaze in longing admiration at his beloved likeness. As Echo had pined away for him, so he pined away for himself until in his grief he died. It was said that even his shade, when crossing the Stygian River, leaned over the edge of Charon's boat to gaze fondly at its ghostly image in the water.

When he was dead the nymphs mourned for him. Echo, disconsolate, could only repeat their words of grief and lamentation. They built for him a funeral pyre, but when they sought his body it was nowhere to be found. Instead, bending over the river, close to the water's edge, was a flower they had not seen before—a beautiful flower, white-leaved without and purple within.

Today the traveler on mountain roads may hear sad Echo's voice among far rocky cliffs, still entreating, still replying; and should his pathway lead him into forest shades, he will find the lovely purple-and-white narcissus growing beside a quiet pool, swaying gently and bending lovingly toward its own clear reflection in the mirror-like surface below.



## ATALANTA [*Strategy*]

*The race is not to the swift.*

ECCLESIASTES 9: 11

The princess Atalanta was a free and fearless maiden. Having been warned by an oracle that marriage would be fatal to her happiness, she determined to live her life apart from the society of men and to devote herself entirely to the sports of the chase. In time she became noted as a runner and was able to excel the swiftest racers of the course. Always bearing in mind the warning of the oracle, she had but one answer for her many suitors: "Let him who would wed me, race with me. Should he win, I am the prize; but should he fail, death is the penalty."

Despite these hard conditions many youths who loved the fleet and beautiful Atalanta engaged in the race with her. In every case they met with defeat and death, while their fair competitor was adorned with the victor's crown.

The youth Hippomenes came one day to witness one of these races. Several bold suitors entered the contest and Hippomenes condemned them for risking so much for a wife. But as the race proceeded he watched it with interest, and before it was ended he had changed his mind. Atalanta's speed gave her beauty enchantment. As she darted forward the breezes seemed to give wings to her feet, a ruddy

hue tinged the brightness of her skin, her hair flew over her shoulders, and the fringe of her garment fluttered behind her. Diana herself had not more of grace or health or charm. Easily she outdistanced all the other runners.

When the race was over Hippomenes approached the victor. "Thou hast had easy victory with laggards," he said. "Wilt thou now contend with me? I am of the family of Neptune, king of the waves, and shouldst thou conquer me, thy name will be yet more great and honorable."

Atalanta fixed her eyes upon Hippomenes. He was comely and younger than the others, and her heart was filled with pity. In doubt whether she wished to be overcome or to conquer, slowly she replied: "Even though descended from the monarch of the sea, art thou not dismayed by death? I am not of so great value that thou shouldst risk thy life so dear. Thou art but a boy. Seek not, I pray thee, an alliance darkened by prophecy and stained with blood."

The youth persisted, and, the spectators growing impatient, the king commanded that preparations be made for the race. While the course was cleared and the judges took their places, Atalanta reasoned anxiously within her heart: "Why have I concern for him when many have perished? Alas, that this youth, most worthy to live, must die because he has loved me! My victory can never support the hatred of the deed."





HIPPOMENES THREW ONE OF THE GOLDEN APPLES



During this time the young descendant of Neptune was calling upon Venus for aid: "Goddess who has inspired me, grant speed that I may be swift to win as I have been swift to love!" The breeze, not envious, wafted to Venus the earnest prayer; and the goddess, visible to none but Hippomenes, came in haste bearing in her hands three golden apples plucked from a tree in her island of Cyprus. She gave the shining treasure to Hippomenes and instructed him in its use.

The trumpets called the signal. Like Scythian arrows shot from bows, the racers darted from the starting place. Their nimble feet, skimming the surface of the sand, left behind them no footprints. One would have thought such wingéd pace could have carried the runners over the sea dry-shod, or have swept them lightly along the tips of growing wheat.

The shouts of the people showed them eager for Hippomenes to win. Their cheering gave him glad courage, and Atalanta, too, heard it with joy. On the two sped, at first with even pace; then, as the youth seemed gaining, the maiden passed him. She soon slackened her speed, however, unwilling to leave him behind, and at that moment Hippomenes threw one of the golden apples directly ahead of him on the course. Atalanta, surprised, stooped to snatch up the bright rolling fruit, and while she did so, Hippomenes passed her. The amphitheater rang with applause. The maiden then made amends

for the delay by a swifter pace, and a second time left the youth behind. In the same way she was retarded by a second apple, and again she overtook Hippomenes.

When only the last part of the race remained, the runners sped side by side. The goal was near. Hippomenes, spent and panting, breathed a prayer to Venus as he flung her third golden gift forward in an oblique direction on the course. For a moment Atalanta seemed in doubt, but prompted by Venus, she turned aside for the apple. In that moment's delay she lost the race. Hippomenes had touched the goal.

Joyously the victor claimed his prize and the two were happily wedded; but the oracle was yet to be fulfilled. Hippomenes in his happiness forgot to pay due honor to Venus either in thanks or in tribute of frankincense. Venus was provoked by such ingratitude and caused the lovers to give offense to the powerful goddess Cybele, who presided over mountain fastnesses. Cybele took from Hippomenes and Atalanta their human forms, and changing them into a lion and a lioness, yoked the fleet-footed pair to her car.



## ORPHEUS [*Song*]

SYMBOLS: *The Lyre Constellation. The Power of Music.*

*If music be the food of love, play on!*

SHAKESPEARE

The mother of Orpheus was a nymph and his father was Apollo, god of the sun and patron of music. Orpheus himself was a bard who sang of immortality and of the mysteries of creation. He was also a lyrist, the oldest and finest ever known to the Greeks. It was no wonder that he played with marvelous skill, for Apollo himself was his teacher. When Orpheus struck the chords of his lyre, such exquisite harmony came forth that men and gods were charmed, wild beasts were tamed, and the very trees and rocks were moved to listen.

This noted lyrist was among the heroes of the Argonautic Expedition, and during a storm which they encountered he appeased the anger of the gods and calmed the waves with his music. Upon another occasion, when the sirens by their singing strove to charm the sailors and to wreck their boat upon treacherous rocks, Orpheus overcame the alluring strains with his melodious song and the ship passed in safety. Although many stories were related of this hero demigod, the sweetest and most beautiful is that of his love and grief for Eurydice, and of his visit to the underworld.

Orpheus loved the fair Eurydice and won her for his bride. On their wedding day, Hymen, god of marriage, came to bless the lovers; but his torch smoked, bringing tears to their eyes. This was considered a very bad omen, and so it proved. Not many days later, Eurydice, when wandering with the nymphs, was admired and pursued by a rude shepherd. Fleeing from him she stepped upon a snake, was bitten in the foot, and soon afterward died of the poisonous wound.

Orpheus, distracted, sang his grief to all who would listen — beasts, men and gods. Finding his lament of no avail, he determined to visit the underworld and there seek to move Pluto to have pity upon him. By descending through a cave he reached the world of the dead and made his way through crowds of ghosts until he stood before the throne of Pluto and his sad queen, Persephone. There, to the accompaniment of his lyre, he poured out his sorrow in a beautiful song of love and petition. All Hades listened, charmed. The shades of the dead crowded close, many of them leaving their appointed tasks. Tantalus forgot his thirst; Ixion stopped his wheel; the Danaïdes left off their work of drawing water in a sieve; Sisyphus, halfway up the hill, sat entranced upon his rock; and even the ravenous vulture that tore the giant's liver quit his murderous work to listen. The hearts of all were touched; sad Persephone wept afresh, and the cheeks of the Furies were for the first time wet with tears.

In the end, stern Pluto relented and sent for Eurydice. Under one condition she was allowed to accompany her husband to the upper world: Orpheus should lead the way, but he must not under any consideration turn back or look upon his wife until both had safely reached the realm of mortals.

They started. Hades now stood aghast and breathless. Cerberus, the three-headed watchdog, held agape his triple jaws; and the shades, who had listened entranced to the music, now stepped aside to allow free passage for the two who passed on through the horrors of hell. On they went as in a dream until they reached the last dark passage that opened into the outer world of light and happiness. Then Orpheus, eager to behold Eurydice and anxious lest she had lost her way, forgot for a moment Pluto's stern condition and cast one fateful glance behind. Instantly his wife was gone! He reached out his arms to embrace her, only to clasp empty air and to hear her faint farewell as she was borne away. He sought to follow her, but Charon, stern ferryman of the border river Styx, refused him passage a second time. Eurydice was gone forever!

For seven days and nights Orpheus fasted and mourned on the Stygian banks. Sometimes he raved in bitterness at the Powers of Erebus, and again, with voice and lyre, he poured forth such music of regret and longing that great trees were moved and wild beasts were made gentle. At this time the Thracian maidens tried to win him; but Orpheus, shunning all

women, would have none of them. Angry at being repulsed, and drunk with wine, they sought to kill him. One threw her javelin, others threw rocks and stones; but all these missiles, when they came within sound of his lyre, fell harmless at his feet. The drunken maidens then screamed loud enough to drown out his music, and falling upon him, killed him mercilessly. They tore him to pieces and cast his lyre into the river Hebrus, down which it floated murmuring sad music. The Muses gave burial to the fragments of his body, and over his grave the nightingale sang her sweetest song.

But Orpheus' shade passed to the realm of the dead to join forever his beloved Eurydice, and Orpheus' lyre was placed by Jupiter in the sky to remain forever among the stars. The sad music floated on down the Hebrus, whose shores echoed throughout the world a haunting melody symbolic of all harmony that touches the heart of man with love, joy, and sorrow, and speaks to the dreamer or poet of "singing stars" and "music of the spheres."





## ENDYMION [*Dreams*]

SYMBOLS: *The Moon. The Charm of Moonlight.*

*The moon doth with delight  
Look round her when the heavens are bare.*

WORDSWORTH

Diana, the moon goddess, was sometimes called Phœbe, The Shining One. She was the virgin goddess. The brilliant Venus, who had been enamored of many mortal youths, considered her pale sister very cold-hearted. But Diana cared not for folly or romance, and as happy queen of the hunt, spent her time with her followers in pursuit of the chase. At night she kept faithful watch from her station in the sky, shedding her beams alike over high mountains, broad seas and plains, quiet hamlets, and sleeping cities. She gilded snowy mountain peaks and sent out over the sea long shining paths of light that silvered the crested waves. On the dreams and hopes of man also, she cast a spell of beauty — “o’er the tired spirit pouring sweet balm.”

One clear summer night when not even a film of light cloud was stirred by the breeze, Diana, calm and free, looked down from mid-heaven. She could see, far below her, the white flocks that fed on the grassy slopes of Mount Latmos, and near them the beautiful shepherd boy, Endymion, who lay sleeping in the moonlight. His beauty was enhanced by the witchery of the night, and the cold heart of the god-



dess was stirred. Noiselessly she slipped from her sphere and dropped to the mountain side.

Endymion lay in dreamless sleep, grace and youth in his body's repose, health and peace upon his features. The mantle had fallen away from his shoulder and the shepherd's staff lay idly against the arm that pillowed his head. Diana, moved by his innocence and beauty, leaned over and kissed him gently. A goddess was in love with a shepherd!

She tried to keep her love a secret, and night after night would glide stealthily from her high place to visit her lowly lover. But even though she always returned to complete her vigil, and appeared each morning as usual, pale and weary from watching, the secret was somehow revealed. The gods and goddesses of Olympus had noted her frequent absences from the sky and had discovered the cause.

When Jupiter learned of Diana's lover, he granted to the honored shepherd boy a wonderful gift—the gift of perpetual youth and perpetual sleep. So, free from all care and worry of active life, the youth still sleeps in his enchanted cave on Mount Latmos; and the moon throws her beams upon him tenderly, and cares for his flocks by night.

Thus ended the moonlight romance of the huntress queen, whose sleeping Endymion, with all other youthful lovers, dreams happily on under the magic spell and the charmed light of

That orbéd maiden with white fire laden,  
Whom mortals call the Moon.

## CUPID AND PSYCHE [*Romance*]

SYMBOLS: *Youth and Love.*

*But love has never known a law  
Beyond its own sweet will!*

WHITTIER

In a certain city lived a king and queen whose three daughters were exceeding fair. Psyche, the youngest, was so lovely that the people found her worthy of homage due Venus herself. When the proud goddess found her sacred altars neglected for the exaltation of a mortal, her anger was aroused. She called hither her winged son, Cupid, and pointing out Psyche to him, said, "Give thy mother a full revenge. Let this maid become the slave of an unworthy love." Cupid, ready to obey the commands of his mother, hastened to the chamber of Psyche, whom he found sleeping. The sight of her almost moved him to pity, but he touched her with the point of his arrow. At the touch she awoke and opened her eyes wide upon Cupid. Alas for the plans of Venus! The love god, although invisible to the eye of the maiden, was so startled that he wounded himself with his own arrow.

From that time Psyche, frowned upon by Venus, derived no benefit from her charms. Her sisters, less fair than she, were happily wedded, while she sat at home alone, hating within her heart the beauty in which all others delighted. Her parents, fearing

that the gods were angry, inquired of the oracle of Apollo, who answered them thus: "Thy daughter's husband awaits her on the top of yon mountain. She is destined to be the bride of no mortal lover, but of one whom neither gods nor men can resist."

Psyche, undismayed, requested that the wedding preparations be made. Silent and with firm step, the royal maid took her place in the procession which proceeded to the appointed place on the mountain, where she was left alone. Then came the gentle Zephyrus to the trembling bride upon the mountain top. He lifted her gently, bore her by his own soft breathing over the windings of the hills, and set her down among the flowers in the valley below. There upon a grassy bed she rested from her fear, and arose in peace. And lo! Before her stood a grove of stately trees with a fount of water clear as glass, and hard by a palace not built by human hands! Golden pillars supported the arched roof; walls of wrought silver and pavement of precious stones reflected their own daylight. Nor had it any need of sun, this goodly place, well fashioned as a dwelling where gods might speak with men.

Unafraid, Psyche stood in the doorway and admired the beautiful things she saw. No lock nor chain nor living guardian protected the treasure; but as she gazed, there came a voice that said, "Mistress, all these things are thine, and we are thy servants. Lie down and rest, and rise for the bath when thou wilt. A feast also shall be ready."

After repose and the refreshment of the bath, Psyche sat down to the feast of delicate foods with wines of nectar served by invisible hands. Later, a choir of sweet voices sang for her, and unseen fingers struck the chords of an invisible harp.

For a long time Psyche did not see her husband; he came in the hours of darkness and fled before the dawn. In vain she sought to detain him. He answered her entreaties with gentle accents: "All I ask of thee is love. I had rather thou shouldst love me as an equal than adore me as a god." But when Psyche, in pity for her sorrowing parents, requested that her sisters be allowed to come to see her, he gave his consent, though unwilling. The obedient Zephyrus carried the sisters over the mountain and down to the enchanted valley. Happy indeed was the meeting, but as Psyche displayed the treasures of her golden house, envy and malice arose in the hearts of her visitors. They forced Psyche to confess that she had never seen her husband, and then darkly hinted that he might be some terrible monster. Before departing for their own homes, they had filled their younger sister's heart with evil suspicion and foreboding.

When night came, Psyche, tortured with doubt, had provided herself with a lamp and a sharp knife. She awaited the sound of deep-breathed slumber, then arose silently, uncovered her lamp, and leaned over the couch of her sleeping lover. Lo! Before her lay Love himself, his spotless pinions still fresh

with dew, his curls in tangled gold upon the pillow! Divine he was in beauty, and, touched with light, worthy of Venus, his mother. Trembling with fear, love, and guilt, Psyche turned to quench her lamp; but as she did so, the treacherous flame cast a drop of burning oil on the fair shoulder of Cupid.



CUPID WOUNDED HIMSELF WITH HIS OWN ARROW

Startled, the god arose, seized his bow and quiver, spread his white wings, and flew out of the open window. Psyche endeavored to follow, but fell to the earth; and Cupid, beholding her in the dust, hovered near to speak his sorrow and reproach: "I leave thee forever. Love cannot dwell with Suspicion." Then he winged his way into the deep sky.



Weak and prostrate, Psyche lamented. She arose to find that the palace and gardens had vanished. Determined to take her life, she threw herself into a river; but the stream was gentle in pity and cast her forth again, unhurt, upon its margin. Then she went her way to wander day and night in many lands, seeking for Cupid.

Meantime the wounded Cupid was lying, sick at heart, in his mother's chamber. It was the white sea gull that took the news of his illness to Venus, who was absent upon her own affairs in her bower beneath the sea. Angrily the goddess spoke: "It is Psyche whom he loves, she who witched away my beauty and was the rival of my godhead." Returning to her golden chamber, she there found the lad sick. Most bitterly she berated him for trampling her precepts, and threatened to pluck forth his locks, to shear away his wings, and to unstring his bow. Then she departed in anger to seek and destroy the despised daughter-in-law. But the goddesses, Juno and Ceres, met Venus, and inquiring the cause of her wrath, declared that her son had committed no evil and restrained her from harming the one whom he loved.

Soon after this, Psyche, in her wanderings, reached the temple of Ceres and won the favor of that goddess, who counseled her to seek the forgiveness of Venus. To the temple of Venus Psyche then made her way, and there entered into service. She was received with angry taunts, and set at many

menial and difficult tasks. "Only by dint of industry can you merit a lover," said the goddess; and she sent Psyche to the storehouse of the temple to separate, grain by grain, a heap of every kind of seed. But Cupid sent an army of ants to do the work for her. Next, she was sent to gather wool from each of the shining golden sheep that fed on the farther bank of the river. Acting upon the advice of the river god, who told her to wait until the noonday sun had driven the flock to the shade of the trees, Psyche crossed the stream and easily gathered the fleece that clung to the leaves of the bushes. Then Venus imposed a harder task. "Take this tiny casket to Proserpine," she said. "Tell her that Venus would have some of her beauty, for in tendance on the sick bed of her son, she hath lost some of her own."

Psyche gave up in despair. She climbed a high tower and sought to take her life by casting herself from its summit. But a voice from the tower gave her directions to avoid the perils of the road, and bade her go quickly to Hades. Forthwith she traveled to the kingdom of Pluto, obtained the precious beauty, passed Cerberus safely, and, rowed by Charon across the black river, came again into the light of day. Then suddenly she was seized with a rash curiosity. "Why," she said to herself, "should I not touch myself with a particle of this divine loveliness, that I may the better please my beloved?" As she spoke she lifted the lid. There was nothing





PSYCHE LAY AS IN THE SLUMBER OF DEATH

within save sleep, which took hold upon her, so that she lay as in the slumber of death.

Then it was that Cupid, cured of his wound, and unable longer to endure the absence of the one that he loved, glided through the narrow window of his chamber and flew swiftly to Psyche. He shook the sleep from her, and fastened it within its tiny casket prison. With a kiss he awakened her. "Lo," said he, "thine old error again! But hasten to finish the command of my mother! The rest shall be my care."

With these words, Cupid spread his bright pinions, and, urged by the greatness of his love, penetrated the heights of heaven to lay his cause before the father of the gods. Jupiter kissed the boy Cupid, and bade Mercury call the gods together. There in his council chamber, seated upon the high throne of Olympus, the King of the Immortals pleaded the cause of the lovers. Mercury was dispatched in haste to bring Psyche to the abode of the gods, and when the maiden arrived, Jupiter himself offered to her the ambrosial cup. "Drink this," he said, "and live forever; nor shall Cupid ever depart from thee." And the gods sat down together to the marriage feast. Ganymede and Bacchus bore the wine, while the Seasons crimsoned all things with their roses. Apollo sang to the lyre; Pan played on his reeds; and even Venus danced sweetly to the soft music. Thus, with due rites, was solemnized the wedding of the Immortals.

## DÆDALUS AND ICARUS [*Aspiration*]

*Ah, but a man's reach should exceed his grasp,  
Or what's a heaven for?*

BROWNING

Dædalus, a skilful artificer, had long been in favor with King Minos of Crete. It was he who built for that king the famous labyrinth with its numberless windings, passages, and turnings through which no mortal could find his way. But Dædalus was so proud of his achievements that he became jealous of any rival to the extent that he attempted to murder one of his own pupils who showed himself apt in the art of mechanics. In the end he completely lost the favor of the king, and, with his little son, Icarus, was imprisoned in a tower by the sea.

In the meantime, abhorring Crete and his captivity there, he managed to escape from the tower, but dared not leave the island as the king's soldiers kept watch on all the outbound vessels. In a sheltered spot by the island's edge the captives waited and watched. The ceaseless incoming rush of the surf that spent its idle force upon the unresisting shore rock, reminded Dædalus of his own helplessness against a hard fate, and of the unmerited punishment it had brought upon the boy whom he loved. Wearily he lifted his eyes above the waves' monotonous roll to follow a sea gull's easy flight. At that moment his thoughts turned suddenly to arts unknown. In eager words aflame with hope and de-

sire for freedom, he spoke to the listening child: "King Minos may control the land and sea; the skies at least are open. By that way we will go."

Without delay the skilful artist gathered a store of feathers great and small, and set to work to fashion wings for himself and his son. He ranged



CALLING IN VAIN FOR HELP HE FELL HEADLONG DOWNWARD

the feathers in order from the least to the greatest, securing the larger ones with thread and the smaller with wax, and bending the whole with a gentle curvature to imitate the wing of a bird. The boy Icarus, innocent of the coming dangerous adventure, looked on with smiling face at the wondrous work of his father, and smoothed the feathers that the shifting

breeze would ruffle, or playfully softened the yellow wax with his little thumb.

When the finishing touch was put to the work, Dædalus poised his own body on two of the wings, and found himself buoyed upward until he was hanging suspended in the beaten air. Then he equipped Icarus in like manner, at the same time instructing him in the rules of flying. But the hands of the father trembled as he fastened the untried wings to the shoulders of the boy, and amid his work and his admonitions the old man's cheeks were wet with tears. "My son," he said, "under my guidance take thy way. If thou goest too low, the fogs of earth will clog thy wings; if too high, the fire of the sun will scorch them. I charge thee, keep the middle track."

All was at last ready. Dædalus raised himself slowly upon his wings, and as a mother bird tempts her fledgling from the lofty nest, he urged Icarus to follow, and ever from his own flight looked anxiously back. The shepherd leaning on his crook, and the plowman on his plow handle, gazed astonished at the sight and believed that two gods were thus cleaving the air.

Samos was left behind and the winged travelers had passed Delos and Paros on the right, when Icarus, exulting in his career, began to be pleased with a bolder flight. Undaunted by the limitless heights, the boy forsook his father's guidance. On upward he soared, touched with desire to reach



heaven itself. Alas! The blazing sun melted the fragrant wax that held his wings; and the unfaithful feathers, their waxen fastening softened, floated downward one by one. Icarus waved his naked arms, but they lacked their oarlike wings and caught no more in air. Calling in vain to his father for help, he fell headlong downward to be submerged in the depths of the Icarian Sea, whose azure waters still bear his name.

And sorrowing Nereids decked his watery grave;  
O'er his pale corse their pearly seaflowers shed,  
And strewed with crimson moss his marble bed;  
Struck in their coral towers the passing bell,  
And wide in ocean tolled his echoing knell.

The unhappy Dædalus beheld the scattered plumage of Icarus on the waves. Bitterly lamenting his loss, and cursing his own arts, he buried his son in a tomb on the nearest island and named the land Icaria. Still sorrowing, he continued his flight toward the island of Sicily, which he finally reached in safety and there built a temple to Apollo. As an offering to the gods he hung up his wings within the temple. Little did he dream that other artificers would prove his new and fateful art in a later happy age, when to mortals would be given the rule of the kingdom of the air!





## CLYTIË [*Longing*]

SYMBOL: *The Sunflower.*

*The desire of the moth for the star,  
Of the night for the morrow,  
A devotion to something afar  
From the sphere of our sorrow.*

SHELLEY

Clytië, a water nymph of frank face, bright eyes, and golden hair, lived in a beautiful ocean cave. Every desire of her heart was satisfied by the bounty of the sea. Her dress was of gossamer sea-green silk, her jewels were white pearls and red corals, and her carriage was an iridescent shell drawn by two shining fishes. Clytië was happy among her sister nymphs until she fell in love with Phœbus Apollo.

At first she had had no thought of the Sun but to enjoy his light as it sparkled on the water ripples or chased leaf shadows over cool green banks, and she would often laugh with delight at his rainbow arch in the mist of the waterfall or the spray above surf-splashed rock. But in time she came to wonder at the source of all this light and warmth and life. Seated upon the yellow sand by the sea, she watched the glittering chariot as it raced across the sky, until, for her, all beauty and mystery lay beyond the fleecy clouds. Her carefree life in a cool and beautiful ocean home was ended, for the foolish simple maiden had set her heart upon Apollo himself, while he, the distant radiant Sun God, took no note of her.

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## IN THE LIGHT OF MYTH

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In vain, and with no thought of food, or friends, or play, Clytië sat in tears, alone, her face turned toward the sun. All day, from the first pale gleam on the morning horizon, on through the bright white heat of the noon, to the last golden light of the evening, her eyes followed him, worshipping his



HER CARRIAGE WAS A SHELL DRAWN BY TWO SHINING FISHES

brightness, his speed, and his splendor. At length, after nine long days of her fruitless pining, the Fates took pity on poor Clytië and changed her into a sunflower.

Now from stately stalk and crowned with rich soft petals of gold, she turns a glowing face ever sunward toward the light of the one that she loves.

## BAUCIS AND PHILEMON

### [*Hospitality*]

SYMBOLS: *The Oak and the Linden.*

*Let me live in a house by the side of the road  
And be a friend to man.*

FOSS

Once upon a time, in a lowly thatched cottage of a wayside village, there lived two kindly old people: Baucis, the wife, and Philemon, the husband. They had grown old together, happy in spite of their poverty, for they were rich in the spirit of gratitude to the gods, love for each other, and friendliness toward man.

Now it chanced one day that Jupiter and Mercury, disguised as dusty travelers, passed through the village. Weary, hungry, and thirsty, they presented themselves at the different homes in quest of food and lodging, but it was late and no one rose to open a door or to invite them in. At last the travelers stopped at the humble home of Baucis and Philemon.

With friendly greeting and kind words of welcome, the old couple received the strangers and immediately set about to do all things possible for their comfort and welfare. Philemon, after bringing fresh water in beechen bowls that the guests might wash, kindled a fire on the hearth with live coals raked up from the ashes. Over the flame a

kettle was hung, and very soon the odor of a savory stew filled the room.

Meanwhile, anxiously, and with hands that trembled, kind old Baucis rubbed the rough surface of the rude wooden table with sweet-smelling herbs. Then making it level by putting a piece of slate under the leg that was too short, she covered it all over with a clean coarse cloth. On the table beside the steaming stew she placed baked eggs hot from the ashes, fresh radishes from the garden, olives, cheese, ripe apples, and fragrant honey. There was wine, too, neither rich nor old, filling to the brim a huge earthen pitcher. No apology was made for the simple food, the crude dishes of wood, or the homespun linen. All these went unnoticed, for in the pleasant conversation that accompanied the preparing and eating of the repast, was the spirit of contentment, good cheer, and genuine welcome.

During the meal a strange thing happened. The guests, thirsty from travel, passed their glasses again and again to have them refilled. Gladly the generous host and hostess poured the wine, but to their surprise and alarm the heavy pitcher remained brimming full. The wine was renewing itself! They could not believe their eyes. Was it possible that the stranger guests were gods whom they had been entertaining unawares? Suddenly they realized the truth, and, humbled and frightened, fell on their knees before Jupiter and Mercury, begging forgiveness for the frugal meal. Then they hastened to

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## MYTHS OF GREECE AND ROME

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the garden to catch a pet goose long treasured as guardian of their home, for they were now eager to offer it as a sacrifice to their heavenly guests. But the wily old goose seemed to understand their purpose and took refuge between the two gods.



THEY SAW THE HOUSES SINK, ONE BY ONE

Jupiter and Mercury then appeared in their own guise. "In vain," said Jupiter, "we sought entertainment in all the other homes of your inhospitable village. Your door alone was open to us. Come now to the top of yonder hill and receive your reward."

Breathless with surprise, the old couple followed the gods to the top of the hill. There, looking down upon the village in the late evening light, they saw the houses slowly sink, one by one, until all were lost in a deep quiet lake. Upon the shore of



this lake their own little cottage stood alone. But even as they looked it changed in appearance: The thatched roof turned to burnished gold; the dingy walls took on a marble whiteness. Before them stood a temple, its gilded roof supported by graceful columns. Then Jupiter blessed the worthy pair and promised to grant any wish they chose to makê. Philemon, after brief conference with Baucis, made known their desire.

"Grant, O Jupiter, that we may be priests and guardians in this thy new temple; and, when our service is ended, that we may die on one and the same day."

The petition was granted. Still content with blessings and happy in service, Baucis and Philemon lived to a ripe old age. They cared for the temple, keeping it sacred to Jupiter and open at all times to wayfarers who desired to worship there. Then one day as they stood before the entrance, each saw the other begin to put forth leaves; and they bade each other a last farewell as the bark closed over them. In their places stood an oak tree and a linden tree like sentinels before the temple. Thus did Jupiter remember his promise to those whose humble gifts had been enriched by their spirit of giving, whose hospitality had come from the heart.

Beside many a weary dusty road the stalwart oak and the graceful linden extend leafy branches of welcome to the passer-by, inviting him to stay awhile in their restful, friendly shade.



## HYACINTHUS [*Friendship*]

SYMBOL: *The Hyacinth.*

*It's ill to loose the bands that God decreed to bind;  
Still will we be the children of the heather and the wind.*

STEVENSON

Phœbus Apollo, god of the sun, loved a beautiful youth named Hyacinthus. As friends and companions the two would often go hunting together, and through happy hours of intimacy their love for each other grew. The god deemed it not beneath his dignity to hold the hunting dogs or carry the fishing nets for Hyacinthus, and, neglecting his lyre and his silver bow, would follow his mortal playmate for hours over the ridges of the rugged mountains.

One bright windy midday, the two friends, tired of hunting, stripped off their outer garments and engaged in a game of quoits. First Apollo, with graceful strength and skill, heaved aloft the discus, well poised against the breeze. As the heavy circlet shot high and far, cleaving the air with its weight, Hyacinthus, eager for his throw, ran swiftly toward the goal. Now some believe that Zephyrus, the West Wind, who was jealous of Apollo's love for the lad, blew the quoit out of its course; but no one can say. Whatever the ill-starred cause, the iron weight rebounded from the hard ground and struck young Hyacinthus fair in the forehead. The boy fainted and fell. Apollo ran to him, and, pale



APOLLO HEAVED ALOFT THE DISCUS

as the youth himself, lifted him up and attempted to stanch the wound; but the fleeting stream of life-blood could not be stopped. As broken violets or lilies clinging to their stalks hang down their languid heads toward earth, so the boy let fall his beautiful head, as if a burden for his neck, limp upon his shoulder. Phœbus Apollo, holding up the sinking limbs of his dying friend, poured forth his bitter lament:

“Thou diest, O my Hyacinthus, robbed of thy youth by me. Ah, that I might die for thee! Thine is the suffering, mine, the crime; for with death is my hand to be charged. Alas, what evil have I done? Could it be wrong to have engaged in a sport, or fault indeed to have loved thee? But in memory thou shalt not die, O Hyacinthus! My lyre shall celebrate thee, and with my songs shall I tell thy sad fate.”

As Apollo spoke, the blood which had poured upon the ground and stained the grass, ceased to be blood, and in its place a flower sprang up that resembled a lily whose silver leaves had been dyed in rich Tyrian purple. Upon the purple-stained petals of this flower the god inscribed the mournful characters, *AI, AI*, the words of woe in his own lament.

With each returning spring, in memory of the love of the sun god for his friend, the hyacinth appears, its fair blossoms reminding the people of earth that a beautiful love outlives grief and death, making true friendship immortal.

## PERSEUS [*Courage*]

SYMBOLS: *Star Constellations.*

*Courage — an independent spark from Heaven's bright throne,  
By which the soul stands raised, triumphant, high, alone.*

FARQUHAR

Perseus, a demigod, son of Jupiter, had many thrilling adventures, all of which he met in the spirit of a soldier and hero. The excitement in his life began when he was very young. His grandfather, King Acrisius, had been told by an oracle that his daughter's child would be the cause of his death. Accordingly the alarmed old king boxed up his daughter, Danaë, with her golden-haired infant son, Perseus, and set them adrift at sea. The two floated to the country of Seriphus, where they were rescued by a fisherman who took them to Polydectes, the king of that land. It was Polydectes who later sent the young man Perseus on his first adventure, the conquest of Medusa.

Medusa was one of the Gorgons, terrible monsters with teeth like swine, brazen claws, and snaky locks. Indeed, Medusa was so horrible to look upon that any living thing which beheld her was immediately turned to stone. All about her cavern were stony images of unfortunate men and beasts, that, chancing to look upon her, had been petrified on the spot. It was for the head of this monster that Perseus was sent.

The gods who had carefully watched over Perseus as he grew to manhood now came to his aid. Pluto lent his famous helmet which could make its wearer invisible; Mercury helped him obtain a curved sword and a magic wallet, and attached his own winged sandals to the hero's heels; Minerva armed him with her bright mirror-like ægis or shield. Thus equipped, Perseus flew northward to the dark misty land of the Grææ who were the only living beings that knew where the Gorgons dwelt. These three dreary old crones lived in a cave and possessed but one eye and one tooth which they handed about and used in turn. Perseus entered their cave, snatched the eye as they were passing it from one to the other, and refused to restore it until they would give him directions for finding Medusa. Having obtained this information, he returned the indispensable eye and sped on his way.

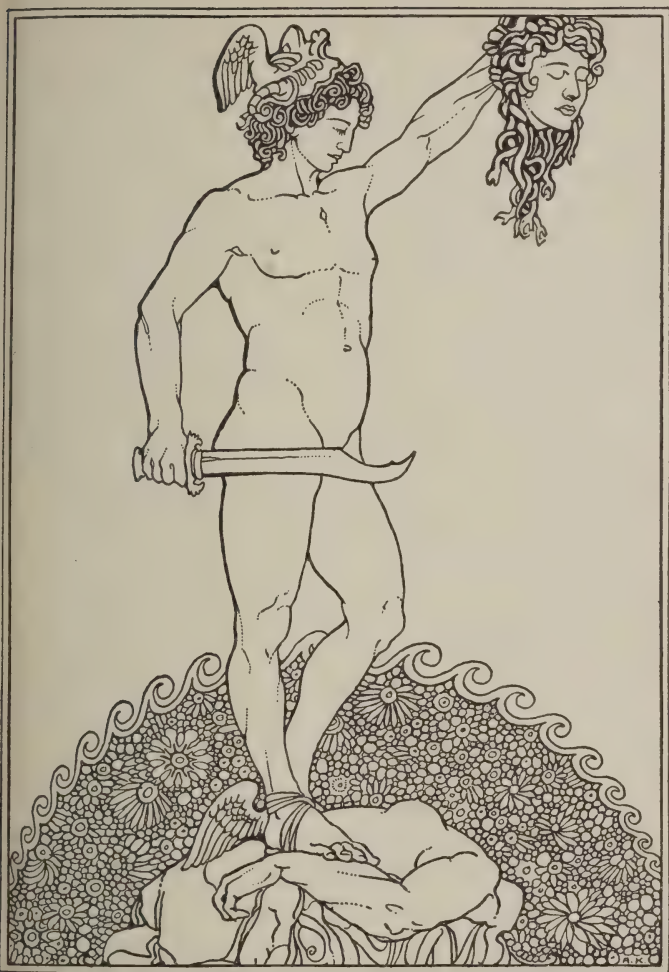
In the hall of the Gorgons the wretch Medusa lay sleeping. Perseus, by virtue of his helmet invisible, entered stealthily and approached her cautiously. With his eyes steadily fixed upon the reflection in Minerva's bright shield, he dealt one swift sure stroke with the curved sword that struck off her hideous head. This, with its writhing serpent locks he placed securely within the magic wallet and with it made a safe escape. Later, from the body of the slain Medusa sprang Pegasus, a winged horse of great fame.

As the hero flew toward Seriphus with his snaky

trophy he met another adventure. Out on the western horizon where earth and sky meet, he came to the realm of Atlas in the land of the setting sun. Atlas, a giant much larger than any other living man, was very rich; for besides pastures, flocks, and herds he owned the beautiful garden of Hesperides, where golden apples hung heavy from boughs of golden trees. Having no rich neighbors for rivals, the giant was overproud of his possessions. Furthermore, he had been warned by a prophecy that a son of Jove would some day steal the golden apples. Naturally, then, when Perseus arrived, announcing himself guest, Gorgon-slayer, and son of Jupiter, Atlas refused him hospitality. Stung by such insult, Perseus drew forth and held aloft the fatal head. Instantly the proud old giant turned to stone. His massive bulk increased to mountain size; his bones became rocks; his hair and beard, forests; his head, a summit. The whole world was upheld by his towering strength, and upon his mighty shoulders rested heaven, too, with its hosts of stars. All this the gods decreed.

Perseus then continued on his way until he came to the country of Ethiopia, where he met his greatest adventure and received his greatest reward. Ethiopia was ruled by King Cepheus and his queen Cassiope. The latter had offended the sea nymphs by declaring her beauty equal to theirs. To appease the anger of the nymphs and to punish Cassiope for her presumption, Neptune had sent a terrible sea mon-





ONE STROKE OF THE SWORD STRUCK OFF HER HIDEOUS HEAD

ster to ravage all the land. King Cepheus consulted an oracle, and was told that if he would save his country from devastation he must sacrifice his daughter Andromeda to the ravenous jaws of the sea monster.

Perseus arrived to find the beautiful Andromeda lashed to a great rock by the seashore awaiting her slayer. Prompted by pity and love, he obtained permission to be her deliverer, unsheathed his sword, and made ready for the enemy that had already announced its coming by a deafening roar from the sea. It was a terrible fight. The beast spouted blood and water and lashed the sea into foam, while Perseus swooped downward again and again to plunge his sword wherever he could find passage among the iron scales.

. . . Long the conflict raged,  
Till all the rocks were red with blood and slime.

At last Perseus, with wings drenched and heavy, alighted on a projecting rock and dealt the final blow.

The happy parents offered the victor any reward he might claim, and when he asked for their restored daughter as his wife, they gladly consented. But complications arose. Princess Andromeda had already been promised to Phineus, a former suitor, who, too cowardly to lift his sword against the sea monster, nevertheless appeared to claim his bride. Supported by several armed followers, he attempted

to break up the wedding feast. Perseus rose in wrath in the midst of the wild disorder, bade his own friends stand aside, and calmly unveiled the Gorgon head. The rival Phineus and the other uninvited guests were petrified where they stood.

At last the triumphant hero returned with his bride to Seriphus. Here, learning that King Polydectes had been illtreating his mother, he relentlessly turned the proud old king and all his nobles into stone. The next duty was to return the borrowed helmet, sword, sandals, and shield to their respective owners. The Gorgon head he presented to Minerva, and the pleased goddess placed it in the center of her shield.

Perseus, with his wife and mother, could now journey to his native land. In the meantime King Acrisius, still fearing his doom, had moved to another kingdom. But the decree of the gods as spoken by the oracle had to be fulfilled. Consequently, Perseus, when visiting his grandfather one day, took part in a game of quoits and threw a disc which fell upon the foot of Acrisius and caused his death. Grieved by this involuntary crime, King Perseus exchanged his own kingdom for another where he ruled well and wisely. He and Queen Andromeda lived happily ever after, and at the end of a long and glorious reign they, with their mother Cassiope, were placed by the gods among the stars. Of their famous great-grandson, Hercules, we shall hear marvelous things.

## HERCULES [*Strength*]

SYMBOLS: *The Signs of the Zodiac. The Pillars of Hercules.*

*The glory of young men is their strength.*

PROVERBS 20: 29

Foremost among the national heroes and demi-gods of ancient Greece was the mighty Hercules, son of the god Jupiter and the mortal princess Alcmene. Great was the admiration and respect and many were the honors paid to him for his countless wonderful deeds of strength and heroism.

While but an infant, Hercules first gave proof of his godlike strength. The news of his birth having reached Olympus, Juno, jealous of Jupiter's love for her mortal rival, Alcmene, sent two monstrous snakes to the palace to attack the babe in his cradle. The young prodigy succeeded in strangling the poisonous serpents with his tiny hands. Not long after this he gave proof of his virtue; for, as the story goes, he was but a youth when he met on the cross-roads two women, Duty and Pleasure. Given his free choice of their respective gifts, he promptly chose those of the former; and Duty was thereafter known as the Choice of Hercules.

The education of the boy was undertaken by the most celebrated scholars of Thebes. One day an unfortunate music teacher attempted to chastise young Hercules, and the promising pupil killed his

master with a lute. For this breach of discipline he was sent to the mountains, where, among herdsmen and cattle, he enjoyed a wild life hunting the lion and performing many deeds of valor. Later he returned to Thebes and assisted the king in a great battle, receiving for his reward the hand of the king's daughter, Princess Megara.

But the famous young hero could not escape the hatred of Juno. The implacable goddess cursed him with insanity so that in a fit of madness one day he killed his wife and children. Through the help of Minerva he regained his right mind, but by the decree of Juno and in expiation of the bloodshed for which she herself was to blame, Hercules was bound to the service of his cousin, King Eurystheus, and compelled to obey his commands. Eurystheus enjoined upon him twelve great tasks known as the Twelve Labors of Hercules. The first of these he performed near home, but each new task carried him farther and farther away until he completed his work in the Garden of Hesperides, which lay in the remote West, and in Hades, the kingdom of the underworld. The Delphic oracle instructed Hercules to submit to these labors, at the same time assuring him that in case he completed them successfully, he should be reckoned among the Immortals. It was with this promise in mind that the hero set forth.

First, he tracked the Nemean lion to its den in the forest, and after strangling the beast, tore off its

impenetrable skin and wore it thereafter in his own defense. Second, he slew the Lyrnean hydra, a nine-headed water serpent, by burning away its fast growing heads and burying its one immortal head under a great rock. Third, he captured the wild horses of Arcadia, after engaging in a fight with the centaurs. Fourth, he captured, after a desperate chase, the golden-horned, brazen-hoofed stag that ranged the hills of northern Cerynea. Fifth, he killed with his poisoned arrows the dangerous birds with cruel beaks and sharp talons that hovered over the stagnant waters of Lake Stymphalis, and harassed the inhabitants of the valley. Sixth, he caused two great rivers to flow through the Augean stables, thereby cleansing in one day the stalls of three thousand oxen belonging to Augeas, king of Elis. Seventh, he captured and subdued a beautiful Cretan bull and brought the brute safely to Mycenæ by riding on its back as it swam across the sea. Eighth, he conveyed to Eurystheus the wild horses of King Diomedes of Thrace, horses that fed on human flesh and to whom he fed their owner before he could possess them. Ninth, he visited the land of the Amazons, mighty warlike women, and obtained for Eurystheus' daughter the girdle belonging to the Amazon queen, Hippolyta. Tenth, he captured the oxen belonging to Geryon, a three-headed, three-bodied, many-limbed monster who ruled in a far western country, upon whose frontiers the hero cast up two mighty mountains that now form the Strait



of Gibraltar and are known as the Pillars of Hercules. Eleventh, he made an adventurous journey to the Garden of Hesperides in the Land of the Setting Sun, and by outwitting the giant Atlas, carried off three of the golden apples. Twelfth and last, he descended to the underworld, and with the permission of Pluto, given only upon condition that the prize would be later returned, conducted Cerberus, the three-headed watchdog of Hades, to the upper world. The hero could now rest from his labors.

But even though Hercules had completed the twelve labors, he still continued in the path of duty, rendering assistance to the oppressed and distinguishing himself by his superhuman strength. Again, for crimes committed during insanity, he was condemned to servitude, this time under the command of Omphale, queen of Lydia. Hercules dressed effeminately and spent his time spinning wool with the queen's handmaidens, while Omphale wore his lion's skin. Soon after this he cut off the head of the king of Phrygia and threw it into the river Mæander because this king was holding under his power young Daphnis, a shepherd, singer, and poet, loved of Apollo. He also joined the heroes of the Argonautic Expedition, but later deserted them to search for his loved attendant, the boy Hylas, whom the Naiads had stolen. He visited the Caucasian Mountains and fulfilled an age-old prophecy by killing the vulture that preyed upon the liver of Prometheus, and loosed that hero from the rock to

which he had been bound for centuries. From a sea monster he rescued Hesione, daughter of the Trojan king, Laomedon; and then waged war against Troy and killed Laomedon because he refused to give over the horses of Neptune, promised as a reward for the rescue of his daughter. And one of the most wonderful of the deeds of Hercules was his victorious battle with the King of Death, and his bringing back to life again the beautiful Alcestis who had volunteered her life that her husband Admetus might live.

Hercules' mortal life ended in a grievous tragedy. He had in later years married Dejanira, princess of Calydon, with whom he lived happily. But one day as the two journeyed together they came to a river. The centaur, Nessus, who for a stated fee carried travelers across the stream, attempted to make off with Dejanira, and Hercules shot a poisoned arrow into his heart. The dying centaur bade Dejanira keep a portion of his blood to be used as a charm to preserve the love of her husband. She did so. Later, becoming jealous of Hercules' love for Iole, a captive maid, she steeped one of his robes in the blood of Nessus. As soon as the garment became warm on the body of Hercules, the poison penetrated his flesh. In a frenzy he hurled Lichas, the bearer of the fatal robe, over a cliff into the sea. Then he attempted to wrench off his garment, but it tore away whole pieces of his body. Dejanira, terrorized and filled with remorse at what she had

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R.K.



HERCULES ENGAGED IN A FIGHT WITH A CENTAUR

done, hanged herself; and Hercules in his horrible state went aboard a ship and was taken home. There he built his own funeral pyre and prepared to die like a hero. After giving his loved bow and arrows to a friend, he mounted the pile, laid his head upon his faithful club, spread his lion's skin over him, and commanded that the torch be applied. Thus the mortal Hercules perished in the flames. His spirit was conducted by Iris and Hermes to Olympus, where Juno, at last reconciled, adopted the hero as her son and gave him in marriage her daughter Hebe, bright goddess of youth.

The glory of Hercules lived after him. His famous labors were in later times brought into connection with the twelve signs of the zodiac, and the memory of his life and deeds was an inspiration to his countrymen. The laboring man, oppressed by toil, thought of the patient and stubborn endurance of Hercules; the soldier in battle remembered the hero's battles and triumphs; the stalwart youth in the gymnasium pointed to the statue of Hercules as a model of the perfect athlete. For many generations Greek poets, orators, artists, and statesmen echoed the message of their national hero: "Quit you like men! Be strong!"



## PYGMALION [*Ideals*]

SYMBOL: *The Art of the Sculptor.*

*Himself from God he could not free;  
He builded better than he knew —  
The conscious stone to beauty grew.*

EMERSON

In Cyprus there once lived a young sculptor, Pygmalion by name, who had in early life found so much to blame in women that he disliked them all. He determined never to marry, deciding rather to spend his life among ivory and marble carvings, devoting himself to his art.

In the course of time, ingeniously, and with wondrous skill, he carved a statue of a maiden from snow-white ivory, and gave it the beauty of a real virgin whom one might easily suppose to be alive and desirous to move. Day by day the sculptor wrought, patiently giving to his work all the beauty of his dreams, presenting in it his highest ideal. So well was his art concealed by his skill, that the result seemed the workmanship of nature, far too lovely to remain inanimate. Strangely enough, when the model was completed, the artist felt bound to it, was indeed powerless to leave it. This attachment grew like enchantment upon him until he loved the silent beautiful maiden more than anything else in the world. He named her Galatea and bestowed upon her gorgeous raiment and all other gifts suitable for



living maidens. Her beads were the amber tears of the Heliades; her necklace was of costly pearls; her garlands were flowers of a thousand tints. From her delicate ears he hung smooth pendants, and he adorned her head with a band of jewels. His house too was made beautiful and fit for such a presence;



HE DREAMED OF BEAUTY AND HIS DREAM CAME TRUE

and Galatea, resting upon a rich covering of royal purple, was acclaimed the queen of his home.

Just at this time a festival of Venus, much celebrated throughout all Cyprus, was at hand; and Pygmalion, with all others who loved beauty, joined the worshippers. The odor of burnt offering filled the air; heifers with snow-white necks and spreading horns tipped with gold were slain for sacrifice; frankincense smoked within the temple. Pygmalion stood before the altar and fearfully made known his



request to Venus: "Goddess who can grant all things, give me, I pray, a wife fair and pure as my ivory virgin." His ideal was noble as his love was sincere, and Venus blessed him. Thrice the flame from the incense shot a fiery point in air, signifying to the worshipper that the golden goddess had heard his prayer.

When Pygmalion reached home he found his loved statue as he had left her, standing in silence and gazing down upon him. But as he drew nearer, a gentle warmth seemed to radiate from the chill air about her. Was it the sunset that shed a soft flush of light upon her whiteness, making the frozen marble glow? In amazement the sculptor beheld her; then speechless, and struck with a strange thrill of hope, he drew closer. A splendor of gold was upon her hair, faint color flushed her cheeks, and a new light of feeling shone in her eyes. Pygmalion touched the marble hand, which yielded to his fingers, just as the chiseled lips softened to a smile and a clear voice spoke his name. The statue had awakened; and Galatea, miracle of love and beauty, stepped down from her pedestal into the arms of her creator, a living, breathing woman! The artist had worshipped his ideal and it became real; he had dreamed of beauty, and his dream came true.



## PERSEPHONE [*Immortality*]

SYMBOLS: *The Changing Seasons.*

*For lo, the winter is past, the rain is over and gone.  
The flowers appear on the earth, the time of the sing-  
ing of the birds is come. . . . Arise, my love, my  
fair one, and come away.*

SONG OF SOLOMON 2:11-13

At the foot of Mount Ætna's grassy slope lay the beautiful vale of Enna, where Spring reigned perpetual and the sowing time and reaping time were one. Here in meadows of soft grass grew hyacinths and roses, the narcissus, the bright crocus, and fair violets — countless heads of blossom making glad earth, sea, and sky. Here by wood-embowered lakes, happy nymphs and maidens sang and danced or wove their garlands of fresh flowers. And here it was one early dawn when the dew lay white upon the grass, that Persephone, Ceres' lovely daughter, strayed from her companions. As she heaped her basket with the moist purple violets, the earth suddenly opened, and Pluto, dark king of the underworld, sprang forth, mounted in his iron chariot and driving his coal-black steeds. Unmindful of her petitions and tears, he seized the helpless maiden and bore her away with him. Her cries for help re-echoed on the mountain side; her flowers, so lately cherished, lay in innocent fragile beauty, wind-scattered over the meadow grass.

On and on dashed the chariot nor stopped until  
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it reached the river Cyane, whose waters opposed its passage. Here Pluto struck the river bank with his trident, and Earth, obedient, opened and swallowed into its cavernous depths the dread monarch of Hades and his beautiful captive bride.

Meanwhile Ceres, goddess of harvests, sought everywhere for her child. Far away in her dragon-drawn chariot, she had heard Persephone's cry and had hastened to the rescue. But effort was in vain. By day and night, in sunlight, moonlight, and falling showers, she wandered up and down the earth with blazing torches in her hands. Aurora, goddess of the dawn, and Hesperus, the evening star, alike found her searching. From no one could she learn the truth until the Sun, watchman both of gods and men, finally told her the story.

In grief and anger Ceres forsook the assembly of the gods and abode among men. With her beauty hidden under the guise of a worn and aged woman, she came to the country of Eleusis and sat sorrowing at a wayside well in the shadow of an olive tree. The daughters of King Celeus, bringing their pitchers for water, felt pity for her loneliness, and led her to their father's house. Here she consented to remain and nurse the king's only son who lay sick with fever. With a kiss she restored life and health to the boy and then sought to make him immortal by hiding him in the red coals of the fire, but the terrified mother snatched her son from the burning embers. At this Ceres manifested herself openly.

As she stood before them, a radiant goddess, her beauty filling the room, mother and daughters fell at her feet. Promising to return later and instruct the young prince in the mysteries of agriculture, Ceres departed; and King Celeus ordered a temple built in her honor and commanded his people to worship therein.

The goddess, still grieving bitterly, now laid a curse upon the innocent earth in which her daughter had disappeared. Drought, flood, and plague succeeded, and a grievous famine ensued. The dry seed remained hidden in the sterile soil; the white corn fell fruitless on the barren ground; in vain the oxen drew the plowshare through the furrows. The human race itself would have perished had not Jupiter interfered. One after another he sent the gods to plead with Ceres, but she refused to return to Olympus or to yield the fruit of the earth until her eyes had beheld her lost daughter again. Jupiter then despatched Mercury to the Kingdom of the Dead to demand the return of Persephone.

On her royal throne in the bloomless land where the sun never shone and the birds never sang, sat Pluto's sad queen. Sick with longing for her mother, she had refused all food, having but tasted the sweet pulp of a pomegranate with which Pluto had tempted her. But since the Fates had decreed that all those who partook of food in the Underworld were destined to remain there, Jupiter was forced to effect a compromise ordaining that Persephone

might for two parts of the year remain with her mother, returning for one-third part only to her husband in the Kingdom of the Dead.

In great joy Persephone rose to meet Jupiter's messenger and the two passed quickly out through the infernal halls, on over the ways of the long journey to the world of light above. To herald her



HE SEIZED THE HELPLESS MAIDEN AND BORE HER AWAY

return the birds sang a joyous welcome, and about her light footsteps the grass sprang fresh and green. Ceres came forth in rapture to greet her; and as mother and daughter joined again the company of the gods, bright flowers bloomed a greeting along their pathway, while overhead the skies became sunny and blue. The hungry flocks were fed; for

earth, yielding again her increase, had laden the land with leaves and fruit and waving corn. Nor did Ceres forget the young prince of Eleusis, but returned to instruct him in the use of the plow and the rewards that labor can win from the soil. And ever after, the princes of that country held a yearly festival, performing rites at the temple of Ceres and giving thanks for the bounty of the harvest.

And so it is that every year, with the falling of the leaves, Persephone descends to the world of darkness. During her absence, under the spell of Ceres' grief, the earth lies in brooding fertility, hiding within its dark folds the flower seeds and the fragrant roots. Then, after the long waiting, the goddess goes forth to meet her daughter; and earth, thrilling to the harmony of growing things, lies open for the coming of spring. For, true to the promise of the gods, Persephone is released from her prison tomb, and with the seedlings from their winter cells comes forth triumphant, responding to Nature's stirring summons, "Awake and sing, ye that dwell in the dust!"

And the spirit of gladness abroad in nature is akin to that in the heart of man; for even as the seed is sown in hope, so Death, the dark lover of all fair life, brings promise of new life to come. Mankind, too, then rejoices in the season's miracle, whose mystery, hope, and beauty proclaim life's sacred message of soul that is immortal, of heaven's perennial spring.



# Myths of the North

## THE PINES

On the flanks of the storm-gored ridges are our black  
battalions massed;  
We surge in a host to the sullen coast, and we sing  
in the ocean blast;  
From empire of sea to empire of snow we grip our  
empire fast.

\* \* \* \* \*

Ours from the bleak beginning, through the æons of  
deathlike sleep;  
Ours from the shock when the naked rock was hurled  
from the hissing deep;  
Ours through the twilight ages of weary glacier-  
creep.

\* \* \* \* \*

To the niggard lands were we driven; twixt desert  
and floe are we penned.  
To us was the Northland given, ours to stronghold  
and defend;  
Ours till the world be riven in the crash of the utter  
end.

ROBERT W. SERVICE

# AMONG THE GODS

. . . Down the supernal roads,  
*With plumes a-tossing, purple flags far flung,*  
*Rank upon rank, unbridled, unforgiving,*  
*Thundered the black battalions of the Gods.*

RUPERT BROOKE

## I. DWELLING

Asgard, wondrous city of the gods, stood upon Ida-Plain. Over it towered Yggdrasill, the great tree of time, whose branches supported the universe, and whose roots pierced not only Asgard, but also Jotunnheim, land of the giants, and Niflheim, region of mist and darkness. Beneath Yggdrasill flowed Ymir's well in which all wisdom and understanding were concealed, also the fountain of Urdar with whose sacred waters the Norns or Fates daily sprinkled the great tree.

The countless palaces of Asgard were of gold and silver. Fairest among them was Gladsheim (*Home of Joy*), the golden palace belonging to Odin, king and father of the gods. Gladsheim was surrounded by a roaring river and by giant forest trees whose leaves of ruddy autumn gold half hid its shining walls. Within were the twelve great seats occupied by the gods in council, also Odin's wonder-throne. But the glory of Gladsheim was Valhalla (*Hall of the Chosen Slain*), roofed with the golden shields of the warriors, and walled with the interlacing of their glittering spears. Five hundred forty

doors, through each of which eight hundred men could march abreast, gave entrance to this mighty hall. All heroes who gloriously lost their lives in battle were carried thither by the Valkyries (*Choosers of the Slain*), the nine daughters of Odin, whose white horses galloped the clouds. Here in



FAIREST AMONG THE PALACES WAS GLADSHEIM

Valhalla the heroes amused themselves each day by engaging in battle in the courtyard of the palace, returning each evening, cured of their wounds, to the great banquet table where they feasted on the flesh of the sacred boar and drank of celestial mead.

Odin (*Woden*) sometimes called All Father, was

Asgard's king. He was supreme in wisdom and governed all things. Ready for battle, he rode his matchless eight-footed steed, Sleipnir, and was armed with his eagle helmet, his magic ring, and Gungnir, his infallible sword. He was usually represented as having but one eye, for he had sacrificed the other in winning his bride, Frigga. When seated on his throne he overlooked heaven and earth. Upon his shoulders perched two ravens, Hugin and Munin (*Thought* and *Memory*), and at his feet crouched two wolves, Geri and Freki (*Greedy* and *Fierce*). Opposite him sat Frigga, his wife, who knew all things.

Access was gained to Asgard only by crossing the tricolored arched bridge, Bifrost, the rainbow, which spanned the broad river Ifing upon whose waters ice never formed. Over this bridge rode all the gods save Thor (*the Thunderer*). Because of the dangerous heat of his lightning, he was forced to ford the stream beneath. Beyond Ifing lay Jotunnheim, the giant's country. Heimdall, watchman of the gods, guarded the bridge Bifrost continually. He required less sleep than a bird, could see a hundred miles by day or night, and could hear the grass grow in the field or the wool on a sheep's back.







OVER ASGARD TOWERED THE GREAT TREE OF TIME



## II. FORTRESS

A strange artificer appeared in Asgard one day and offered to build for the gods a stone fortress strong enough to protect them securely against the frost giants and the mountain giants. The reward he demanded for his labor was most extraordinary: The goddess Freya, together with the Sun and Moon. The gods, urged by Loki, agreed to the outrageous terms providing the work were finished in the space of one winter and that the builder accomplish his task with no other assistance than that of his horse, Svadilfare. If, however, by the first day of summer, the fortress were lacking a single stone, the builder must forfeit the recompense agreed on.

The unknown architect submitted to the conditions and on the first day of winter began his work. During the night, with the help of Svadilfare, he dragged from the forest enormous stones of mountain size, and during the day he piled these stones into place with astounding strength and skill. The gods, struck with astonishment at the size of the stones and at the speed and strength of the worker, soon realized that he was no ordinary builder. As the winter advanced and the fortress neared completion, it was greatly feared that the stranger would fulfill his contract and demand his price. Finally, when summer was but three days off and the fortress stood strong and complete except for the last bulwark, the gods met in council. They inquired of

one another who among them could have advised giving up Freya or plunging the heavens into darkness by giving away the Sun and the Moon. All agreed that Loki was to blame, and they threatened to kill him unless he contrived some way to prevent the builder's completing his task in the specified time.

On the last night of winter when there remained but a few stones to be put in place on the arch of the ponderous gateway, Loki outwitted the builder. Changing himself into a mare he ran into the forest and neighed just as Svadilfare passed by, dragging the last huge blocks of stone. In a trice Svadilfare broke loose and ran into the forest, closely pursued by his angry and helpless master. The whole night's work was lost. At dawn the building remained unfinished. The mysterious artificer, finding himself tricked, returned to the fortress, and assuming his proper form, appeared before the gods a towering giant, hot with rage and threatening to demolish their whole fair city. When the gods found their builder to be a disguised enemy, they no longer felt bound by their oaths, and called Thor to their assistance. The Thunderer raised his mighty hammer and paid the giant his wages, not with Freya or the Sun and Moon, but with a powerful blow that shattered his skull and hurled him headlong into Niflheim.

The great stones, too heavy even for the gods to lift, were never put in place on top of the lofty fortress that guarded the city of Asgard.

## III. TREASURES

Through the mischief of Loki and his malice toward Thor, the treasures of the gods came to be. Thor was very fond of his wife Sif; and especially proud of her beautiful hair which fell in golden waves to her feet and covered her like a veil. One day the sly Loki stealthily cut off Sif's hair; when Thor discovered it, he caught the mischief-maker and threatened to break every bone in his body. Loki begged for mercy, promising to procure for Sif hair of real gold that would grow upon her head as beautiful and luxuriant as the first.

Deep in the subterranean passages of the earth lived the long-nosed, crooked-bodied, black dwarfs, the most skilled artificers of all living beings. There in flaming magic furnaces they worked wonders in metal and wood. To them came Loki, begging for hair for Sif, besides presents for Odin and Frey. The dwarfs obligingly fashioned not only hair of the finest gold, but also the sword Gungnir which never missed its aim, and the ship Skidbladnir that could sail both air and water, and which, though large enough to hold all the gods and their steeds, could also be folded together and carried in one's pocket.

As Loki prepared to return to Asgard with his three treasures, he met the dwarf Brock, who boasted that his brother Sindri could make three finer treasures than those which Loki carried. Loki

immediately challenged Sindri to show his skill, wagering his own head against Brock's on the result of the undertaking. Sindri accepted. While Brock plied the bellows, Sindri worked at the mystic forge. In the form of a gadfly, Loki thrice tried his best to spoil the work by stinging Brock. In spite of this, Sindri finished three great pieces of work: A boar with golden bristles that could run more swiftly than any horse on sea or land; the golden ring, Draupnir, from which eight similar rings dropped every ninth night; and the mighty hammer, Mjollnir, which nothing could withstand. The handle of Mjollnir was a little short; this defect Loki had caused with his stings.

The wager was settled in Asgard, whither Brock accompanied Loki. There the spear and the ring were presented to Odin, and the ship and the boar to the god Frey. To Thor was given the hammer, and to Sif, the hair of spun gold that immediately grew like real upon her head. The gods praised all the gifts, but, after deliberation, decided that Brock had fairly won the wager, and that Loki must forfeit his head. Loki immediately fled, but was captured by Thor who handed him over to Brock. The wily rascal then declared that the wager required only the payment of his head but not an inch of his neck. To this the gods had to agree, and Brock, exasperated, put an end, for a time at least, to Loki's bragging taunts and lies by sewing his lips together.

Though not included among the dwarfs' gifts,

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the famous apples of Iduna were considered one of the prized possessions of the gods. These apples had the power of renewing the gods' youth. They were carefully kept in a box by Iduna, the wife of the poet god, Bragi. Another magic sword besides Gungnir was also, for a time, numbered among the



IN FLAMING FURNACES THE DWARFS WORKED WONDERS

treasures of the gods. This sword would of itself spread a field with carnage whenever the owner desired it. It was owned by Frey, the bright god of sunshine, who presided over the rain and all the fruits of the earth. But Frey sacrificed his wonderful weapon to win as his bride, Gerth, a beautiful maiden from the Land of the Giants.



## IV. ENEMIES

Among the enemies of the gods, those most feared were the giants of Jotunnheim: Frost giants, mountain giants, and giants of the sea. These enemies, symbolic of the forces of nature, often resembled in size, power, or fury the mist, cold, ice, and storm.

Now the gods had created the earth, Midgard (*Middle Garden*), and peopled it with men whom they protected and cared for. To light Midgard they had set the brother and sister Sun and Moon in the sky, and placed beside them the jeweled stars created from sparks of fire. The giants were very jealous of all this power of the gods and did everything possible to injure them and the people of earth. On this account continual war prevailed between the gods of Asgard and the giants of Jotunnheim.

Within Asgard, too, there dwelt at one time dangerous enemies of the gods. These were the three monster children of Loki. Loki, often called Arch-deceiver and Prince of Lies, was a master contriver of fraud and mischief. He had descended from the giant race, but had forced himself into the company of the gods and took pleasure in bringing them into difficulties and then, through his wit and cunning, in extricating them from the dangers that ensued. His three dread children were the wolf, Fenris, symbolic of fire, the Midgard Serpent, representative of storms at sea, and Hela, death.



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Since it was prophesied that these three would at some time bring evil upon the gods, Odin sent for them one day. In the presence of his council he seized the Midgard Serpent and hurled it into mid-ocean where it grew to such enormous size, that, holding its tail in its mouth, it encircled the whole earth. Hela, Odin cast into Niflheim, making her queen over all who died of sickness and old age. In that dreary kingdom of the underworld, Delay was her messenger, Hunger, her table, Care, her bed, and Bitter Anguish, the hangings of her apartment. The wolf Fenris proved a more difficult task, for the gods were deceived by his sly and seemingly gentle disposition and decided to bring him up in Asgard. When his evil nature began to assert itself, they resolved to bind him fast; but it was found that he could break the strongest fetters as though they were made of cobwebs. Finally the gods sent a messenger to the mountain spirits who made for them a magic cord called Gleipnir. No strength could avail to break this slender silken fetter, for it was fashioned of six very subtle elements: The noise of a cat's paw, the beard of a woman, the roots of a mountain, the longings of a bear, the breath of a fish, and the spittle of a bird. Fenris, however, suspected fraud, and was unwilling to be bound by Gleipnir until Tyr, bold god of battle, thrust his right hand, as a pledge of good faith, into the monster's mouth. Then when the wolf discovered that he could not break his bonds and that the gods would

not release him, he snapped his jaws together, biting off Tyr's hand.

At a later time the villain Loki received his merited punishment, but not until after he had brought untold sorrow upon Asgard. Fearing the wrath of the gods because of his wickedness, he had fled to the mountains and there built a hut and made use of his cunning to invent the fishing net which men have used ever since his time. When the gods discovered his hiding place, the artificer changed himself into a salmon and hid in the brook. But his relentless pursuers caught him in his own net, and after forcing him to assume his own form, bound him with chains beneath a suspended serpent whose venom falls drop by drop upon his face. Sigyn, Loki's wife, sits ever at his side catching the loathsome drops in her cup; while she empties the cup the wretched Loki writhes in horror.



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### V. RAGNAROK

Ragnarok, the twilight of the gods, was the time that should come when all visible creation should be destroyed. First comes a triple winter announcing that the fearful day of destiny draws near. Yggdrasill trembles as Heimdall sounds his horn in warning and the gods assemble for the last time. The dwarfs groan in the mountains; there is a roar and a crashing in Jotunnheim. Fenris bursts his chains, and the Midgard Serpent, unloosed, writhes in wrath and lashes the sea into towering waves. The bridge Bifrost falls under the horses' hoofs as amid the flaming swords the Sun and Moon are swallowed up.

On the great plain of heaven the gods and all their enemies meet in deadly battle. Odin falls a victim to the monster Fenris, who is in turn slain by one of Odin's sons. Heimdall and Loki destroy each other. Thor, the mighty, slays the Midgard Serpent and then sinks to earth, dead, choked by his enemy's poison. The sun grows dim, earth sinks into ocean, the stars fall from heaven, and time is no more.

But this downfall is not everlasting. Alfadur (*The Almighty*) will create a new heaven and earth where justice and peace shall prevail. This new earth shall arise green and glorious from the sea, and upon it the regenerated gods and the new race of men shall dwell forever, finding the golden happiness they had known in the morning of time.

## THE ADVENTURES OF THOR

*I am the War God,  
I am the Thunderer;  
Here in my Northland,  
My fastness and fortress,  
Reign I forever!*

LONGFELLOW

The mighty Thor, War God and Thunderer was Odin's eldest son and the strongest of gods and men. He occupied a seat in the council of the gods and owned the wonderful palace called Bilskirnir (*Lightning*), one of the most spacious in Asgard. In battle, neither gods nor men could withstand him, and when he traveled through the sky in his goat-drawn chariot, earth quaked and the mountains trembled. For mortals, the thunder crash was but the rumble and roar of the brazen chariot of the War God.

Thor possessed three magic treasures. The first was his hammer Mjollnir (*The Crusher*), emblem of the lightning and the thunderbolt, a deadly weapon that always returned to its owner's hand when hurled against an enemy. The second was his magic belt; when this was girded about him his divine strength was doubled. His third treasure, his iron gauntlet, enabled him to grasp his hammer firmly and to hurl it far. Armed with these, the Thunderer waged war against all enemies of the gods.

## I. THE QUEST OF THE HAMMER

One morning Thor awoke to find his precious hammer missing. Angrily he smote his brow and shook his beard until the very palace trembled. His cry of rage brought Loki, to whom he confided his loss. Loki immediately suspected Thrym, the king of the giants, and at Thor's request, borrowed Freya's feathered garment and flew in haste to Jotunnheim. Thrym admitted the theft, but declared that the hammer, buried fathoms deep in the ground, should never be returned to its owner until Freya, goddess of love and beauty, was brought to him as his bride. When Loki returned with the giant's demand there was consternation in Asgard. No one wanted to sacrifice the charming goddess even for the general good, and in wrathful tears Freya herself refused to become the bride of an ugly old frost giant. Odin then called a council and the god Heimdall solved the problem.

"Let us bind bridal linen about Thor and deck him with beautiful ornaments. Let flowing garments fall about his knees, and let his head be decked in woman's fashion."

Thor was very reluctant, but he submitted to the humiliating necessity, for he knew that the giants would take possession of Asgard if he did not regain his hammer. The daughters of Odin adorned the bride. Over the warrior's cloak of mail and the magic girdle they draped Freya's fairest robe; and



upon the red and bristling hair they set a headdress of silk and pearls. Then to conceal his fierce eyes, his long red beard, and his massive bulk — all of which hardly became a maiden — they covered him from head to foot with a bridal veil of silvery white. Loki, dressed as a maid attendant, mounted with



WITH A SHOUT OF TRIUMPH THOR SLEW THE BRIDEGROOM

Thor into the brazen chariot and together they started forth upon the strange bridal journey.

In Jotunnheim a splendid feast had been prepared. Thrym himself met his bride-elect at the palace door and conducted her to the banquet hall. There Thor bore his part with ill grace, for he amazed the bridegroom and the assembled guests



by consuming for his supper eight huge salmon, thirty hams, and a roasted ox, together with the sweetmeats and dessert for all the lady guests, and by washing down the whole with three barrels of mead! Loki wisely explained that Freya had tasted no food for eight days and nights, so eager had she been to meet her bridegroom. But when Thrym lifted the veil to kiss his bride, he started back in alarm at the fire in her eyes. Again Loki was forced to explain that the bride's fiery glance, as well as her enormous appetite, showed her longing for the bridegroom and her eagerness for Jotunnheim.

Flattered and delighted, Thrym then commanded the wedding gift to be brought and laid in Freya's lap. But the precious weapon was no sooner produced than it was seized in the iron grip of Thor's powerful hand; and the Thunderer, with a shout of revenge and triumph, tore off the false bridal veil and slew the giant bridegroom. Without mercy he then fell upon Thrym's family and friends. The giant's sister, who had begged for a bridal gift, received a hammer blow instead of golden rings. When the conflict ended, the palace lay a heap of smoking ruins. The wedding party then made ready to return at once to Asgard; for, as Loki aptly put it, the bride had been widowed!



## II. HYMIR'S KETTLE

The sea god Ægir was in need of a vast caldron a mile wide and a mile deep in which to prepare the harvest feast celebrated by the gods at his home. He called on Thor to visit the fierce giant Hymir, who owned the largest kettles in the world, to obtain one if possible for the great occasion.

Thor set out together with Tyr and they reached the giant's dwelling. At first Hymir received his visitors most rudely and inhospitably, raging and roaring about his cave and making his huge kettles bang and rattle to the floor until Thor and Tyr were compelled to hide themselves for safety. Later he became sore offended because Thor ate two of the three roasted oxen served for the evening meal. The next morning, in no better humor, Hymir started out to fish in order to procure breakfast for his ravenous guests. Thor, who made ready to accompany his host, asked for the bait and was told in a ferocious manner to look out for it himself. The god coolly wrenched off the head of one of Hymir's finest black oxen, then seated himself in the boat and began to row with such violent strokes that the giant's anger soon changed to terror. In spite of all protestations, however, Thor refused to quit rowing until the boat had gone far out to sea in the region of the dread Midgard Serpent. Then while Hymir was engaged in catching whales for breakfast, the bold Thunderer deliberately angled for the

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Serpent and actually succeeded in hooking it and bringing it to the surface of the water. But just as he was on the point of crushing its fearful head with his hammer, the terror-stricken giant cut the line, letting the monster sink back again to the bottom of the sea. Thor thanked Hymir for his pains with a blow that sent the giant overboard. Nothing daunted, Hymir waded ashore, meeting Thor, who returned with the boat, at the beach.

When breakfast was over, Thor was given permission to carry off the desired kettle on condition that he first prove his strength by crushing his host's drinking goblet. After repeated efforts to break the beaker by hurling it against stone pillars and walls, Thor finally shattered it to pieces against Hymir's skull, the only substance harder than the goblet itself. The shock of the breaking beaker shattered the giant's house. Thor and Tyr then made their escape with the monstrous kettle, pursued, but vainly, by the angry hosts of Hymir.



### III. THOR AND HRUNGNIR

Thor was at one time called upon to settle a dispute between Odin and a giant named Hrungrnir. It happened in this way. As Odin was dashing through the air on his matchless steed Sleipnir, who was fleetier than the wind, he met the giant Hrungrnir who boasted that his own beautiful horse Gullfaxi (*Golden-maned*) was far better than Sleipnir. Odin rode back to Asgard, with the bragging giant racing after him to the very gates of Valhalla. The gods, hospitable even to an enemy, invited him in to their banquet and gave him of their mead to drink. As Hrungrnir drank he became more and more arrogant until finally the gods called for Thor, who appeared on the scene ready to annihilate the boaster. But Hrungrnir, intimating that it were dishonor to slay a defenseless foe, boldly challenged Thor to a duel. Thor eagerly accepted and they agreed to meet three days later.

In the meantime the other giants built for Hrungrnir a champion of clay nine miles long and proportionately wide, that was to accompany him as his squire and to engage Thialfe, Thor's squire, in combat. They named this clay monster Mokkrkalfi (*Mist-wader*) and put within its cowardly breast the heart of a mare.

On the appointed day Hrungrnir appeared, accompanied by his strange companion and armed with a shield and a huge grindstone. Standing upon his

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shield lest the Thunderer should come up from the ground, the braggart felt he had nothing to fear, for his giant head was made of flint and his heart was a three-cornered stone. Thor took his stand amid lightning and a crash of thunder; grindstone and hammer met midway. Although Mjollnir held its course and crushed the giant, a piece of the shattered grindstone struck deep into Thor's forehead causing him to fall to the ground in such a way that the giant's foot lay across his neck. Thialfe, who had easily disposed of his clay opponent, now rushed to his master's assistance; but neither he nor any of the gods whom he summoned could lift the giant's leg. Finally Thor's three-year-old son, Magni, lifted the weight unaided and set his father free. Magni received as a reward for his feat Hrungrnir's beautiful horse. As for Thor, he returned home with the stone splinter still in his forehead, and neither the efforts of his wife Sif, nor the magic charms of the healing woman, Groa, availed to remove it entirely.





#### IV. THE JOURNEY INTO JOTUNNHEIM

One day Thor, accompanied by Loki, set out in the brazen chariot for Jotunnheim, the country of the giants. In the evening they stopped at a peasant's hut to refresh themselves and spend the night. Their host was hospitable but very poor. Thor, to supply the food for the supper, slew his two goats, cooked them, and invited the peasant and his family to partake of them with him. He cautioned everyone to throw the bones, without breaking them, into the goat skins spread out on the floor; but Thialfe, the peasant's son, broke one of the bones in order to suck out the marrow. This disobedience was not discovered until the next morning. When Thor was ready to depart he brought his goats back to life by striking with his hammer upon the skins, and then he found that one of the animals was lame. The god was so enraged that the peasant was constrained to pay for the damage by giving him his son, Thialfe, and his daughter, Roskva, as servants.

Leaving the goats in the care of the peasant, Thor now set out on foot with Loki and his two new attendants. At nightfall they searched in the forest for a place to stay and found a large hall with an entrance that covered the whole end of the building. They entered and lay down to sleep. In the night their slumbers were broken by a rumbling sound that shook the house, and fearing that the roof might fall on them, they sought refuge in a long narrow



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wing of the building. Even here they slept but fitfully because of the strange sounds that continued all night. At dawn Thor went out and discovered a huge giant not far away, fast asleep and snoring mightily. At Thor's approach the giant awoke. "I am Skrymir," he said, stretching himself to his great



THOR DISCOVERED A HUGE GIANT, FAST ASLEEP

height. Then he added carelessly, "Do you happen to have picked up my glove?" Thor was amazed to discover that the building which he had taken for a large house was but the giant's glove; and the chamber in which he had spent the night, its thumb!

All of the travelers breakfasted together and

agreed to continue their journey in company. Skrymir packed all the provisions into one wallet, threw it over his shoulder, and strode on before his little companions with such tremendous strides that it was only with great difficulty they kept up with him. For a little way Roskva rode on his shoulder, but the height made her so dizzy that she was glad to come down and hurry along by her brother's side.

At dusk they encamped under a great oak tree. The giant, bidding the others take the wallet and prepare the supper, settled his huge bulk for a nap and was soon snoring soundly. But the united efforts of Thor and his attendants failed to untie a single knot of the wallet. Thor, baffled and angry, threw his hammer at the giant's head, whereupon Skrymir roused himself and asked if a leaf had fallen. Twice during the night Thor seized his hammer and struck a furious blow on the snoring giant's head. Each time Skrymir only roused himself sufficiently to express surprise at Thor's being still awake, and to inquire if a twig had tumbled from a bird's nest, or if acorns were falling from the tree!

The next morning after giving them directions for reaching the giant's city, Utgard, Skrymir took leave of his little companions who continued at a slower pace and by noon came to the lofty city set in a great plain. Entering, they came to the palace of the king, Utgard-Loki, whom they saluted with great respect. The giant king pretended great surprise at the diminutive size of his

visitors, whereat Thor spoke out boastfully, "Though we be small in comparison with the Jotunns, we are gifted with powers that may surprise you and are by no means to be despised."

"Indeed," said the king, much amused. "No one remains here who does not in some feat or other excel all other men. In what, then, art thou and thy fellows skilled?"

Loki, who had fasted longer than he wished, declared he was ready to eat for a wager. Well pleased, the king ordered a great wooden trough full of meat brought into the hall. At one end he placed Loki, and at the other, his cook, Logi. Each ate as fast as he could until they met in the middle of the trough. Loki, however, was declared vanquished; for, while he had eaten only the flesh, his adversary had consumed flesh, bones, and trough.

Thialfe, who was of all men the fleetest of foot, now offered to run in a race. One named Hugi was matched against him and the race took place on a broad, smooth plain. Although Thialfe's speed was that of the wind, his competitor so far outstripped him as to turn back and meet him not far from the starting place.

"And now," said Utgard-Loki, turning to the god Thor, "what can you do to show proof of that prowess you claim?"

Thor responded that he would try a drinking match with anyone. The king then bade his cup-bearer bring a large drinking horn. This he pre-

sented to Thor, saying, "A good drinker will empty my horn at a single draft, though most men make two of it; but the puny drinker can do it in three."

Thor set the horn to his lips and pulled as long and deeply as he could, but still the liquor came up almost to the rim. He tried a second and a third draft only to find that the horn was still too nearly full to be carried easily without spilling. The king, laughing, returned the horn to his cupbearer and proposed a new test.

"We have a very trifling game here, in which we exercise none but children. It consists in merely lifting my cat from the ground."

Thor was by this time scarlet with rage and humiliation. He approached the large gray cat that came leaping into the room, and did his utmost to raise it from the floor. The cat, bending its back, withstood Thor's efforts, only one of its feet being lifted from the ground.

But Thor was still unvanquished; he challenged someone to wrestle with him. The king then declared him a persistent braggart and called in his old nurse, Elli, as the only wrestler worthy of so puny an adversary. This struggle was also vain, for the more Thor fastened his hold on the old crone the firmer she stood, until in the end the god lost his footing and was brought down on one knee.

At last the visitors declared themselves defeated and the giants feasted them at a great banquet. Early the next morning, as Thor and his companions

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took their leave, Utgard-Loki accompanied them to the city gates and explained how he had deceived them with enchantment ever since they had come within the borders of Jotunnheim. "I am the giant whom you met on your way hither," he said. "The three hammer blows would have killed me had I not drawn a mountain over me, but in that mountain are three deep valleys cleft in the rocks by the strokes of the hammer. The wallet which you could not open was fastened with a magic chain. Logi, with whom Loki contended, was Fire, in disguise, consuming all before it. Thialfe's competitor was Thought, who exceeds the pace of all runners. As for your tests, friend Thor, the horn from which you drank was Ocean itself; the cat whose paw you actually lifted, the Midgard Serpent that twines round the earth; and Elli, with whom you wrestled, none other than Old Age who overpowers all men."

Upon hearing these words the infuriated Thor raised his hammer; but Utgard-Loki had vanished, and when the god would have returned to the giant's city to destroy it, he found nothing about him but a fair, broad plain.

The travelers turned their steps toward Asgard; the journey to Jotunnheim was ended.





## BALDER AND THE MISTLETOE

*I heard a voice that cried,  
"Balder the Beautiful  
Is dead, is dead!"*

LONGFELLOW

Balder, son of Odin, and god of sunlight, spring, and gladness, was fairest, best loved, and most praised of the gods. Gracious and eloquent was he; light radiated from his shining face, and within his dwelling nothing impure could live.

One night Balder had a strange and terrible dream indicating that his life was in danger. When he told his dream to the gods, they became alarmed. Odin, mounting Sleipnir, rode to Hela's domains there to find that gloomy preparations were already being made for Balder's coming. The gods then resolved to conjure all things to avert the threatened danger. Queen Frigga, Balder's mother, traveled over the world exacting an oath from earth and water, fire and metals, trees, birds, beasts, and serpents. All gave promise to do no harm to Balder.

Upon Frigga's return there was great rejoicing in Asgard and the gods amused themselves with flinging all manner of things at Balder, since neither sticks nor stones nor any other weapons could harm him. Everyone enjoyed this game but Loki, who, jealous of Balder, and vexed that no harm could come to him, stood apart brooding. Presently the mischief-maker could endure it no longer; he as-



sumed the guise of a gaunt old woman and made his way to the palace of Queen Frigga.

"Have all things sworn to spare Balder?" questioned the hag.

"All things," said Frigga, "except the mistletoe that grows in the meadows west of Valhalla. I thought it too young and too harmless to exact its promise."

The old woman departed and the false Loki in his own form hastened to procure a tiny sprig of the mistletoe. With it he returned to the assembled gods and cautiously approached the blind god, Hoder, whom he found taking no part in the sport. "Come," said he, "do thou as the rest do, and show honor to Balder by throwing this twig at him. I will direct thy arm toward the place where he stands."

Hoder took the seemingly innocent missile, and, guided by Loki, directed it straight at Balder. As the mistletoe struck, Balder fell down lifeless, pierced through and through.

Dumb with amazement and sorrow stood the gods on Ida-Plain. Then they gave vent to their grief with loud lamentations. "Balder the Beautiful is dead," echoed the cry through all the world. But the greatest sorrow was that of Frigga, mother of the gods.

To his son Hermod the Swift, Odin then gave Sleipnir, bidding him ride to the abode of the dead and there offer ransom for the return of Balder.

For the space of nine days and nine nights through long dark glens rode Hermod, until he reached the barred gates of Hel which Sleipnir cleared with a tremendous leap. Within, Hermod found his brother Balder occupying one of the highest seats in Hela's dominions. But the Queen of Death refused to allow Balder to return with Hermod until she had proof that all things in the world mourned for him. "If any one thing speak aught against him, or refuse to weep," she said, "he shall be kept in Hel."

Hermod rode back to Asgard, and the gods dispatched messengers throughout the world bidding all things weep that Balder might be delivered. All things both living and dead complied with the request, save one. An old giant woman (it was Loki in disguise) sitting in her gloomy mountain cavern, refused to weep any except dry tears, and declared that Hela should keep her prey. Thus was Balder prevented from returning to Asgard. The unforgiving gods later punished Loki as he deserved; but the blind god Hoder was distraught with grief, and, loathing to meet the other gods, fell upon his up-right sword and died.

Balder's brothers lifted up his body and bore it down to the seashore. There on board his own ship, Hringham, the largest in the world, they built a monstrous funeral pile and on it laid the hero's arms and gold. Balder's horse with his jeweled trappings was also taken aboard the ship to be burned

in the flames with his master. All the gods of Asgard as well as the dwarfs of the mountains and many of the giants of Jotunnheim assembled to mourn the passing of Balder and to witness the burning of his funeral pile. The strength of the gods not being sufficient to push the great ship out from the shore, a messenger to Jotunnheim brought the giantess, Hyrrokin, fast riding upon a wolf with a viper for a bridle. With one great thrust Hyrrokin launched the ship; sparks shot from the flint stones beneath it, and the whole earth trembled.

Balder's body was then borne out to the ship and beside him was placed Nanna, his wife, who had died of grief for her husband. Thor consecrated the pyre with his hammer, and Odin laid on the breast of Balder his precious ring, Draupnir, gift of the dwarfs. Then, in the presence of the great assembly of mourners, the flames were kindled, and the burning ship with its heavy burden drifted out to sea. The weeping gods lingered on the shore while the sun went down. Carried on the distant waters the burning ship flared fainter and farther away, until with a shower of sparks that reddened the sea, it sank beneath the waves. The wind fell with the coming of night, the stars came out, and all was still.



# BEOWULF

*To scenes of noble daring still he turned  
His ardent spirit — for he knew no fear.*

FIRDAUSI

## I. THE MONSTER GRENDEL

Hrothgar, ruler of the Danes, built a lordly mead-hall where he and his men could find pleasure in feasting, drinking mead, and hearing the songs of the minstrels. Heorot it was called, and when its high spires rose glistening in the air, all hailed it with delight.

But alas! The melody of the harp and the shouts of the warriors penetrated to the dismal fen where lay concealed the monster Grendel. The haunt of Grendel was a mile-wide mere. Around it were wolf-haunted cliffs, windy promontories, mist-covered mountains. Close around' the mere hung the woods, shrouding the water, which, horrible sight, was each night covered with fire. It was a place accursed; near it no man might dwell; the deer that plunged therein straightway died.

To Grendel's palace under the mere came the sound of the feasting in Heorot. At night when the warriors lay sleeping, came Grendel, creeping to the hall, and bore away in his foul hands thirty of the honored thanes. Great was the sorrow in Heorot when in the morning twilight the deed of

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Grendel became known. For twelve long winters did these ravages continue; for so long a time was Hrothgar plunged in grief; for so many years did the beautiful mead-hall, destined for joyful things, stand idle.

While Hrothgar brooded over his wrongs, and the people vainly besought their idols for aid, the tidings of Grendel's deeds were conveyed to the court of the Gothic king, Higelac, and to the ears of his highborn thane, Beowulf. A strong man was Beowulf, his grasp equal to that of thirty men.

Straightway commanded he a goodly ship to be made ready, chose fifteen of his bravest Goths, and swiftly they sailed over the swan-path to the great headlands and bright sea cliffs of the Scyldings. High on the promontory stood the guard of Hrothgar. "What men be ye who hither come?" cried he.

"Higelac's man am I," answered the leader, "my name, Beowulf. Lead me, I pray thee, to thy lord, for I have come overseas to free him forever from his secret foe, and to lift the cloud that hangs over the stately mead-hall."

Over the stone-paved streets the warder led the warriors, their armor clanking, their boar-tipped helmets sparkling, to the goodly hall, Heorot. There were they warmly welcomed, for Hrothgar had known Beowulf's sire; the fame of the young man's strength had also reached him, and he trusted that in his strong grasp Grendel should die.

All took their seats on the mead-benches, and a

thane passed from warrior to warrior bearing the chased wine cup. Decked with gold, Queen Waltheow passed through the hall, greeted the warriors, and proffered the mead-cup to Beowulf. Sweet was the minstrel's song and the warriors were happy in Heorot.

When dusky night fell, the king uprose. "To no



NE'ER HAD GRENDEL A FOE LIKE THIS!

other man would I have entrusted this hall of gold. Have now, and keep it! Great reward shall be thine if thou come forth alive!"

The knights remaining in the hall composed themselves for slumber, all save Beowulf, who, unarmed, awaited the coming of Grendel. He came with wrathful step and eyes aflame, bursting open the iron bolts of the great door, and laughing at the



goodly array of men sleeping before him. On one he laid hands and drank his blood; then he clutched the watchful Beowulf.

Ne'er had Grendel a foe like this! Fearful, he turned to flee to his home in the fen, but the grip of Beowulf forbade flight. Strongly was Heorot builded, but many a gilded mead-bench was torn from the walls as the two combated within the hall. At last, with a scream that struck terror to every Dane's heart, the monster sprang from Beowulf and fled, leaving in the warrior's grasp his arm and shoulder. Great was Beowulf's joy, for he knew that the wound meant death.

When the king and queen came forth in the morning with their nobles and maids, and saw the grisly arm of Grendel fastened upon the roof of Heorot, they gave themselves up to rejoicing. Gifts were heaped upon Beowulf — a golden crest, a banner bright, a goodly sword and helm and corselet, eight steeds with headstalls ornamented with gold plate, and a richly decorated saddle. Nor were his comrades forgotten, but to each was given rich gifts.

When the mead-hall had been cleansed and re-fitted, they gathered therein and listened to the songs of the minstrels. Then the queen, crowned with gold, gave gifts to Beowulf: Two armlets, a necklace, raiment, and rings. When the feasting was over, the king and Beowulf withdrew, leaving many pearls to keep the hall. Little guessed they that one of them was that night doomed to die!

## II. GRENDEL'S MOTHER

From her dwelling place under the mere the four mother of Grendel now came forth to avenge the death of her son, and snatched away from the group of sleeping Danes, Æschere, dearest of thanes to Hrothgar. Loud was Hrothgar's wailing when at morning Beowulf came forth from his bower.

"Sorrow not, O wise man," spake Beowulf. "I will this day rid thee of thine enemy."

Accompanied by Hrothgar, some of the Danes, and his Goths, Beowulf sought the dismal mere, on whose brink they found the head of Æschere. Among the bloody waves swam sea-drakes, horrible shapes, that fled at a blast of the war horn. Beowulf slew one of the monsters, and while his companions were marveling at the bloody form, he prepared himself for the combat. His breast was guarded by a coat of mail woven most cunningly; upon his head shone the gold-adorned helmet and in his hand was the sword Hrunting, made of iron steeped in twigs of bitter poison, annealed in battle blood, and fearful to every foe.

"Hearken unto me, O Hrothgar," cried the hero. "If I return not, treat well my comrades and send my gifts to Higelac." And without waiting for a reply, he leaped into the waves and was lost to sight.

There was the monster waiting for him; and catching him in her grip, she dragged him into her

cave, in whose lighted hall he could see the horrible features of the woman of the mere. Strong was Hrunting, but of no avail was its mighty blade against her. Soon he threw it down, and gripped her, reckless of peril. She drew her glaive to pierce his breast, but strong was the linked mail, and Beowulf was safe. Then his quick eye lighted on a sword; few men could wield it. Quickly he grasped it and smote the neck of the sea-woman. Down she fell, dead. Then Beowulf looked around the hall and saw the body of the dead Grendel. Thirsting to take his revenge, he smote him with his sword. Off flew the head; but when the red drops of blood touched the magic blade, it melted, leaving but the massive golden hilt in the hands of the hero. Beowulf took no treasure from the cave, but rose through the waves, carrying only the head of the monster and the hilt of the sword.

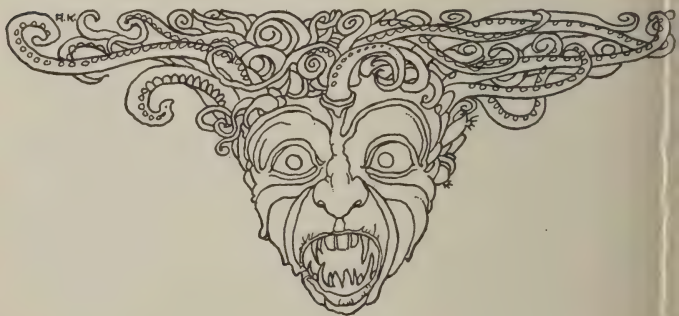
When Hrothgar and his men saw the mere red and boiling with blood, they deemed that Beowulf was dead and departed to their citadel. Sorrowing sat the comrades of Beowulf, waiting and hoping for his reappearance. Up sprang they when they saw him, relieved him of his bloody armor, and conducted him to Hrothgar, bearing with them the head of Grendel.

When Hrothgar saw the hideous head and the mighty sword hilt, whose history he read from its runic inscriptions, he hailed Beowulf with joy and proclaimed him the mightiest of men.

After a night's rest Beowulf prepared to return to his country. The old king, weeping, bade him farewell. "Peace be forever between the Goths and the Danes! In common their treasures! May gifts be interchanged between them!" The bark was filled with the gifts heaped upon Beowulf and his men; and the warder, who had hailed them so proudly at their coming, now bade them an affectionate farewell. Over the swan-path sailed they, and soon reached the Gothic coast.

To Higelac, after he had related his adventures, Beowulf presented the boarheaded crest, the battle mail and sword, four of the steeds, and much treasure; and upon the wise and modest Queen Hygd bestowed he the wondrous necklace given him by Queen Waltheow. So should a good thane ever do!

When Higelac died Beowulf succeeded to the throne, and for fifty years ruled the people gloriously.



### III. THE FIRE-DRAKE

At this time a great fire-drake cherished a vast hoard in a cave on a high cliff, difficult of access, and known to few men. Thither one day fled a thrall from his master's wrath, and saw the hoard buried by some weary warrior, and now guarded by the dragon. While the drake slept, the thrall crept in and stole a cup as a peace offering to his master. The drake awoke, scented the footprints of the foe, and discovered his loss. When even was come, he hastened to wreak his revenge on the people, spewing out flames of fire and laying waste the land.

Ere long, tidings were borne to Beowulf that his great hall, his gift-seat, was destroyed by fire. Turning his mind to vengeance, he girded on his armor and bade farewell to his hearth mates. "Many times have I battled; now must I go forth with hand and sword against the hoardkeeper."

Proudly went Beowulf forth shouting his battle cry. Out rushed the dragon, full of deadly hate. His fiery breath was stronger than the king had deemed it. Stroke upon stroke he gave his enemy, who continued to cast forth his death fire, so that Beowulf stood girt with flames. From afar among the watching thanes, Wiglaf saw his monarch's peril. Rushing forward, he cried, "Beowulf, here am I!" Again and again Wiglaf smote the monster, and when the flames burnt low, Beowulf seized his dirk and pierced the dragon so that he fell dead.

The dragon lay dead, but Beowulf felt the poison in his wounds and knew that he had not long to live. He commanded Wiglaf to bring forth his treasure that he might gaze upon the hoard — jewels, work and twisted gold, rings, cups, banners, dishes — that he had wrested from the fire-drake. All these did Wiglaf bear forth to his lord, who surveyed them and uttered thanks to his Maker that he could win such a treasure. Then, giving his arms to Wiglaf, he said, "Now I die. Build for me upon the lofty shore a bright mound that shall ever remind my people of me. Far in the distance their ships shall descry it, and they shall call it Beowulf's mound."

Sorrowing the people came to the hoarding place and found there the dead monarch. There, too, lay the loathsome fire-drake, full fifty feet long, and between them the great hoard, rust-eaten from long dwelling in the earth.

Down from the cliff they thrust the dragon into the deep. Then they built a lofty pile and burned thereon the body of their glorious ruler. According to his wish, they reared on the cliff a broad high barrow, surrounded it with a wall, and laid within it the treasure. Around the barrow rode twelve of the bravest nobles, mourning their king, chanting a dirge, and telling of his glorious deeds, while over the broad land the Gothic people lamented the death of the mighty warrior, the good ruler, their noble king, Beowulf.



## THE WEDDING FEAST\*

*These the legends we will tell you:  
How in Pohjola they feasted,  
And the drinking bout was godlike.*

KALEVALA

Food and drink were in the making for a great feast of the people in the misty land of Pohja. Lengthy were the preparations, for the far-famed maid of Pohja was to wed the hero craftsman, Ilmarinen, mighty forger.

To supply the meat for feasting, many servants of Pohjola brought an ox from far Karjola. Horn to horn a thousand fathoms was this ox of size stupendous, and his back the clouds were touching as he grazed along the roadside.

For a week there ran an ermine  
All along the yoke he carried.  
All day long there flew a swallow  
Twixt the mighty ox's horn-tips.  
Month long ran a summer squirrel  
From his neck unto his tail-tip.

Now the people began searching for a butcher for this marvel—searched in Russia and in Sweden and through all the vast wide region of the mighty land of Turga. Then, at last, there rose a hero from the billows of the ocean. 'Twas an old man, small and wizened, shod and helmeted with iron. In

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\* This story is taken from Kalevala (*The Land of Heroes*), the national epic of Finland. Kalevala was the inspiration for Longfellow's American idyl, *Hiawatha*, and the source of its meter.

his hand he brought a sharp knife, golden-bladed, copper-hafted, and with this he felled the bullock and prepared the meat for banquet.

While the mistress in the great hall pondered deeply on the problem of the ale for all the drinkers at this wedding feast of Pohja, an old man related to her all the process of the brewing, for he knew the magic story — how the ale was first concocted.

“Once by chance a barley sprouted in a new-ploughed field of Osmo, and its slender stalk shot upward to a fair and leafy summit. One day Osmotar, a maiden, first of all the ale-constructers, heard some hops from out a tree top — from their vine within the tree top — and the water in a deep well join the barley in exclaiming, ‘When shall we be yoked together?’ Hearing this the maiden gathered grains from off the stalk of barley and the tassels from the hop vine, adding to them fresh clear water from the deep well of Kaleva. Long she boiled the mixture gently, storing it in tubs of birchwood. But the maid had many trials ere the drink was brought to foaming. First the white squirrel, flower of woodlands, brought her cones from off the pine tree and the tassels from the fir tree. Then the golden-breasted martin flew within a steel-hard mountain and returned with foam exuded from the lips of fighting bears. All of these the maiden added, but the ale was not fermented. Then the bee, the king of flowers, visiting an unmowed meadow, soaked his wings with golden honey from the tips of brightest

herbage. This he brought back to the maiden and she placed it in the mixture. Now the new-made ale foamed upwards, rushing over all the edges of the birchwood tubs that held it. Loud a thrush sang from a rooftree, 'Tight within the casks now store it—best of drinks for prudent people.' Thus was ale at first created."

When the mistress heard this story she was glad, and calling servants, built a great fire on the headlands, like unto the fire of battle. Soon her helpers, hired for money, felled the great trees for the fire, brought the barley and the water and the hops as each was needed. All the air was filled with vapor and for months the stones were glowing, till within the rocky cellars, safe in casks of oak and copper, all the ale was stored and ready for the drinking of the people at the wedding feast of Pohja.

As the wedding day drew nearer there arose a stir and clatter in the great hall of Pohjola—porridge stirring, great loaves baking, kettles singing, stewpans hissing—for the banquet now preparing for the young and lovely daughter.

Then the handmaid of the mistress bid the guests from all directions, calling, too, the poor and lowly: 'Let the blind be brought in rowboats, and the lame ones ride on horseback, and the cripples coast on sledges!' For the singing at the banquet, Väinämöinen, famous minstrel, came with legends of the finest, and his voice was sweetest, strongest, of all singers in Pohjola.

Guests arrived from all directions and the sound was like a great wind, like sea billows madly breaking. Past the well the sledges rattled and the courtyard filled with people. Ilmarinen, noble bridegroom, brought a mighty host of people, and among them the great craftsman showed like moon mid stars in heaven. Black his steed was, black as raven, and upon the shafts and runners of his sledge rode glistening songbirds.

Servants took the bridegroom's courser. With great care they loosed his traces and his copper-plated harness, let him roll on the smooth meadow where the drifted snow was whitest, let him drink beneath the pine trees where the spring gushed forth unfrozen. Then they led the coal-black courser to the choicest of the stables, curried him with bone of walrus, bedded him with golden fodder. For his food soft hay they left him, with ripe oats and meal of barley.

Household servants met the bridegroom. Ah, the doors of Pohja's mansion were too low for such a hero! So they lifted up the crossbars as the noble youth made entrance, also moved away the doorposts that the door might swing more widely. When he saw the hall of Pohja, well pleased was the happy bridegroom. All the smooth planks of the flooring, water-scoured, were clean and shining. Bones of hedgehog, deer, and glutton formed the strong walls and the siding. Posts and beams were curving birchwood; scales of bream composed the ceiling. Near

the hearth, built up of boulders, stood the stove-bench made of iron, and the stove shone bright with copper. "Blessings grant thee, O Jumala, blessings grant to all the people underneath this noble roof-tree," was the prayer the bridegroom uttered, as the flame from waxen candles threw the light o'er all the mansion.

Pohja's mistress led the bridegroom to a seat among the highest, amid guests the most distinguished. There he took his seat beside them, facing all the shouting people. By him sat the gentle maiden, far-famed maiden of Pohjola, now the peerless bride of Pohja.

Then the people at the banquet feasted in a royal fashion on the cream-cakes, bread and butter, ox-meat, salmon, pork, and sausage — dishes filled to overflowing. Ale was brought by hired servants and passed round in five-hooped tankards till the beards of guests were whitened by the swelling frothing measure.

When the ale reached Väinämöinen, he, the greatest of the minstrels, urged the people on to singing. Then he spoke his words of wisdom, sang his legends and traditions, till the men were in good humor and the women all were laughing. Last of all he called down blessings from Jumala, the Creator, on the hostess and her children, on the lovely bride and bridegroom, and on all the guests who feasted at the happy wedding banquet in the Mansion of Pohjola.

# THE RING OF THE NIBELUNGS

*Not goods nor gold  
Nor glory of gods  
Can fashion a blessing for weal,  
Can win a blessing from woe —  
But Love alone!*

WAGNER

## I. THE RHINEGOLD

Deep down among jutting black rocks in the bed of the river Rhine lay hidden a magical treasure of gold more wonderful than any of the Nibelung hoards or the possessions of the gods themselves. For ages this hidden wealth had belonged to the Rhine-daughters, three mermaids who carefully guarded it. When the sun shone down upon their treasure, the gray-green water was filled from depth to depth with golden light. In and out among the rocks through this shimmering changeful light the happy mermaids darted, the sound of their singing mingling with the soft ripples of the sunlit water. The Rhine-daughters feared nothing, for the passing years had never made them old nor weary nor sad.

In the early morning twilight, one tragic day, a strange visitor came to this happy water home. It was Alberich, an ugly dwarf of the race of the Nibelungs who dwelt in the caves beneath the mountains. Hiding himself in the dark cleft of a rock, he watched with increasing pleasure the mermaids at their play. Presently his coarse and sudden laugh startled the beautiful water nymphs, who swam in



haste and affright to the great rock where the gold lay stored. Alberich addressed them, then clumsily strove to catch them; but the maidens tantalized him by easily escaping his grasp while mockingly luring him on. Vainly the sluggish dwarf wooed them each in turn. He was becoming infuriated when his rage was suddenly turned to wonder. The rising sun had touched the water, and from the summit of the central rock in the river bed filtered a brightening glow — the Rhinegold kindling to splendor in the light of the morning sun!

The happy maidens now invited their seemingly harmless visitor to bathe in the glow of the Rhinegold, and fearlessly sang out to him the secret of its power. "'Tis a golden charm! A world's wealth! He who the love of woman forswears, and fashions a ring from some of yon gold, can be master and lord of the earth."

So thus lightly sang the mermaids, and in a trice the dazed wonder of the ugly dwarf had changed to greed and ambition. With a loud cry renouncing love forever, he clambered up the tall black rock, tore the gold from its resting place, and, diving deep into the river bed, disappeared into the fissures of the earth. As the gold vanished the sun was hid. From the depths of Nibelheim echoed the mocking laughter of Alberich, in answer to the Rhine-daughters' cry of despair that rose from the green darkness of the water.

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Meanwhile there was trouble in heaven. At the advice of Loge (*Loki*), god of fire and mischief-maker, Wotan (*Odin*) had engaged the giant brothers Fasolt and Fafnir to build for him, in a single night, the wonder palace of Valhalla. As a reward to the builders, Wotan had promised to give them Freia, the fair goddess of spring and love, who tended the celestial gardens, and whose apples eaten by the gods conferred upon them immortal youth. But now that the palace stood complete with glistening pinnacles, Freia wept in fear of the giants and the gods refused to part with the bright goddess and her magic apples of life. Accordingly Wotan sent Loge to earth to seek for a ransom for Freia. But Loge returned, having searched to the ends of the world amid the forces of earth, air, and water, and having found nothing so rich or mighty that giants or men would prefer it above the worth of Freia. "There remains but one thing," said the mischief-maker, "the ruddy gold!"

Loge told of the marvels of the Rhinegold and related how Alberich, forswearing love, had stolen the treasure and now ruled the underworld by virtue of a ring that he had fashioned from some of it. The giants forthwith agreed that they would accept the Ring in lieu of Freia; but they bore the goddess away with them until the ransom should be paid.

At Freia's departure a mist fell upon heaven, the apples of youth decayed, and the gods grew old and gray.

"Up!" cried Wotan to Loge, "Let us away to Nibelheim, there to seek the golden ransom that shall redeem our youth and love."

In Nibelheim Alberich had amassed a great fortune through the magic of the Ring. As a proud and cruel tyrant he ruled over his fellow dwarfs who cowered in fear of him and groaned under his tyranny. He had forced his brother Mime to forge for him the Tarnhelm — a wishing cap by whose magic the wearer might travel through space, assume whatever form he pleased, or make himself invisible. In this helmet the invisible tyrant could administer scourgings upon his terrified subjects at will.

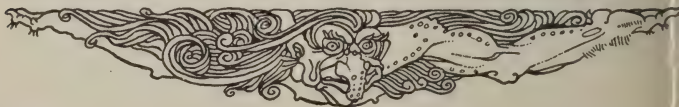
To Alberich in the flush of his riches and power came Wotan and Loge, politely requesting the Nibelung lord to exhibit the virtues of the Tarnhelm. First, Alberich transformed himself into a loathsome dragon which the gods pretended to fear. At their requesting him to appear as something small, he changed himself into a toad, whereupon Wotan stepped upon him and Loge seized the Tarnhelm. The gods then bound the writhing dwarf and dragged him, together with his treasure, to Valhalla, where, as a price for his liberty, they forced him to deliver up the golden hoard, the Tarnhelm, and the Ring. But ere the baffled Nibelung departed, he laid a terrible curse upon the Ring, pronouncing misery and death to each of its possessors until it should return to the Nibelungs.

The giants, true to their promise, released Freia,

but they claimed not only the gold and the Tarnhelm, but the Ring as well. Fearing the power of the Ring in the hands of the giants, Wotan was loath to part with it, but as he hesitated, Erda, the all-wise Earth Mother, beloved of the father of the gods, arose from a deep valley and bade him yield the coveted Ring and flee its dread curse. Wotan yielded it, and the giants no sooner obtained it than the curse began. In a quarrel over the possession of the Ring, Fafnir killed his brother and fled in haste to a far cave, where, in the form of a monstrous dragon, he jealously guarded his wealth.

The gods looked on in horror. Care and fear fettered the soul of Wotan. Might not the giants now sway the whole world and storm the very gates of Valhalla?

But the goddess of youth and spring had returned. Her brother Donner (*Thor*) came with his lightnings and thunder, scattering dark clouds and foreboding mists and sweeping the heavens clear. Far out among the distant peaks arose the Palace of Valhalla glistening in the sunlight, and before it flowed the silent Rhine spanned by the rainbow bridge. Over this bridge of promise the gods passed, smiling, to enter their peaceful abode, while from the river below came faintly the sad plaints of the Rhine-maidens, mourning the loss of their gold.



## II. THE VALKYRIE

In a woodland lodge built of roughly hewn logs and supported through the center by the trunk of a mighty ash tree, lived Hunding, rough chieftain of the Neidung clan, and his wife Sieglinde. The surly huntsman was greatly feared by his sad and gentle wife; for Sieglinde, a daughter of the hero race of Volsung, had been carried away by the Neidungs and forced into an unhappy marriage with the leader of her kinsmen's enemies.

Into this rude home, one stormy night, came young Siegmund of the Volsungs, fleeing from his foes, wounded, weaponless, and spent. He had but staggered to the hearth and thrown himself wearily upon a great bearskin, when Sieglinde entered. She was startled at first, but immediately took compassion upon the wounded fugitive, brought him drink, and bade him rest. As Siegmund grew stronger the two talked together before the fire; the warrior looking into the sad and beautiful face of Sieglinde, loved her. She in turn admired Siegmund's noble bearing, for she recognized in him her father's race. Secretly she hoped he would rescue her from the Neidungs.

Then Hunding entered. His face darkened with angry suspicion as he demanded the stranger's name and fortune. Siegmund withheld his name but disclosed his race. Hunding, having already noted the racial resemblance between Siegmund and Sieglinde,



now fiercely denounced his guest as a mortal enemy, who, though harbored for the night under the law of hospitality, must on the morrow die.

The Volsung was left alone by the hearth, sad and perplexed. His gaze wandered to the ash tree whose top pierced the roof and he noted among its branches, gleaming under a sudden glow from the firelight, the hilt of a great sword. Just then Sieglinde stole from an inner room where she had left Hunding sleeping, quite overcome by the slumbrous night draft she had mixed.

Swiftly she stepped to Siegmund's side. "Thy coming is life!" she cried. "Thou art a Volsung, a hero and deliverer." Pointing to the sword she told Siegmund how on the day of her unhappy wedding an unknown warrior, one-eyed, low-hatted, and all in gray, had entered Hunding Hall and struck the sword deep into the ash stem, declaring that none but the bravest of heroes could draw it forth.

Siegmund gave a cry of joy. He knew that the stranger was his own father, the first of the Volsungs, and that the sword was the magic Nothung. Easily he drew it forth. "I am Siegmund the Victorious!" he cried.

"Art thou Siegmund?" she answered. "Sieglinde am I, whom thou winnest at once with thy sword."

The storm outside had long passed. Two lovers of a noble race plighted their troth and escaped into the night.

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THE FATHER GOD PRONOUNCED HIS FAREWELL

Wotan, the father god, armed for battle, conferred in a wild and rocky pass with the beautiful Valkyrie, Brünnehilde, best loved of his warrior maids. They talked of the fearful doom threatening Valhalla since Fafnir, the giant dragon, guarded the Rhinegold treasure and the accursed Ring of the Nibelungs. Earnestly the god explained to his daughter that he had fixed his choice upon Siegmund the Volsung as father of a race of free heroes who should some day do battle for the gods. Then he charged the Valkyrie with an errand of life, not death; for that day the hero Siegmund was meeting the hunter Hunding in mortal combat, and therefore must Brünnehilde hasten to shield the Volsung from his foe. The warrior Brünnehilde listened well, then mounted her charger, and, shouting her battle-cry, disappeared over the mountain crags.

No sooner was the Valkyrie on her way than the queen goddess, Fricka (*Frigga*), appeared in her ram-drawn car, and descending, approached the king of the gods with anger in her eyes. She had heard the cry of Hunding calling for vengeance upon Siegmund, and now, as the guardian goddess of wedlock, she demanded the death of Siegmund in the coming conflict. With patience Wotan explained. Hunding was but a robber chieftain, and was not this Siegmund son of Volsung, and was not Volsung Wotan himself when he had wandered upon the earth? Let Nothung then, in the hands of Siegmund, slay Fafnir, and the Rhinegold be returned by the Volsungs

to the mermaids; then would the children of Sieglinde, fathered by Siegmund, aid the hosts of Valhalla against the giants and avert the dark doom of the gods.

But the implacable queen Fricka would not be persuaded. The Valkyrie was recalled and Wotan's order revoked.

"What!" cried Brünnehilde in amazement. "Thou takest the magic from Nothung and from thy son Siegmund thy shield?"

Sorrowfully the god made answer. "Yea, though the Ring be won by the Nibelungs, and Valhalla be lost forever. My heart once greedy possessed the gold. Now I fly the curse, but the curse flies not me. Haste thee to warn Siegmund, and, the conflict ended, bear him safely to Valhalla, home of the chosen slain."

On her errand of death sped the Valkyrie. She soon discovered Siegmund and Sieglinde, who, though closely pursued by Hunding, had stopped for rest by the way. Hovering near, Brünnehilde waited till the weary Sieglinde slept; then approaching, she told Siegmund of his doom and promised him happiness in Valhalla. But when the hero learned that Sieglinde could not join him in Wotan's hall of honor, he spurned all thought of Valhalla, defying the king of the gods himself.

The heart of the warrior maid was touched. "Thou hast taught me love," she said. "I shall disobey divine command and shield Sieglinde's lover."

But in the moment of battle Wotan himself appeared. With his own spear he shattered the magic Nothung in which Siegmund put his trust, and Hunding's sword pierced the Volsung's breast. Brünnehilde hastily gathered up the fragments of the magic sword, lifted Sieglinde to horse, and escaped.



ON AN ERRAND OF DEATH SPED THE VALKYRIES

The enraged Wotan then slew Hunding, and, mounting his own wild steed, raged through the skies in pursuit of the fleeing Valkyrie. But ere the wrathful god could overtake Brünnehilde, she had reached the home of the Valkyries who scattered in fear because of the deed she had done.

Brünnehilde, undaunted, urged on the fainting Sieglinde. "Fly far to the east," she implored, "where Fafnir guards the Nibelung hoard, for there will Wotan not likely pursue thee. There, too, shall thy son Siegfried be born, thy son and Siegmund's. For him, guard well these splinters of his father's sword and weld them anew, a victorious blade. Fly! For Siegfried in triumph shall live!"

A moment later came Wotan, angry, but deeply moved, to pronounce the punishment of Brünnehilde. For mortal love she had defied divine command; now she must put off divinity, and a mortal woman, sleeping, become the slave of him who should awaken her. With tender eloquence plead the Valkyrie:

"Was it so shameful, what I have done,  
That for my deed I am scourged?"

But Wotan remained inexorable, granting only that the sleeping Brünnehilde be surrounded by a wall of fire, which none but the bravest of heroes might break.

The father god pronounced his farewell tenderly and laid his daughter to sleep on the mountain top, covering her over with her battle-shield. Striking a rock, he summoned Loge, the fire god, who encircled the spot with writhing leaping flames.

Thus still worked the curse of Alberich upon the stolen Rhinegold. Alone, her godhood lost, the Valkyrie slept under her long steel shield.

## III. SIEGFRIED

Sieglinde, dying in the far eastern forest to which she had fled, gave to the dwarf Mime her newborn son Siegfried, and with him, the pieces of his father's sword. Under the care of his foster parent, Siegmund's son grew to a noble manhood — keen-eyed, strong-limbed, and fearless. By day he roamed the forest making friends of all woodland creatures, but at night he returned to Mime's cave. The sly and crafty Mime was a brother to the ugly Alberich, he who was at one time Lord of the Gold. Well did Mime know the lineage and destiny of young Siegfried; but he kept it secret, and daily working at his forge, tried to remake the sword of Nothung, in the wicked hope that after Siegfried had slain Fafnir, he might poison the young Volsung and so secure the Ring and the immense wealth for himself.

In the course of time there came to Mime's cave in the guise of a wanderer, Wotan himself. He told the scheming dwarf that only he who had never known fear could forge anew the all-conquering sword. The Wanderer departed, and when Siegfried returned, demanding, as was his wont, his father's sword, he was told that it could be repaired only by him who knew no fear. "What is fear?" asked the youth. Mime tried to explain by describing the giant dragon Fafnir in his horrible cavern, but Siegfried listening intently, only grew impatient to go at once and conquer the monster.



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## MYTHS OF THE NORTH

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"My father's blade will I forge!" cried the Volsung, and straightway to the hearth he sprang, seizing the splinters of the broken blade and dragging at the rope of the bellows. The forge fire brightened. Mime cowered in fear and wonder while Siegfried, fling, pounding, and singing the while, refashioned the wondrous sword. The weapon whole, he brandished it aloft, crying, "Nothung, conquering sword, again to life have I waked thee!" And, striking with it a furious blow, he cleaved the great anvil asunder.

\* \* \* \* \*

Not far away in his dread Cavern of Hate, Fafnir drowsily guarded his wealth, and Alberich, hoping yet for a chance to secure the Ring, gloomily watched near by. The Wanderer visited them that day; he, too, still longed for the Ring. He stayed but to warn the unbelieving Fafnir that his slayer approached, and then, taunting Alberich, went his way.

In good time Siegfried and Mime arrived. The hero wore his great sword loosely hung in a girdle of rope; blithely he blew his silver hunting horn. The huge lizard-like dragon came forth from his dark cave yawning, in the hope of frightening his enemy, but Siegfried made answer with laughter. The two then joined in conflict. More than once Siegfried was well-nigh lost, but at last chance favored him. The dragon carelessly exposed his breast, and the Volsung let sink his sharp blade into

PRESENTED BY  
ALEXANDER KSY



HE LET SINK HIS SHARP BLADE UP TO THE HILT

it up to the hilt. In the moment of death Fafnir warned his slayer of the curse of Alberich which would now descend upon him as possessor of the Ring.

As Siegfried withdrew Nothung from the breast of the monster, some drops of burning blood fell upon his hand. Instinctively he touched them with his lips and at once the language of the forest became clear to him. From a bough overhead came the song of a wood bird: "Ring, Hoard, and Tarnhelm for Siegfried, now Lord of the Gold! Yet beware the dwarf Mime, falsest of friends!"

Siegfried had no sooner possessed himself of Tarnhelm and Ring than Mime came forward and with pretense of giving wholesome drink, proffered a poisonous potion. The hero struck the dwarf dead at a blow and pitched his body on top of the hoard of gold which he had left untouched where it was. Then he stopped up the mouth of the Cavern of Hate with the grinning corpse of the dragon. Alberich, terrified, had fled from the scene, and lonely beneath the forest trees the hero now rested, master of the world.

As Siegfried gazed aloft into the branches he heard again the notes of the wood bird. "A glorious bride for the Volsung have I," trilled the songster. "On the rock of the Valkyries she sleeps, and guarded by fire is her home. Who fighteth the flames for love, waketh Brünnehilde, and Brünnehilde he wins for his own." With joy the hero sprang up

and away to follow the path of the friendly bird now flying ahead to guide him.

During this time Wotan had gone to consult the All-wise One, Erda, the Earth Mother, seeking to know if the doom of the gods were at hand. But the goddess had given him neither advice nor promise, and the king of heaven again fared forth as the Wanderer, making within his own heart a decree: "Even so shall the harvest not be reaped by the Nibelungs. To the Volsung shall be my heritage, to the hero chosen by me. Free from greed he won the Ring; and now, gladdened by love dreams, he may escape its fell curse."

Dawn illumined the forest; Siegfried's bird came fluttering to meet Wotan, then took wing and disappeared. In the path of the hero the Wanderer stood — a god challenging a mortal to battle. "Once already hath that sword of thine broken on the haft of this sacred weapon."

"My father's slayer!" rang Siegfried's cry, as he raised the new-forged Nothung and struck to pieces the All-Father's spear. The Wanderer vanished. Beyond, high up on a mountain, lay the flame-en circled rock!

Siegfried, the conqueror, scaled the cliffs. Through the wall of fiercely burning flames, unscathed he passed, and lifted the great shield from the sleeping Brünnehilde. With a kiss he awakened her; and, radiant with the light of human love, the two, fearless, faced their destiny.

#### IV. THE TWILIGHT OF THE GODS

Three figures clothed in dark and veil-like draperies sat on the Valkyries' rock. They wove and measured the thread of destiny and as they worked they chanted. Norns or Fates were they, daughters of Erda, holding the future in their power. They sang of the glory of Wotan and the Eternals in the days when the World Ash, strong and green, shaded the Fountain of Wisdom. They sang of Brünnehilde and the Rhinegold, of the strife in the world, and of how one stronger than the gods had shivered the sacred spear and overpowered their ruler. But when they sang of the future, the golden thread they were weaving suddenly snapped, and the daughters of Erda fled like mist into the earth, down to their All-wise Mother who had first prophesied the Twilight of the Gods.

At this time Siegfried and Brünnehilde lived in their mountain home upon the earth, happy in each other's love. Siegfried made ready one early morn to go forth into the world and prove himself a hero among men. With a happy farewell Brünnehilde sent him on his way, giving him her magic armour and her war horse, Grane. He gave to Brünnehilde his Ring to keep for him as a pledge of his love. Their parting was full of promise and hope. Siegfried rode away down the rocky defile, and Brünnehilde, watching him from the mountain height, heard his silver horn echoing down the valley.



While Siegfried was on his way, a banquet was being held in the Gibichungs' Hall on the banks of the Rhine. King Gunther and his sister Gutrune, rulers of the land, entertained at the feast their half brother, Hagen, the dark and treacherous son of Alberich the Nibelung. As the three conversed they talked of the hero Siegfried who had won from the giant Fafnir the Tarnhelm, Hoard, and Ring. Now Hagen alone knew that Siegfried had ridden through the flames and won the sleeping Brünnehilde, but to carry out his own dark schemes for regaining the Ring, he said nothing of Siegfried's last exploit. Instead, he urged King Gunther to marry Brünnehilde, naming Siegfried as the only one who could aid him in obtaining her. He further proposed that Gutrune should win Siegfried's love and thus easily induce the hero to serve her brother Gunther.

When Siegfried arrived at the hall of the Gibichungs he was royally welcomed. Gutrune greeted the visitor and, directed by Hagen, gave him a magic drink which caused him to forget Brünnehilde. In the madness of his trance he fell in love with Gutrune, who obtained his promise to help King Gunther secure Brünnehilde for his wife. Siegfried and Gunther departed after taking the oath of brotherhood, while Hagen, left alone in the hall, mused gloatingly: "Siegfried brings his own bride to the king, and he brings the Ring to me!"

Meanwhile sorrow reigned in Valhalla. At the bidding of Wotan the heroes had hewn the World



Ash in pieces and piled it like firewood round the great hall. No more did the Valkyrie messengers gather the souls of the slain, for Wotan sat silent upon his great throne, his splintered spear in his hand. Only one hope remained for the world. If Brünnehilde would yield from her finger the Ring, the gold could go back to the Rhine-daughters; then would the load of the curse be lifted, and the world and immortals be freed.

A Valkyrie arrived in haste at the mountain home of Brünnehilde, beseeching her to give up the Ring. But the message hurled back was defiance. Relinquish the Ring, when, for her, one flash of its fire outvalued all Heaven's delight? She would cherish the love pledge of Siegfried, though Valhalla in ruins should fall!

Retribution was swift. A moment later, Siegfried, changed to Gunther's form by the Tarnhelm, came to claim Brünnehilde as his bride. She resisted, threatening him with the Ring; but he wrested the Ring from her and carried her to the true Gunther who waited by the Rhine. Then in his own form, the Tarnhelm at his belt, Siegfried hastened back to the castle to tell his false love, Gutrune, that her brother approached with his bride. The retainers made ready to celebrate the double wedding of Siegfried with Gutrune, and Gunther with Brünnehilde.

The royal pair were received with loud acclaim. Brünnehilde at once perceived Siegfried, but became greatly alarmed when he did not recognize her.

Then she noticed the Ring on his finger, and turning to Gunther, asked for the one he had taken from her. The king's confusion revealed the truth to Brünnehilde and she loudly denounced Siegfried, proclaiming herself his wife. But Siegfried, still under the spell of the magic draft, swore on the point of Hagen's spear that her statements were untrue. Gunther believed himself betrayed, and with Hagen plotted death vengeance upon the innocent Siegfried. Brünnehilde, blind in her rage, was ready to aid them, and explained to Hagen that the magic armour she had given Siegfried made him invulnerable from a front attack only, for a hero would never turn his back on a foe.

A few days after the wedding ceremonies, Hagen's opportunity came. Siegfried, who had strayed from his companions on a hunting expedition, came to the bank of the river where the Rhine-maidens prayed to the sun for the return of their gold. They asked him for the Ring, but Siegfried only laughed at their demand. As they swam away they warned him of his fate. Just then Hagen and Gunther with their vassals came to the place. A banquet was spread, and at Hagen's suggestion Siegfried related the story of his life. Suddenly, as he came to the awakening of Brünnehilde, he began to recount it, for a magic draft given him by Hagen had restored his memory. All the listeners started up in amaze, and Hagen stabbed Siegfried in the back as the hero called on Brünnehilde's name in love.

The end followed quickly. As the sun sank low, the body of Siegfried was borne on a bier into the hall of Gunther's castle. Here Hagen demanded the Ring. King Gunther, refusing it, fell — slain in his own hall at the hand of Hagen. But the arm of the dead Siegfried rose in warning as Hagen approached to take the Ring, and the coward recoiled in fear. Then Brünnehilde appeared. Long and sadly she gazed upon the face of Siegfried, and taking from his finger the Ring, dumb pledge of his love, she commanded that a great funeral pyre be built in sight of the Rhine waters.

Night came on. High on the pyre the body of Siegfried was laid; Brünnehilde herself applied the torch. Then placing the Ring on her finger and calling on the Rhine-daughters to take it in turn from her ashes, she mounted her horse Grane and rode boldly into the fire. The river rose to meet the flames and the Rhine-daughters, appearing, reclaimed the Ring, now cleansed from its curse. Hagen rushed forward to intercede, but was dragged down to his death in the flood. From a distance the heavens lighted up with a steady glow; Valhalla, too, was in flames. The loveless Ring had worked its curse, and the breed of the gods who had coveted power rather than love, gold rather than truth, was gone forever.

# LOHENGRIN

*Live pure, speak true, right wrong, follow the King —  
Else wherefore born?*

TENNYSON

There is grievance and dissension in the province of Brabant, for the young duke, Gottfried, has mysteriously disappeared. Since the death of their father, he and his sister Elsa have been under the care of Frederick of Telramund, noble of Brabant. The boy has not been seen since wandering one day in the forest with his sister, and Telramund charges Elsa herself with having killed her brother in order to succeed to his power and estate. The maid is at first in great distress, but later she becomes dreamy and strange. Telramund was to have married Elsa, but believing her guilty, he turns against her and marries Ortrud, a wicked enchantress whose faith is with the ancient gods, Wotan and Freia. It is indeed Ortrud who has, with her black art of magic, caused Gottfried's disappearance, and now she uses her evil influence with Telramund, urging him on in his monstrous charge against Elsa and finally persuading him to lay the grievance before the king.

Beneath his great Oak of Justice on the green bank of the river Scheldt, the Saxon king assembles his nobles. Among them are the counts and nobles of Brabant, headed by Frederick of Telramund, with his wife Ortrud beside him. Boldly steps Telramund before the king, charging Elsa of Brabant with

fratricide, and, as her nearest kinsman, claiming her lands and power.

A great outcry arises against the accusation, for the Lady Elsa is gracious, and gentle, and well loved of her people. But Telramund is a knight of honor and of proven courage. The king is thoughtful and sad. "Summon the maid," is his royal command, "and Heaven grant that I judge her rightly."

Slowly from behind the crowd of nobles appears the beautiful Elsa. Her court ladies wait at the outer edge of the circle of justice, and she stands forth quite alone. The pale gold of her hair gleams in the sunlight; there is a mystic look in her deep blue eyes and her face is clouded with sorrow. Humbly she bows her head before her sovereign, and the king is touched by her helplessness. When he gently asks her to name her champion, that justice may be given and her honor saved, the maiden responds as though in a dream, relating a vision of a knight in shining armor:

"A horn of gold beside him, he leant upon his sword,  
Thus when I first espied him, mid clouds of light he soared;  
His words so low and tender, brought life renewed to me.  
My guardian, my defender, thou shalt my champion be!"

Silent with amazement stand the listeners, and the king, greatly moved, invokes the judgment of God. Then he demands that the warrior knight be summoned by the bugle.

Four trumpeters sound the summons, and the herald calls, "Who will here do battle for Elsa of

Brabant?" The anxious silence is unbroken. Again the challenge is given while Elsa sinks to her knees in prayer.

Suddenly, from those standing near the water's edge, a cry goes up. Lo! A knight in silver shining raiment approaches in a boat drawn by a lovely swan with golden reins about its neck. The nobles crowd to the river bank as the mystic boat draws near to shore. Transcendently noble and beautiful is the face of the stranger knight; upon his brow is a helmet of light, and his armor gleams like the sun. He wears his shield upon his back and a tiny horn of gold hangs at his side. With kind words of farewell to his trusty swan, he tenders it thanks and bids it return to the land of dawn.

The king and his nobles receive their mysterious guest with lordly welcome, and Elsa shyly recognizes in him the glorious knight of her dreams. Ortrud alone appears troubled and fearful; she seeks to draw Telramund apart.

"I have come," the stranger announces in a clear ringing voice, "to fight for the honor and the love of this maid." Elsa, kneeling, accepts him as her champion, and he asks of her a promise. "If I win the fight in thy cause, dear maid, and thou become my bride, never, as thou lovest me, ask my name or from whence I come." Twice he repeats the conditions, and Elsa unfalteringly gives the promise. The knight then steps into the midst of the nobles and declares himself ready for the trial by arms.



At once the circle of combat is prepared. The king first prays to Heaven that the right may conquer, then strikes three times with his sword against the great shield that hangs upon the oak, and the conflict begins.

When the struggle is over, Telramund lies on the ground with the stranger's sword point at his throat. Brief are the words of the victor: "Repent in peace!" The king cries, "Hail," and Telramund drags his stricken body to the feet of Ortrud. Amid cheering crowds Elsa renews her promise to the champion knight of her dreams, nor notes in the deep eyes of Ortrud a wicked foreboding light.

Late on the night of the day of combat, Telramund and Ortrud, outcasts both by order of the king, crouch in the dark shadow of the battlements just beyond the palace entrance. Above, at an open window, Elsa appears singing softly beneath the white moon the new joy of her life. But she hears her name called in the darkness below and ceases her song in wonder. Telramund slips away while Ortrud calls Elsa to her side. Feigning repentance, the witch woman implants seeds of doubt in the young girl's heart by hinting of a false glamour and magic surrounding the strange knight. Outwardly Elsa rejects all suspicion, but at heart she is troubled.

The light of day is welcomed by the castle trumpeters, their ringing dawn-calls answering each other from turret to turret. It is Elsa's wedding day. A happy stir of preparation is heard within the palace;

across the courtyard pass knights and nobles in festive array. But behind the battlements, hovering like two evil spirits, the outcasts wait. As the wedding procession marches in stately fashion toward the chapel, Ortrud springs forward and confronts the bride. Quite beside herself with rage and jealousy, the sorceress forgets for the moment her cunning, and pours forth words of bitterness and hate. Telramund, too, comes from his hiding place. He boldly accuses the bridegroom of sorcery, and demands to know his name and his land. The commanding voice of the king is heard quieting the stormy scene and denouncing Telramund. Elsa, frightened and unhappy, renews to the knight her vows of faith as the procession enters the chapel.

The festivities are over, and the strains of the beautiful bridal chorus have died away. Through the wide-open windows of the great palace chamber the night wind sweeps gently. The bride and bridegroom are alone. Now it is that Elsa shows the doubt that is in her heart.

“How sweet my name as from thy lips it glided!  
Canst thou deny to me the sound of thine?”

In vain her husband reassures her, recalling the vision and her former vows of faith. Still she urges the question.

Suddenly the outer door of the chamber falls with a crash, and Telramund, followed by four false nobles, enters with drawn sword. Swiftly Elsa

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## MYTHS OF THE NORTH

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thrusts into her husband's hands the sword which he has laid aside. With it he strikes the assassin dead. The attendants of the castle rush in at the sound of battle and into their hands the knight gives his fainting bride. In a loud voice he demands that the body of Telramund be taken to the Oak of Justice, for



THE KING ASSEMBLES HIS NOBLES BENEATH THE GREAT OAK

there he will justify the death of the outcast and make his own identity known.

Early in the morning the king and his people again assemble beneath the great oak. A deathlike pallor is upon the face of Elsa as her husband relates the attack of Telramund and expresses sorrow that his wife has broken her promise. Then, in sad wonder, the people listen while the knight explains that he comes from the Land of the Holy Grail,

armed with high power against all evil and carrying his charm to distant lands only so long as he is unknown.

“Craft and disguise my soul disdaineth,  
The Grail sent me to right yon lady’s fame.  
My father Percival gloriously reigneth;  
His knight am I, and Lohengrin my name!”

A spell of enchantment fills the air. The swan is seen slowly approaching from the distance. Elsa cries out that all is dark about her, as Lohengrin bids her a tender farewell. In her care he leaves his horn, his sword, and his ring. “If thy brother returns, give these to him in token of me.”

Just as the boat draws up to the shore, Ortrud’s wicked cry of triumph rings out: “Yonder swan is the lost brother and true heir of Brabant. It was I who wound the golden band around his neck!”

Instantly Lohengrin kneels in his boat, fervently praying. All eyes are fixed upon him. From above flutters the white dove of the Grail, symbol of power in answer to the prayer of all true worshippers. The face of the knight lights with joy as he beholds it. Swiftly he loosens the golden reins about the neck of the swan, and as it slowly sinks he lifts from the water’s depths the lost Gottfried. The youth, a fair boy in shining silver raiment, rushes into his sister’s arms, as the boat, mysteriously drawn on its way by the dove, passes from sight.

Elsa sinks lifeless to the ground. Lohengrin is gone forever!

# PRINCE CONNLA OF THE GOLDEN HAIR

*I shall tell you a pretty tale.*

SHAKESPEARE

Connla of the Golden Hair was the son of Conn the Hundred-Fighter. One day as he stood with his father on the royal hill of Usna, he saw a lady a little way off, very beautiful, and dressed in strange attire. She approached the spot where he stood; and when she was near, he spoke to her, and asked who she was, and from what place she had come.

The lady replied, "I have come from the Land of the Living — a land where there is neither death nor old age nor any breach of law. The inhabitants of earth call us Aes-shee, for we have our dealings within large, pleasant, green hills. We pass our time very pleasantly in feasting and harmless amusements, never growing old; and we have no quarrels or contentions."

The king and his company marveled very much; for though they heard this conversation, no one saw the lady except Connla alone.

"Who is this thou art talking to, my son?" said the king.

And anon she answered for the youth, "Connla is speaking with a lovely noble-born young lady, who will never die, and who will never grow old. I love

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From P. W. JOYCE'S *Old Celtic Romances* published by Longmans, Green & Company, New York City.



Connla of the Golden Hair and I have come to bring him with me to Moy-mell, the plain of never-ending pleasure. On the day that he comes with me he shall be made king; and he shall reign forever in Fairyland, without weeping and without sorrow. Come with me, O gentle Connla of the ruddy cheek, the fair, freckled neck, and the golden hair! Come with me, beloved Connla, and thou shalt retain thy comely face and thy tall majestic form till the day of judgment!"

King Conn, the Hundred-Fighter, being much troubled, called then on his druid, Coran, to put forth his power against the witchery of the banshee.

"O Coran of the mystic arts and of the mighty incantations, here is a contest such as I have never been engaged in since I was made king at Tara — a contest with an invisible lady who is beguiling my son to Fairyland by her baleful charms. Her cunning is beyond my skill, and I am not able to withstand her power; and if thou, Coran, help not, my son will be taken away from me by the wiles and witchery of a woman from the fairy hills."

Coran, the druid, then came forward, and began to chant against the voice of the lady. And his power was greater than hers for that time, so that she was forced to retire. As she was going away she threw an apple to Connla, who straightway lost sight of her; and the king and his people no longer heard her voice.

The king and the prince returned with their com-

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MY CRYSTAL BOAT WILL GUARD THEE

pany to the palace; and Connla remained for a whole month without tasting food or drink, except the apple. And though he ate of it each day, it was never lessened, but was as whole and perfect in the end as at the beginning. Moreover, when they offered him aught else to eat or drink, he refused it; for while he had his apple he did not deem any other food worthy to be tasted. And he began to be very moody and sorrowful, thinking of the lovely fairy maiden.

At the end of the month, as Connla stood by his father's side among the nobles, on the Plain of Arcomin, he saw the same lady approaching him from the west. And when she had come near, she addressed him in this manner:

"A glorious seat, indeed, has Connla among wretched short-lived mortals, awaiting the dreadful stroke of death! But now, the ever-youthful people of Moy-mell, who never feel old age, and who fear not death, seeing thee day by day among thy friends in the assemblies of thy fatherland, love thee with a strange love; and they will make thee king over them if thou wilt come with me."

When the king heard the words of the lady he commanded his people to call the druid again to him, saying, "Bring my druid, Coran, to me; for I see that the fairy lady has this day regained the power of her voice."

At this the lady said: "Valiant Conn, fighter of a hundred, the faith of the druids has come to little

honor among the upright, mighty, numberless people of this land. When the righteous law shall be restored it will seal up the lips of the false, black demon; and his druids shall no longer have power to work their guileful spells."

Now the king observed and marveled greatly, that whenever the lady was present, his son never spoke one word to anyone, nay, even though they addressed him many times. And when the lady had ceased to speak, the king said, "Connla, my son, has thy mind been moved by the words of the lady?"

Connla spoke then and replied, "Father, I am very unhappy; for though I love my people beyond all, yet I am filled with sadness on account of this lady!"

When Connla had said this, the maiden again addressed him and chanted these words in a very sweet voice:

"A land of youth, a land of rest,  
 A land from sorrow free;  
 It lies far off in the golden west,  
 On the verge of the azure sea.  
 Though far and dim on the ocean's rim  
 It seems to mortal view,  
 We shall reach its halls ere the evening falls,  
 In my strong and swift canoe.  
 And evermore that verdant shore  
 Our happy home shall be;  
 The land of rest, in the golden west,  
 On the verge of the azure sea!

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## IN THE LIGHT OF MYTH

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"It will guard thee, gentle Connla of the flowing golden  
hair,  
It will guard thee from the druids, from the demons of the  
air;  
My crystal boat will guard thee, till we reach that western  
shore,  
Where thou and I in joy and love shall live for evermore.

"From the druid's incantation,  
From his black and deadly snare,  
From the withering imprecation  
Of the demon of the air,

"It will guard thee, gentle Connla of the flowing golden  
hair;  
My crystal boat will guard thee, till we reach that silver  
strand  
Where thou shalt reign in endless joy, the king of the Fairy-  
land!"

When the maiden had ended her chant, Connla suddenly walked away from his father's side, and sprang into the currach, the gleaming, straight-gliding, strong, crystal canoe. The king and his people saw them afar off and dimly, moving away over the bright sea towards the sunset. They gazed sadly after them, till they lost sight of the canoe over the utmost verge; and no one can tell whither they went, for Connla was never again seen in his native land.



# Myths of the Orient

## SUDDEN LIGHT

I have been here before, —  
But when or how I cannot tell:  
I know the grass beyond the door,  
The sweet keen smell,  
The sighing sound, the lights along the shore.

You have been mine before, —  
How long ago I may not know:  
But just when at that swallow's soar  
Your neck turned so,  
Some veil did fall, — I knew it all of yore.

DANTE GABRIEL ROSSETTI



# THE DESCENT OF ISHTAR

*. . . And the light  
Returning, shall give back the golden hours.*

RUPERT BROOKE

Ishtar, daughter of the moon god, turned her mind to the land of Hades as the region of her desire. To recover her lover she would go there — she, the haughty queen of love and beauty, would demand an entrance into the Land of Shadows.

In royal mien the queen goddess made her way to the abode of darkness and famine where men enter but from whence there is no return. Earth is the food of the dwellers therein; ghosts, like birds, flutter their wings there; no light is seen; and on the doors and gateposts the dust lies undisturbed.

When Ishtar arrived at the gate of Hades she spake imperiously to the keeper of the entrance: "Open thy gate that I may enter! Open thy gate, lest I assault the door, split open the portals, and raise the dead to prey upon the living!"

The keeper silenced the great Ishtar and went in haste to Queen Nin-ci-gal, Sovereign of Hades. To her he spake anxiously: "Behold, thy sister, blaspheming thee with curses, demands entrance at the outer gate!" When Nin-ci-gal heard this she grew pale like a flower that is cut off, and trembled like the stem of a reed. "I will repay her curses," she

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From E. A. REED's *Persian Literature: Ancient and Modern* published by Scott, Foresman & Company, Chicago.

said. "I will cure her rage and fury. Haste, messengers! Light up consuming flames! Strip the proud queen of her crown, her robe, and jewels, and let her suffer with those who died in dishonor. The Queen of Death welcomes the Queen of Love. Open the gate!"

Within the first gate of Hades, Queen Ishtar was stayed, and from her head the great crown was taken. The second gate admitted her and the jeweled earrings were removed from her ears. At the third entrance she gave up her emerald girdle; at the fourth, the small lovely gems from her forehead; at the fifth and sixth, the golden rings from her hands and feet; and at the seventh and last, her imperial robe. The haughty queen stayed not, but counting no sacrifice too dear, pressed on through the great gates. When the last gate was passed, the queen of the land came forward to meet her sister. Cruelly she derided her and commanded messengers to afflict her with suffering and dire diseases. Ishtar shrank not, but heaped afresh upon Nin-ci-gal her deep and bitter curses.

\* \* \* \* \*

When the seven gates of Hades had closed upon the lovely form of Ishtar, the world, forsaken, missed the joyous presence of the goddess of love. The splendor was stolen from Beauty's eyes and the crimson touch of life faded from her lips; fruits and flowers withered; doves and sunbirds no longer chanted their love songs in the crowns of the palm

trees; and only the sorrowing night bird trilled the plaintive tale to the closed and weeping roses. Even the sky seemed to forget to light up the couch of the dying sun with draperies of crimson and gold, and all the world was shrouded in darkness and cold despair. The gods, too, mourned the absence of Ishtar. The messenger god lacerated his face and tore his vestments; the Sun approached and joined the Moon in weeping for the beautiful daughter who had descended into the earth and did not rise again.

Then it was that the god Hea, deep in his ocean home, felt the world's sorrow and heard the wailing of the gods. When in his mind he had laid a plan, he called to him his messenger, Phantom. "Go, Phantom!" he commanded. "Save Ishtar! Present thyself at the portal of Hades. The seven gates will open for thee, and Nin-ci-gal will come to thee."

Phantom made haste to Nin-ci-gal. He named the dark queen with the names of the great gods, and entertained her with magic and conjurer's tricks until, even as the god Hea devised, her mind grew calm and her anger cooled. "Clothe the Temple of Justice," she commanded her messengers. "Adorn the images and altars. Bring Ishtar before the golden throne. Pour out for her the waters of life, and let her depart from my dominions."

The seven great gates of Hades swung again upon their hinges; and with robe, jewels, and crown restored, the imperial Ishtar came forth to resume her sway amid the flowers of a love-lighted earth.

# RAMA AND SITA

*He is dear to me who knows Brahma . . . and  
who can play the melody of the Infinite by uniting love  
and renunciation in life.*

TAGORE

## I. THE EXILE OF RAMA

Like unto the sovereign city of Indra's heaven was the city of Ayodha in the land of Kosala. Surrounded on every hand by powerful kingdoms, she stood adorned with groves and towers and stately buildings, a queen amongst cities. She was famous both for wealth and learning; her broad, clean streets were thronged with heroes, and her cloisters with scholars and saints. For a thousand years, so the story goes, was this city ruled by the divine King Rama, who was none other than Vishnu himself, and his celestial queen, Sita, who was in truth Lakshmi, Queen of Heaven.

King Dasaratha, father to Prince Rama, had prayed to the gods for a son who should overcome the evil spirits of the world; and he found in Rama, his firstborn, the answer to his prayer. King Janaka, father to Sita, the beautiful princess of magic birth, was one day ploughing for sacrifice when an infant sprang from the ground. He named her Sita (*furrow*), and when she had grown to womanhood, he promised her in marriage to the one who could bend his wonder-bow. He had received this bow,

which had baffled many a lord and prince, from the god Siva as a reward for sacrifice. In the hands of Rama the weapon snapped in two, and the prince thereby became the successful suitor of the Princess Sita, peerless among women.

Not long thereafter King Dasaratha, delighting in his eldest son's virtues and accomplishments, desired to see him made king before he himself should die. He sent for Prince Rama, and in the presence of his royal council enjoined him to prepare for the great event by passing the night in holy rites. The people were delighted with their king's intention; the streets of Ayodha were illuminated, and the night was spent in festivities.

In the meantime a malicious servant carried the news of the coming coronation to Kaikeya, the youngest and the favorite queen of Dasaratha, and excited her jealousy against Rama. Bitter because her own son, Bharata, was not to receive the great honor, Kaikeya cast away her garlands and ornaments, shut herself within the anger-chamber of the palace, and sent for the king. She refused to be comforted until Dasaratha gave his oath to grant her two boons which he had, upon former occasion, promised her. Then calling upon the gods to witness the promise and oath of her husband, she demanded that her son, Bharata, be crowned as prince regent, and that Rama be banished to the forest and sentenced to live for fourteen years the life of a hermit.

King Dasaratha, though crazed with grief, was bound by his oath; and the city, so bright with joy the day before, was plunged in mourning as the ceremony arranged for Rama was performed in favor of Bharata. Not a shadow passed over the face of Prince Rama as he listened to his sentence, for to him a forest life was more glorious than a throne. Sita refused to remain behind. She loved the forest, and knew no danger or discontent when with her husband, Rama. Lakshman, Rama's brother, begged to accompany them; and the three, clothed in the dress of ascetics, bade formal farewell to the grieving king and set out for their life of exile in the forest. Soon after their departure King Dasaratha died, but Bharata, who loved above all others his exiled brother, refused to raise the royal umbrella over himself. Instead, he placed the sandals of Rama under the white canopy on the royal throne of Ayodha, and stationed himself at another city where he ruled the kingdom in his brother's name.





## II. THE CAPTURE OF SITA

The exiles, Rama, Sita, and Lakshman, built for themselves a humble cottage and entered happily upon life in the forest. Sita cared for the home, and with her own fair hands served her lord and his brother. Armed with royal weapons, Rama and Lakshman ranged through the forest slaying demons and brigands, for Rama became the protector of all hermits throughout the district. At one time they overcame an immense giant clothed in tiger's skin, and finding the monster proof against their weapons, they buried it alive. For ten years the happy life in the forest continued, and then the exiles came under the notice of Ravana, mighty king of Lanka and dread oppressor of gods and men.

The giantess sister of Ravana, traveling in the forest one day, saw Rama and loved him. In order that she might win him she attempted to slay Sita, but was prevented by Lakshman, who cut off her nose and her ears. Ravana sought to avenge the mutilation of his sister by war, but when his army of giants was killed by Rama, single-handed, he decided to conquer the invincible enemy by carrying off the beloved Sita. Straightway he sent for the fiend, Maricha, and bade him at risk of his own life assist in the exploit. Assuming the form of a golden deer with spots of silver, Maricha innocently fed and played in the shadow of the trees not far from the hermitage of Rama. Sita was immediately en-

chanted with the beauty of the deer, and longed to possess it. To please her, Rama, leaving Lakshman to guard the home, pursued the deer, and when from



RAMA PURSUED THE GOLDEN DEER

its form arose the fiend-wizard, Maricha, he shot it. In the assumed voice of Rama the dying fiend cried out loudly, "Sita! Lakshman!" While the brother hurried toward the spot from whence the cry pro-

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ceeded, Ravana, who was waiting near, seized the defenseless Sita, and soaring like a bird of prey, made off toward his island kingdom in the south.

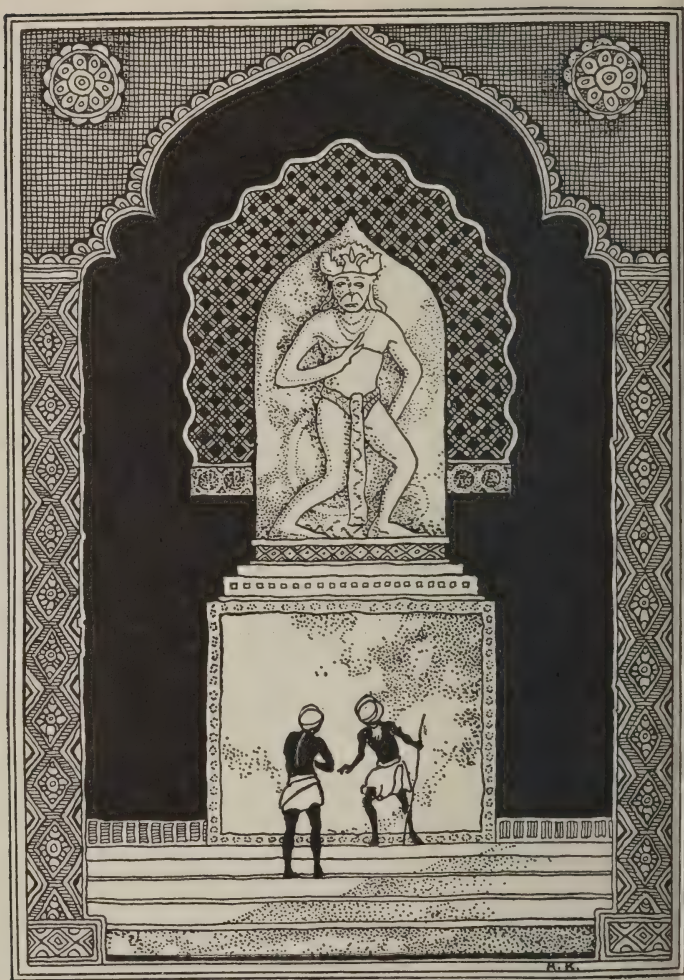
Sita's veil of yellow silk streamed in the wind like sunset clouds against the sky; her golden ornaments flashed toward earth like dropping stars, and her loosened garlands were caught up again by the whirlwind of Ravana's swift passage. The king of the eagles awakened from his age-long slumber in the mountains at Sita's cry for help. He came to her rescue, and flinging himself against the Demon King, received his death wound.

When Ravana arrived at his own city he found that neither kind words nor cruel threats could win for him the love of Sita. He finally made her captive in his palace, declaring that within two months she must consent to become his bride. His parting threat in case she still refused him was hardly love inspiring:

"My cooks shall mince thy limbs with steel,  
And serve thee for my morning meal."

To comfort Sita in her captivity came Indra of the gods, sent by Brahma to assure the celestial queen of their sympathy and of the fact that all would yet be well with her husband and herself.





THEY CALLED UPON HANUMAN, SON OF THE WIND GOD



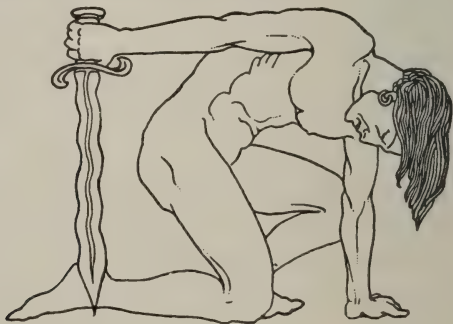
## III. THE CONQUEST OF RAVANA

Through the forest of exile, Rama, accompanied by Lakshman, wandered disconsolate, calling upon trees, mountains, and rivers to tell him what had happened to his loved one. In time the two came upon the dying eagle, who told them with his last faint breath of the capture of Sita and of his own vain efforts to rescue her. Later, they met the vulture, wise and farseeing. In revenge for the death of his brother eagle he told Rama that Sita was at Lanka, a hundred leagues beyond the margin of the sea, and advised him to seek help of Sugriva, king of the Vanars (*Monkeys*). Deep in the forest Rama and Lakshman found the Vanars who gave into their hands Sita's veil, bracelets, and anklets, which had fallen as her captor bore her away. King Sugriva agreed to call together his army for the conquest of Ravana; and Hanuman, bold son of the Wind God and commander in chief of the Vanar forces, volunteered to go to the Kingdom of Lanka and bring back a message from the captive Sita. Rama gladly accepted these offers, and entrusted to Hanuman his seal ring as a token to Sita.

With one mighty leap the bold Vanar crossed the waters, and diminishing in size until he was no bigger than a cat, passed through the city of Lanka unnoticed and entered the palace grove where Sita was confined. Upon hearing a monkey address her, Sita feared enchantment, but the sight of her husband's

ring assured her. Weeping, she placed the jewel in her hair and listened to all that Hanuman had to say. She entrusted him with one of her jewels and a message of love for her husband; but she refused his kind offer to carry her back on his shoulders, for she knew that to Rama must be the honor of her liberation and the overcoming of the wicked Ravana. Hanuman, after destroying some of Ravana's groves and temples, made the return leap to India and placed Sita's gem in her husband's hand.

The great army of the Vanars made ready for the attack upon Lanka. In five days they constructed a bridge over the water, across which they passed in safety. During the long battle Rama and Lakshman were both dangerously wounded, but the sacred bird of Vishnu applied healing herbs and restored them. The conflict ended in a single combat between Rama and Ravana, in which Rama pierced the giant's heart and laid him dead at his feet. Then the great doors of the Palace of Lanka were thrown open; the time had come for the release of Sita.





## IV. HONOR AND A KINGDOM

Borne on a litter, Sita approached her lord. She lifted her veil and the Vanars bowed in homage. But to her sorrow and to the amazement of the listening host, the words of Rama were not of love and welcome. He declared that the blood of battle had avenged the cause of honor, but that he could not receive again the queen whose fair fame had been sullied by residence in the palace of the accursed Ravana. Stabbed by the cruel and unexpected words, and not knowing that Rama spoke only to satisfy the ignorant suspicion of the people, Sita proudly asked her attendants to prepare her funeral pyre, for she would die rather than endure the unjust slander of her people and her lord.

When all was ready, the rejected queen walked three times about the burning pile, calling upon Agni, God of Fire, to protect her body and to prove to Rama that her heart was pure and true. And lo! As her foot touched the pyre, the voice of the gods was heard addressing Rama, calling him Vishnu, the Preserver, sent to earth incarnate to overcome evil. At the same moment the God of Fire himself advanced from the heart of the flames to meet Sita, and calling her Lakshmi, Queen of Heaven, took her by the hand and led her to Rama. Then Indra, God of the Firmament, appeared and thanked Rama for releasing the gods from the curse of Ravana.

The years of exile now being at an end, Rama,

Sita, and Lakshman mounted a magic car and arrived in a single day at their own fair city where the faithful Bharata received them joyfully, hailing the king and queen of Ayodha.

For a thousand years, so the people say, did the beautiful city thrive under the calm and peaceful rule of King Rama. And Queen Sita, stainless in honor, ideal in womanhood, shared the throne through the happy years, ever mindful of her people's good and never forgetting their pleasure in her own happiness. Toward the end of her reign, again under the ignorant suspicion of her people, she was banished once more to the forest. But when her twin sons, reared in exile, returned to King Rama, his longing for their mother was so great that he recalled Sita to court. Finding it necessary a second time to prove to the people her innocence and purity, Queen Sita appealed to her Earth Mother, and Earth, who had given her birth, opened and received her. After this, the divine King Rama, savior of his people and benefactor of the gods, grew weary of life. He went to the banks of the sacred stream, and forsaking his body, ascended to his home in heaven.



## THE WATER REEDS

*This is the (fabulous) story  
Told when the twilight fails  
And the monkeys walk together  
Holding each other's tails.*

KIPLING

In past times, we are told, there was a thick forest on this spot—the village of Nalakapana (*Reed-Water*). And in the lake there dwelt a water-ogre who used to devour everyone who went down into the water. In those days the Bodhisatta had come to life as the king of the monkeys, and was as big as the fawn of a red deer; he lived in that forest in the deep shade of the banyan trees and the mango trees, and he was at the head of a troop of no less than eighty thousand monkeys whom he shielded from harm. Thus did he counsel his subjects: “My friends, in this forest there are trees that are poisonous and lakes that are haunted by ogres. Mind to ask me first before you either eat any fruit which you have not eaten before, or drink of any water where you have not drunk before.”

“Certainly,” said they readily.

One day the monkeys came to a spot they had never visited before. As they were searching for water to drink after their day's wanderings, they came on this lake. But they did not drink; on the

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From “The Monkeys and the Ogre” in *Jataka Tales* by H. T. FRANCIS and E. J. THOMAS. Published by permission of The Cambridge University Press.

contrary they sat down watching for the coming of the Bodhisatta.

When he came up, he said: "Well, my friends, why don't you drink?"

"We waited for you to come."

"Quite right, my friends," said the Bodhisatta. Then he made a circuit of the lake, and scrutinized the footprints round, with the result that he found that all the footsteps led down into the water and none came up again. "Without doubt," thought he to himself, "this is the haunt of an ogre." So he said to his followers, "You are quite right, my friends, in not drinking of this water; for the lake is haunted by an ogre."

When the water-ogre realized that they were not entering his domain, he assumed the shape of a horrible monster with a blue belly, a white face, and bright-red hands and feet. In this shape he came out from the water and said, "Why are you seated here? Go down into the lake and drink."

But the Bodhisatta said to him, "Are not you the ogre of this water?"

"I am," was the answer.

"Do you take as your pay all those who go down into this water?"

"Yes, I do; from small birds upwards, I never let anything go which comes down into my water. I will eat the lot of you, too. Just drink the water."

"Yes, we will drink the water and yet not fall into your power."

## MYTHS OF THE ORIENT

"How do you propose to drink the water then?"

"Ah, you think we shall have to go down into the water to drink; whereas we shall not enter the water at all, but the whole eighty thousand of us will take a reed each, and drink therewith from your



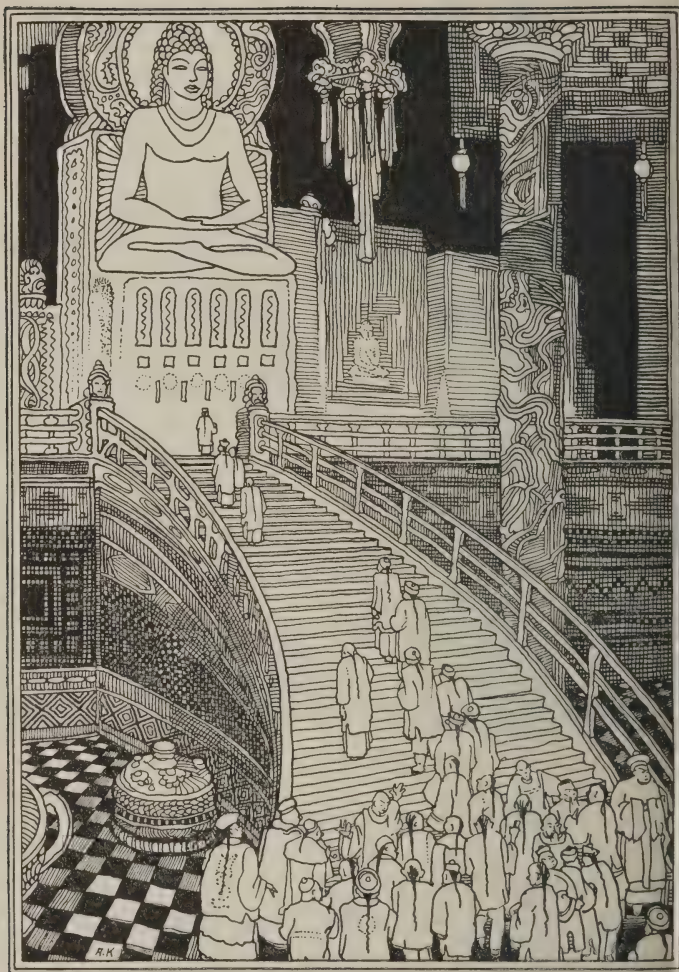
THIS WAS THE WAY THEY DRANK

lake as easily as we could through the hollow stalk of a lotus. And so you will not be able to eat us." And he repeated the latter half of the following stanza, the first half being added by the Master when, as Buddha, he recalled the incident:

I found the footprints all led down, none back.

With reeds we'll drink; you shall not take my life.





BUDDHA TAUGHT THE TEN PERFECTIONS



So saying, the Bodhisatta had a reed brought to him. He then made a truth act by calling to mind the Ten Perfections and reciting them in a solemn asservation, for when this is done with intention, a miracle instantly follows. Then he blew down the reed. Straightway the reed became hollow throughout, without a single knot being left in all its length. Next the Bodhisatta made the tour of the lake, and commanded, saying, "Let all reeds growing here become hollow throughout." Now, thanks to the great virtues of the saving goodness of Bodhisattas, their commands are always fulfilled. And thenceforth every single reed that grew round that lake became hollow throughout.

After giving this command, the Bodhisatta seated himself with a reed in his hands. All the other eighty thousand monkeys, too, seated themselves round the lake, each with a reed in his hands. And at the same moment when the Bodhisatta sucked the water up through his reed, they all drank too in the same manner, as they sat on the bank. This was the way they drank, and not one of them could the water-ogre get; so he went off in a rage to his own habitation. The Bodhisatta, too, with his following went back into the forest.



## THE LOTUS

*The worldly hope men set their hearts upon  
Turns ashes — or it prospers; and anon,  
Like snow upon the desert's dusty face  
Lighting a little hour or two — is gone.*

OMAR KHAYYÁM

Long ago, when the world was young, the Nile loved a maiden. She was Isis, Daughter of a Hundred Stars, who, as she nightly climbed the dark pinnacle of cloud, drew her silvery drapery across the stream's dark bosom. Many were the sighs the river breathed throughout the long nights, but Isis heard them not; for the wind had told her of Osiris, Osiris the beautiful, the well beloved, who daily waked the dreaming world with his warm kiss. And afterwards Mira, the great Star Mother, bending from her gleaming throne, had also spoken of Osiris and his glittering steeds, while Isis, listening, yearned for him whom she had never seen, whose radiance was brighter even than that of Nefra, the Fire Bearer, who, once in a century, flashed through the still heavens. So Isis heeded not the Nile, moaning at her feet, for her eyes were ever bent on the rim of the world, whence would come in rosy haste the heralds of Osiris.

One morning, when the starry sisters were fleeing, one by one, to the silent underworld, Isis stayed in the dark cloudland. The night winds called her to hasten; she heard them not, but stood waiting and

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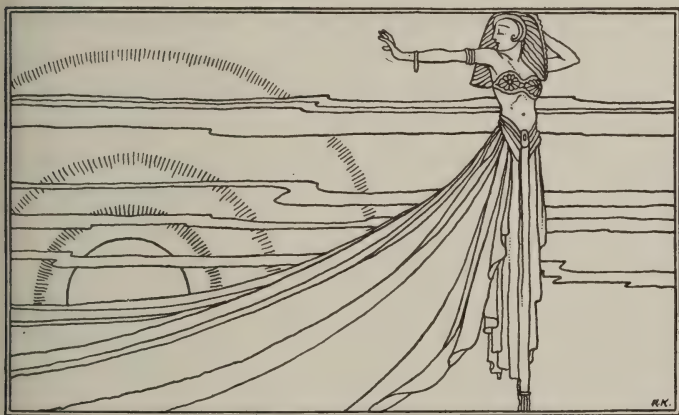
From "The Lotus" in *Types of Prose Narrative* by HARRIOTT ELY FANSLER. Published by Row, Peterson and Company, Chicago.

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## MYTHS OF THE ORIENT

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watching, while above the eastern horizon rose the Hours, streaking the heavens with their amber veils, and borne along behind them, Osiris himself, more radiant than her dreams. But Osiris, glad in the greetings of the jubilant earth, saw only a Star Maiden lingering in her pale robes on the borders of the Forbidden Kingdom. Catching up a barbed



HER EYES WERE BENT ON THE RIM OF THE WORLD

shaft, he hurled it shrieking through the air — and Isis fell.

The winds fled in horror from the earth; the air shuddered and shrank away; but the Nile, roaming in agony through the fields, stretched out his mighty arms, and with a great cry gathered the lifeless Star Maiden to his bosom!

And there, where Isis fell, rose a starry flower, pale, but with the stain of the dawn in its heart.

## A LEGEND OF OLD SEVILLE

*A tone  
Of some world far from ours,  
Where music and moonlight and feeling  
Are one.*

SHELLEY

In the olden days at Seville a Moorish king was fond of going about incognito. He and his favorite poet would ramble through the streets in disguise, talking freely with the officials stationed outside the city walls, or chatting in a familiar way with passers-by and beggars. Frequently they entered the fine public halls, and, seated on rich oriental rugs, indolently sipped thick, spicy beverages while conversing with the king's higher class subjects.

On a certain day as they were walking along the shore of the river Betis (*Guadalquivir*), the caliph suddenly halted, and looking at the silvery waves of the broad stream, said to his poet:

"El viento transforma el río  
En una cota de malla." \*

And as he could not conclude the verse, he begged his friend to complete it for him. The court poet cudgelled his brain for the desired rhyme, but his barren muse refused at that critical moment to grant

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The following is a free translation of the Spanish verses.

\* The wind transforms the river  
Into a coat of mail.

him the inspiration. Suddenly there appeared from among the bushes lining the shore a beautiful gypsy maiden, by name Carmela, who lived in one of the huts overrun with flowers on the bank of the broad river.

“Mejor cota no se halla,  
Como la congele el frío.” †

laughed the dainty little maiden with a graceful obeisance to the two young men.

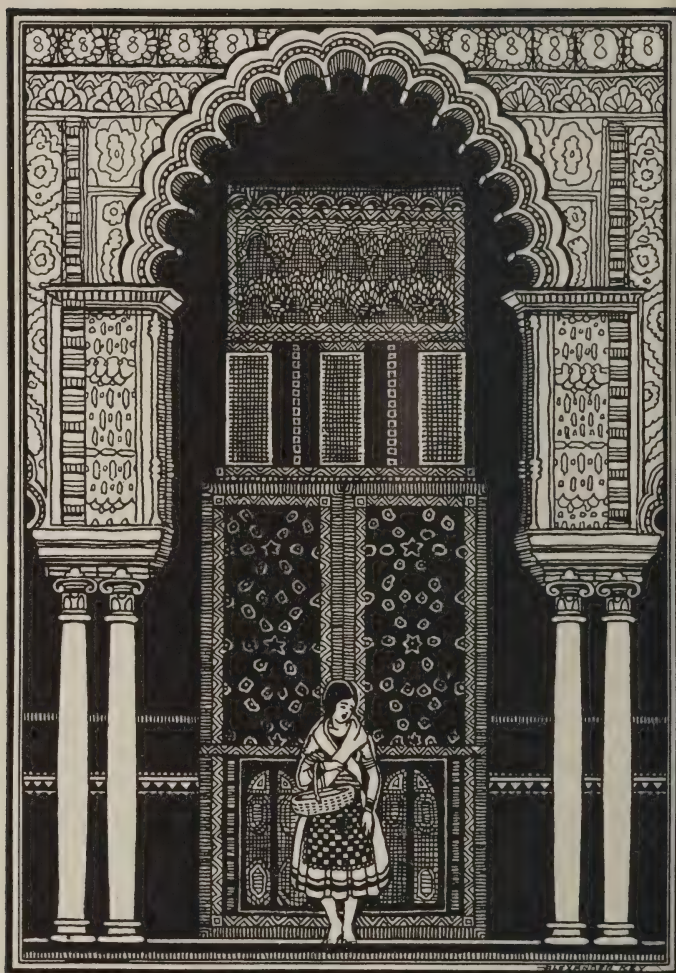
So charmed was the king by the beauty and intelligence of the maiden, that for many evenings thereafter, at the setting of the sun, he visited the spot to meet her. Seated near the tranquil waters of the mighty Betis, the Moorish king and the gypsy maiden recited together tender verses, sang melodious songs, or, absorbed in wonder, silently contemplated the distant stars. At last the maiden questioned: “Poet and singer who inspires me, wise one who instructs me, who are you?”

And the stranger made answer, “I am the king, the chosen of Allah, protected by Mohammed, his prophet; I am the caliph of Seville, and I want you to come with me to the Alcázar, my palace of pearls. Courts of marble, fountains of alabaster, carved ceilings, and lofty columns shall be yours. Tiled walls of many colors, Persian carpets, silks from Damascus, all yours! Myrtles, cypresses, orange

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† Even old King Winter  
Could not fashion a better armor.





AT THE PALACE OF THE ALCAZAR



trees, nightingales, golden fishes — all, all yours! Come!”

Trembling, the gypsy girl had listened; but she now rose, and lifting her head proudly, returned as always before, to the little flower-covered hut. The king sat alone and perplexed on the shore of the tranquil river.

\* \* \* \* \*

At the great palace of the Alcázar there was merriment and feasting, for the king of the Moors had made a peace pact with the Christian king. Torches flared through the wide corridors and along the white walls of the banquet hall; and, hanging suspended from the high ceiling richly carved in stars of gold, a giant candelabrum shed soft prismatic colors over the banquet table and the royal feasters assembled there.

On the banks of the Betis, the gypsy maiden longed for her lover. She sang to the moon, and enveloped in a beam of its gentle light, danced most exquisitely. Then, prostrate, with forehead pressed to the earth, she prayed to the moon to grant her a favor. As she did so, a radiant being in silvery raiment appeared in the moonlight and said, “I am the Fairy of Happiness. My mistress, she who illumines the narrow streets and gives perfume to the flowers in the secret gardens of the Alcázar, also brings joy to sad hearts.”

“Fairy,” said Carmela, lifting her head to kiss the edge of the resplendent garments, “fill my sad

heart with the light of your happiness; permit me to fly to the Alcázar to visit my lover, the king."

Silently the fairy lifted her wand; Carmela disappeared, and a beautiful butterfly of delicate colors lifted itself on iridescent wings. Guided by the light of the moon, the lovely creature flew to the palace of the Alcázar, and passing through the torch-lighted galleries, entered the banquet hall. There in the soft colored light of the great candelabrum fluttered the happy little butterfly. Lightly she flitted about among the Christian princes, the Moorish generals, and the beautiful wives of the Sultan, ever and anon caressing with soft wings the face of the king as though to say, "It is I. I have come."

On the following morning in the Court of the Maidens the lifeless body of the gypsy girl was found. All about her were orange blossoms, and above her, bright as the morning sunlight, fluttered a luminous butterfly with wings of gold.

Even in these times, on calm nights when the moon pours down her yellow light on the Alcázar, and when in the cypresses and poplars the nightingales are singing, a beautiful butterfly plays through the halls and galleries of the Moorish palace; and in the Court of the Maidens a murmur of singing voices mingles with the splashing waters of the marble fountain and seems to say, "Come, all is yours!"

# THE SUN AND THE MOON

*And that the moon spins 'round with the earth and on  
with the earth, is equally wonderful.*

*And that they balance themselves with the sun and the  
stars is equally wonderful.*

WHITMAN

The Sun and the Moon were married, but the Sun was very ugly and quarrelsome. One day he became angry at the Moon and started to chase her. She ran very fast until she was some distance ahead of him, when she grew tired and he almost caught her. Ever since, he has been chasing her, at times almost reaching her, and again falling far behind.

The first child of the Sun and Moon was a large star, and he was like a man. One time the Sun, becoming angry at the star, cut him up into small pieces and scattered him over the whole sky just as a woman scatters rice. Ever since that time there have been many stars.

Another child of the Sun and Moon was a gigantic crab. He still lives and is so powerful that every time he opens and closes his eyes there is a flash of lightning. Most of the time the crab lives in a large hole in the bottom of the sea, and when he is there we have high tide; and when he leaves the hole, the waters rush in and there is low tide. His moving about also causes great waves on the surface of the sea.

The crab is quarrelsome like his father; and he sometimes becomes so angry with his mother, the Moon, that he tries to swallow her. (An eclipse of the moon.) When the people on earth see the crab near the Moon and about to eat her up, they run out of doors and shout, and yell, and beat on gongs until they scare the crab away. Thus the Moon is saved by the people of earth, who are very fond of her.



THE CRAB LIVES IN THE BOTTOM OF THE SEA

# THE SALT OF THE OCEAN

*Every why hath a wherefore.*

SHAKESPEARE

A few years after the creation of the world there lived a tall giant by the name of Ang-ngalo, the only son of the god of building. Ang-ngalo was a wanderer and a lover of work. He lived in the mountains where he dug many caves. These caves he protected from the continual anger of Angin, the goddess of the wind, by precipices and sturdy trees.

One bright morning while Ang-ngalo was climbing to his loftiest cave, he spied across the ocean — the ocean at that time was pure, its waters being the accumulated tears of disappointed goddesses — a beautiful maid. She beckoned to him and waved her black handkerchief; so Ang-ngalo waded across to her through the water. The deep caverns in the ocean are his footprints.

This beautiful maid was Sip-gnet, the goddess of the dark. She said to Ang-ngalo, "I am tired of my dark palace in heaven. You are a great builder. What I want you to do for me is to erect a great mansion on this spot. This mansion must be white; it must be built of bricks as white as snow."

Ang-ngalo could not find any bricks as white as snow; the only white thing there was at that time was salt. So he went for help to Asin, the ruler of



the Kingdom of Salt. Asin gave him bricks of pure salt, as white as snow. Then Ang-ngalo built hundreds of bamboo bridges across the ocean. Millions of men were employed day and night transporting the white bricks from one side of the ocean to the other. At last the patience of Ocean came to an



BY BAMBOO BRIDGES ACROSS THE OCEAN

end; she could not bear to have her deep and quiet slumber disturbed. One day while the men were busy carrying the salt bricks across the bridges, she sent forth big waves and destroyed the bridges. The brick-carriers and their burden were buried in her deep bosom. In time the salt dissolved, and today the ocean is salty.



## THE HILLS OF PELE

*Like the volcano's tongue of flame,  
Up from the burning core below —  
The canticles of love and woe.*

EMERSON

From the bright restless waters of Hilo Bay the island of Hawaii slopes gently upward past shining black lava shores and tropical forests dense with vines and giant tree ferns, to the jagged broad crater and deep raging fire pit of Kilauea, one of the world's greatest volcanoes. In this vast and ever-seething crater lived Pele, queen of fire and goddess of volcanoes. Of the ancient Hawaiian deities she was most feared and respected, for her passions were as turbulent as the lake of fire in her crater home. Beneath her molten flood, in walls of burning adamant and grottoes of flame, she consumed the offerings of her worshippers and devised destruction for those who failed to respect her. Her companions were her five brothers and eight sisters, who helped in creating explosions that darkened the sun and moon with ash clouds and sulphurous fumes, or lighted the whole heavens with spouting fountains of flame. To appease the wrath of the goddess and to avert a threatened overflow, Pele's worshippers cast their offerings of taro, red fish, fruits, pigs, and even human beings into the deep inner crater known as Halemaumau (*House of Everlasting Fire*).

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From W. D. WESTERVELT's *Hawaiian Legends of Volcanoes* published by the Geo. H. Ellis Company, Boston.

Kahuku, the land that now lies under past and present lava flows, was at one time luxuriant and beautiful, a garden spot near the seashore where sugar cane and taro beds were bordered by splendid fragrant flowers, where long-branching shade trees waved their red feathery blossoms, and where thrived the hala from which sweet-scented skirts and mats were woven. Dark-skinned maidens fashioned *leis* (garlands) from the brilliant flowers; strong-limbed youths sported in the sea, surf-riding on the waves or seeking the bright-colored fish of the coral caves; and, throwing themselves headlong on their *holuas* (narrow sleds with long polished runners), maidens and young men vied with each other in mad rushes over the grassy hill slopes. The more courageous riders rested on hands and knees, while only the very skilful dared stand upright during the swift descent.

In this land of Kahuku the goddess Pele appeared one day, as a beautiful athletic princess. She carried her sled with her to the *holua* hillside, and easily surpassed all the other women in grace and daring. Soon two handsome young chiefs saw her and challenged her to race with them. For hours they sported together, both chiefs held captive by the charms of the goddess; and each, jealous of the other, strove to win Pele to his own home. But the maiden's love, fitful and capricious, was so quickly changed to hot anger on slight provocation, that the young men became suspicious of her.

At last a warning came that this beautiful stranger might be the goddess Pele from the other side of the island; that her home was in Halemaumau of Kilauea; that her attendants were the leaping flames and her dwelling rooms the caves filled with rolling waves of fire; and that she carried the control of this underworld with her wherever she went. The young chiefs began to talk together and to draw away from their dangerous visitor, but Pele made it difficult for them to escape by continually calling them to race with her.

Finally the grass began to die, the soil became warm, and the heat intense. Slight earthquakes made themselves felt, and the tides were more snappy as they cast their surf along the beach. The chiefs became afraid. Pele saw it and was overcome with anger. Her appearance changed. Her hair floated out in tangled masses touched by the breath of hot winds. Her arms and limbs shone as if enveloped with fire, and her breath poured forth as smoke. In terror the chiefs rushed toward the sea.

Then Pele struck the ground heavily. Earthquakes shook the land and the awful fiery flood broke from the underworld and swept down over Kahuku. The chiefs now tried to flee toward the north, but Pele hurled the fiercest torrents beyond them to turn them back. Hoping to make their escape by sea, they hurried again toward the beach with the fiery flood coming swiftly behind them. On the crest of the torrent rode Pele, flashing the

fires of her anger in great explosions above the flood. Her eyes blazed like lightning, and her wealth of hair, shining red in the glow, had shaken from her head in a cloudlike spread as of flame. Her shrieks were those of a fierce whistling wind, as, urging the underworld forces to their utmost, she sped after her former lovers. The lava floods, obeying her commands, spread out until all the land from the mountain to the sea became desolate.

Nearer and nearer to the water came the swift runners. The waves rose eagerly to welcome them, and a waiting canoe lay near the beach. But Pele leaped from the flowing lava, and, throwing her burning arms around the nearest victim, cast his body, lifeless, to one side. The lava piled up around it while a new gush rose like a fresh crater and swallowed all that was left. In a moment Pele seized the other chief and called for another outburst of lava which rose rapidly around them. Thus in a few minutes two giant tombs were built.

For many years, even from ancient times, the Hills of Pele have marked the destruction of the beautiful lands of Kahuku. Later lava flows have turned aside to spare the monuments of the lovers with whom Pele played for a time, and the two hills are still seen near the shores of the ocean.



## THE PALACE OF THE OCEAN BED

*In old Japan, by creek and bay, the blue plum blossoms  
blow,*

*Where birds with sea-blue plumage gay through sea-  
blue branches go;*

*Dragons are coiling down below like dragons on a fan;  
And pigtailed sailors lurching slow through streets of  
old Japan.*

NOYES

Ho-wori, Prince Fire-Fade, was a great hunter. His elder brother, Ho-deri, Prince Fire-Flame, was a fisher. But often, when the Storm God was abroad on the sea, Ho-deri had to stay at home, while at nightfall Ho-wori returned laden with spoil from the mountains. One day Ho-deri, weary with waiting for the wind to abate and the sea to calm, said to his brother, "Lend me, I pray thee, thy miraculous bow and arrows that I may become a hunter. I will give thee my magic fishhook." At first Ho-wori would not consent, but finally the exchange was made.

Now Prince Fire-Flame was no hunter; he could not run swiftly nor take good aim. Day after day Prince Fire-Fade went out to sea; he caught no fish, and moreover, he lost his brother's fishhook in the sea. Then Ho-deri came to Ho-wori and said, "Thou hast the fortune of the mountain; to me is given that of the sea. Let each restore to the other his luck."

But Ho-wori replied: "In vain have I furrowed the jade-green water and cast my line beyond the bounds of the sea. No fish have I caught, and moreover, I have lost thy worthless fishhook."

The elder brother was very angry, and with many hard words demanded the return of his treasure. Prince Fire-Fade was unhappy. He broke in pieces his good sword and forged from it a myriad fishhooks, which he offered to his brother. But they were not the magic fishhook and Ho-deri would have none of them.

Ho-wori could find neither comfort nor help; he sat one day by the shore and heaved a deep sigh. The Old Man of the Sea heard the sigh and asked the cause of his sorrow. When Ho-wori told him of the loss of the fishhook, the wise man promised to give his help. He plaited strips of bamboo together, and fashioned therewith a stout little boat. Into this boat Ho-wori jumped and was carried far out to sea.

Beyond the bounds of ocean the boat began to sink. Down, down, went Prince Fire-Fade through endless depths of seaweed forests until he came to a glittering palace of fishes' scales, the abode of the God of the Ocean. A wide-spreading cassia tree grew beside a well, and in its tangled branches Prince Fire-Fade sat and watched strange fishes glide through the foliage. As he looked down he saw Princess Toyo-tama, Peerless Jewel, daughter of Wata-tsu-mi, the sea god. She was approaching the



well, and in her hand she carried a jeweled bowl. Ho-wori was spellbound by her strange wavelike beauty, her long flowing hair, her soft, deep-blue eyes. The maiden stooped to fill her bowl. Suddenly she saw the reflection of Prince Fire-Fade in the water; she dropped the precious bowl, and it shattered into a thousand pieces. Toyo-tama hastened to her father and exclaimed, "A man, with the grace and beauty of a god, sits in the branches of the cassia tree. I have seen his picture in the waters of the well." The sea god knew that it must be the great hunter, Prince Fire-Fade.

Then Wata-tsu-mi went forth and stood under the cassia tree. He looked up and said, "Come down, O Son of the Gods, and enter my Palace of the Ocean Bed." Ho-wori obeyed, and the sea god led him into the stately palace and seated him on a throne cushioned eightfold with the skins of sea lions. A sumptuous banquet was prepared. The table was delicate coral; the plates, mother-of-pearl. They sipped rare ocean *sake* from silvery shells, while fiddler crabs discoursed sweet music. After the banquet, in the shadowy garden of sea blooms, Prince Fire-Fade whispered his love to the Peerless Princess. Dimly, through the blue waters that moved above them, shone the Sun Goddess, and all about them were the mountains and valleys of ocean, and the waving forests of tall sea plants.

Ho-wori told Wata-tsu-mi of the loss of the fish-hook. The sea god summoned before him all the

fishes of his kingdom. Thousands upon thousands they came, from the remote recesses of the sea. To the question, "Know ye aught, my faithful subjects, of the magic fishhook of Prince Fire-Flame?" the Lobster made answer, "We know naught, except that



IN THE BED OF THE OCEAN

the Tai bideth at home with a wounded mouth." Wata-tsu-mi then noticed that the Tai had not answered his summons, and sent a messenger, fleet of fin, to fetch him. When the Tai appeared, the lost fishhook was discovered within his swollen gills. It was restored to Ho-wori and he was happy. Toyo-  
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tama became his bride and they lived together in the cool fish-scale palace.

Prince Fire-Fade came to understand the secrets of the ocean, the cause of its anger, the cause of its joy. The storm spirit of the upper sea did not rule in the ocean bed, and night after night Ho-wori was rocked to sleep by the gentle motion of the waters. Many tides had ebbcd and flowed, when in the quiet of the night, Ho-wori heaved a great sigh. Toyo-tama was troubled, and told her father that, as Ho-wori dreamt of his home on the earth, a great longing had come over him to visit it once more. The sea god then gave into Ho-wori's hands two jewels to rule the tides of the sea. He spoke thus: "Return to earth on the head of my trusted sea dragon. Restore the lost fishhook to Ho-deri. If he is wroth with you, bring forth the tide-flowing jewel, and the waters shall cover him; if he asks your forgiveness, bring forth the tide-ebbing jewel, and it shall be well with him."

Ho-wori left the Palace of the Ocean Bed and was carried swiftly to his own land. As he set foot on the shore, he ungirded his sword, and tied it round the neck of the sea dragon. Then he said, "Take this to the sea god as a token of my love and gratitude."





CALL IT FUJI, THE MATCHLESS MOUNTAIN

# LAKE OF THE LUTE AND THE MATCHLESS MOUNTAIN

*Seki is a goodly place, facing the morning sun,  
There, from the holy mountain, the winds blow softly,  
softly.*

JAPANESE SONG

Sweeping from twenty square leagues of space out of the plain of Suruga Province, and rising twelve thousand feet in air, the majestic Fuji Yama casts its sunset shadow far out on the ocean. It sits like a king enthroned in the Land of the Rising Sun, and to the people of fourteen provinces displays the splendor of its snowy crown.

One hundred thirty miles to the west, as the crane wings her flight, in the heart of the Province of Omi, is Biwa Ko, the Lake of the Lute. It is sixty miles long; its shape, a lute with four strings; its color, the sky whose mirror it is. White-walled castles gleam along its banks, and on its bosom lie wooded islands, white, but not with frost, for thousands of herons nestle on the branches of the trees. 'Tis said that in the soundless depths of Lake Biwa dwell the dragon-helmed king and the shell-crowned queen of the World Under the Sea.

When heaven and earth were first created, there was neither lake of Biwa nor mountain of Fuji. Even long after men inhabited Japan and the mikados had ruled for centuries, there was neither

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From *Japanese Fairy Tales* by WILLIAM ELLIOT GRIFFIS. Published by  
T. Y. Crowell Company, New York City.



earth so near to heaven, nor water so close to the underworld as the peaks of Fuji and the bottom of Biwa. Both Suruga and Omi were plains, and men drove the plough and planted the rice over the very spot where the highest peak and the deepest depths now are.

But one night in those ancient times there was a terrible earthquake. The world shook; the clouds lowered to the earth; floods of water poured from the sky; and a sound like the fighting of a myriad of dragons filled the air. In the morning all was calm and serene. The sky was clear and the earth was as bright as when the sun goddess first came out from her hiding in the cave.

The people of Omi looked out, scarce expecting to find either earth or heaven, when lo! they beheld instead of tilled land and barren moor, a great sheet of blue. Was it sky? Had some of the field of heaven fallen down? Was it ocean? They came near and tasted it. It was fresh and sweet as a mountain rill. They admired it from the hilltops, and seeing its outline, named it Lake of the Four-stringed Lute. Some of them, proud of their new possession, also called it Lake of Omi.

Greater still was the surprise of the Suruga people. The sailors far out at sea rubbed their eyes and wondered at the strange shape of the towering white mass. Had the throne of heaven come down to rest on earth out of the many-piled white clouds? The sailors thought they had lost their reckoning.



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## MYTHS OF THE ORIENT

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but were assured when they recognized familiar landmarks on shore. Many a cottager woke up to find his house, which lay in the valley the day before, far up on the slope, with the distant villages and the sea visible; while far, far above shone the snowy head of a mountain whose crown lay in the sky. At



THEY NAMED IT LAKE OF THE LUTE

night the edges of the peak, like white fingers, seemed to pluck the stars from the Milky Way.

“What shall we call this newborn child of the gods?” said the people. And various names were proposed.

“Call it after the festal flower of joy, Fuji (*wis-taria*),” said one, as he decked the peak of his hat with the drooping clusters of the tender blue blos-

som. "It looks blue and purple in the distance just like the Fuji flower."

"It is so tall, so comely, so grand, call it Fuji (*rich scholar*), the lordly mountain," said another.

"Call it Fuji (*never-dying*), the immortal mountain," said a third.

And still others said, "There is no other mountain so beautiful in all the earth; there is not its equal anywhere; therefore, call it Fuji (*no two such*), the peerless, the matchless mountain."

At a later time, when Buddhist believers came to Japan, one of them, climbing Fuji, noticed that around its sunken crater were eight peaks like the petals of their sacred lotus flower. So another name was given Fuji—*the sacred mountain*. Various as the meanings of the name were, each chose his own, and all sounded alike to the ear.

Many were the beliefs that went forth concerning the great white mountain of Japan. Pilgrims from the countries bounding the four seas came to ascend it, seeking for the elixir of immortality which was said to be hidden somewhere on its summit. It is believed that the earth which sank in Omi is the same, which, piled to the clouds, forms the matchless mountain of Suruga. The pilgrim may therefore say, when quenching his thirst with the melted snow water of Fuji crater, "I am drinking from Lake Biwa," and the children may exclaim as they sail over the blue surface of Lake Biwa, "We are on top of Fuji Yama."

## THE DIVIDED DRAGON

*They have looked each other between the eyes, and  
there they have found no fault,  
They have taken the oath of Brother-in-Blood on leav-  
ened bread and salt.*

KIPLING

Ever so long ago in earth's oldest land of China, a belief prevailed among the people that a national calamity would befall unless a child were sacrificed yearly to their water god. So year by year a helpless babe, picked by lot for this sacrifice, was placed in a basket and set afloat in the river where the water god would find it. Thus only was the wrath of the god turned aside and peril to China averted.

One year the fateful lot fell upon the infant son of the royal family. The parents, though bitter and heartbroken at the cruel fate which had befallen their little one, submitted to the demand of the god, and the centuries-old custom of their land. They procured a basket of superior workmanship, tightly woven of bamboo grasses and padded with finest silk. In this they placed the tiny prince, a beautiful boy, clothed in costly dainty garments, their priceless sacrifice in honor of the gods and for the safety of their country.

The day was calm. The basket boat with its mite of human freight floated for miles on the quiet brown waters of the placid stream, and stranded at dusk among trailing willow branches on a shoal in

the bend of the river. A laborer and his wife, plodding homeward after a weary day in the ricefields, were attracted by the pitiful cries of a hungry child, and soon discovered the little castaway. This couple had an infant son about the age of the royal babe, and every instinct of parenthood was outraged by their find. Well they realized that swift merciless punishment would be meted them, if, by chance, their interference with the sacred custom became known. But the evening was far advanced; the spot was lonely; no one would know. Compassion for the baby, helpless like their own, proved stronger than fear of death or inbred ancestral respect for a heartless custom. They took the little one home.

In the humble dwelling of the rice-grower the two little boys were loved and cared for together. Following a common practice in those days when twins were born in a home, the laborer and his wife stamped a half dragon on the breast of each infant. When the children grew older they were sent to school as twin brothers.

Here blood began to tell. The offspring of the royal family, with generations of educated ancestry behind him, shortly outstripped his supposed brother of humble birth. Agents of the imperial Chinese government, ever watchful for youths of exceptional promise, took the precocious boy in hand and educated him at state expense for state service. Endowed at birth with a superior intellect, and afforded the best education which the schools of his land had

to offer, the erstwhile sacrifice to the water god rose to the position of general in the royal army. State cares occupied his days; the twin brother and loved playmate of childhood was forgotten.



THE BOAT STRANDED IN THE RIVER

A time came when the rice crop, staple food of China, failed. The poor, who depended solely on it for sustenance, were driven to desperation. With starvation at hand, they revolted against royal authority and royal plenty. A great battle was fought between the immense rabble of half-starved peasants, and the smaller but trained and disciplined army of the imperial government.



At the outset, the peasants, successful by sheer force of numbers, routed the royal forces. It was at this juncture in the turmoil of battle that the two brothers, separated for years, met again — unknown coolie against royal commander. The general had been unhorsed in the fierce conflict, and the peasant brother, flinging himself upon one whom he judged a hated foe, was about to plunge his dagger. But instead, he checked his weapon in mid-air, left the surprised general unharmed, and was soon lost in the confusion of the battle. As he had aimed the dagger's point, the loosened tunic at his victim's throat had revealed one half of a divided dragon; and the peasant knew that the other half he bore upon his own breast.

Later that day the tide of battle turned. Thousands of peasants were made prisoners; the revolt against authority was subdued. The general, while passing sentence upon a group of the offenders, saw again the rebel who had spared his life that day, and recognized him as the foster brother of his childhood. He was deeply touched by the act of love, and gave command that the youth be released and rewarded.

Today the divided dragon, commonly used by the Chinese as a decorative design, has lost its ancient significance; for in the olden days it was used only on gifts for very dear friends, and as a unique symbol of love and loyalty.



# THE SOUL OF THE GREAT BELL

*She hath spoken, and her words still resound in his ears.*

HAO-KHIEOU-TCHOUAN

Nearly five hundred years ago the Celestially August, the Son of Heaven, Yong-Lo of the Ming dynasty, commanded the worthy official, Kouan-Yu, that he should have a bell made of such size that the sound thereof might be heard for a hundred *li*. And he further ordained that the voice of the bell should be strengthened with brass, and deepened with gold, and sweetened with silver; and that the face and the great lips of it should be graven with blessed sayings from the sacred books, and that it should be suspended in the center of the imperial capital, to sound through all the many colored ways of the city of Pe-King.

Therefore the worthy Kouan-Yu assembled the master molders and the renowned bellsmiths of the empire, and all men of great repute and cunning in foundry work; and they measured the materials for the alloy, and treated them skilfully, and prepared the molds, the fires, the instruments, and the monstrous melting pot for fusing the metal. And they labored exceedingly, like giants, neglecting rest and sleep and the comforts of life, toiling in obedience to Kouan-Yu and striving in all things to do the behest of the Son of Heaven.

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From LAFCADIO HEARN's *Some Chinese Ghosts* (copyright 1887, Roberts Brothers, Boston) by permission of Little, Brown & Company, Boston.

But when the metal had been cast, and the earthen mold separated from the glowing casting, it was discovered that, despite their great labor and ceaseless care, the result was void of worth; for the metals had rebelled one against the other — the gold had scorned alliance with the brass, the silver would not mingle with the molten iron. Therefore the molds had to be once more prepared, and the fires rekindled, and the metal remelted, and all the work toilsomely repeated. The Son of Heaven heard and was angry but spake nothing.

A second time the bell was cast, and the result was even worse. Still the metals obstinately refused to blend one with the other; and there was no uniformity in the bell, and the sides of it were cracked and fissured, and the lips of it were slagged and split asunder; so that all the labor had to be repeated even a third time. And when the Son of Heaven heard these things, he was more angry than before; and he sent his messenger to Kouan-Yu with a letter, written upon lemon-colored silk and sealed with the seal of the dragon, containing these words:

“From the Mighty Yong-Lo, the Celestial and August, whose reign is called Ming, to Kouan-Yu: Twice thou hast betrayed the trust we have placed in thee; if thou fail a third time, thy head shall be severed from thy neck. Tremble, and obey!”

\* \* \* \* \*

Now, Kouan-Yu had a daughter of dazzling loveliness, whose name, Ko-Ngai, was ever in the

nouths of poets, and whose heart was even more beautiful than her face. Ko-Ngai loved her father with a great love, and when she had seen the awful yellow missive, sealed with the dragon seal, she could not rest or sleep for thinking of her parent's danger. She secretly sold some of her jewels, and with the money so obtained, hastened to an astrologer and paid him a great price to advise her by what means her father might be saved from the peril impending over him. The astrologer made observation of the heavens, marked the aspect of the Silver Stream, which we call the Milky Way, and examined the signs of the zodiac and the mystical books of the alchemists. Then, after a long silence, he made answer to her, saying: "Gold and brass will never meet in wedlock, silver and iron never will embrace, until the flesh of a maiden be melted in the crucible, until the blood of a virgin be mixed with the metals in their fusion." So Ko-Ngai returned home sorrowful at heart; but she kept secret all that she had heard, and told no one what she had done.

\* \* \* \* \*

At last came the awful day when the third and last effort to cast the great bell was to be made; and Ko-Ngai, together with her waiting woman, accompanied her father to the foundry where they took their places upon a platform overlooking the toiling of the molders. All the workmen wrought at their tasks in silence; there was no sound heard but the muttering of the fires. And the muttering deepened

into a roar like the roar of typhoons approaching, and the blood red lake of metal slowly brightened like the vermilion of a sunrise, and the vermilion was transmuted into a radiant glow of gold, and the gold whitened blindingly, like the silver face of a full moon. Then the workers ceased to feed the raving flame, and all fixed their eyes upon the eyes of



ITS TONES MIGHT BE HEARD FOR A HUNDRED "LI"

Kouan-Yu; and Kouan-Yu prepared to give the signal to cast.

But ere ever he lifted his finger, a cry caused him to turn his head; and all heard the voice of Ko-Ngai sounding sharply sweet as a bird's song above the great thunder of the fires — "For thy sake, O my father!" And even as she cried, she leaped into the white flood of metal; and the lava of the furnace roared to receive her, and spattered monstrous flakes of flame to the roof, and burst over the verge of the



TO SOUND THROUGH ALL THE WAYS OF PE-KING



earthen crater, and cast up a whirling fountain of many-colored fires, and subsided quakingly, with lightnings and with thunders and with mutterings.

Then the father of Ko-Ngai, wild with his grief, would have leaped in after her, but that strong men held him back until he had fainted away, and they could bear him like one dead to his home. And the serving woman of Ko-Ngai, dizzy and speechless for pain, stood before the furnace, still holding in her hands a shoe, a tiny, dainty shoe. For she had sought to grasp her mistress by the foot as she leaped, and the pretty shoe came off in her hand; and she continued to stare at it like one gone mad.

\* \* \* \* \*

But in spite of these things, the command of the Celestial and August had to be obeyed, and the work of the molders to be finished, hopeless as the result might be. Yet the glow of the metal seemed purer and whiter than before; and there was no sign of the beautiful body that had been entombed therein. So the ponderous casting was made; and lo! when the metal had become cool, it was found that the bell was beautiful to look upon, and beautiful in form, and wonderful in color. And when they sounded the bell, its tones were found to be deeper and mellower and mightier than the tones of any other bell, reaching even beyond the distance of a hundred *li*, like a pealing of summer thunder; and yet also like some vast voice uttering a name, a woman's name, the name of Ko-Ngai.



# Myths of the New World

## TO THE MOUNTAIN SPIRIT

Lord of the mountain,  
Reared within the mountain,  
Young man, Chieftain,  
Hear a young man's prayer!  
Hear a prayer for cleanness.  
Keeper of the strong rain  
Drumming on the mountain;  
Lord of the small rain  
That restores the earth in newness;  
Keeper of the clean rain,  
Hear a prayer for wholeness.  
Young man, Chieftain,  
Hear a prayer for fleetness,  
Keeper of the deer's way,  
Reared among the eagles,  
Clear my feet of slothness.  
Keeper of the paths of men,  
Hear a prayer for straightness,  
Hear a prayer for courage.  
Lord of the thin peaks,  
Reared among the thunders;  
Keeper of the headlands,  
Holding up the harvest;  
Keeper of the strong rocks,  
Hear a prayer for staunchness.  
Young man, Chieftain,  
Spirit of the Mountain!

NAVAJO INDIAN PRAYER

# THE TWO SISTERS

*Peace hath her victories  
No less renowned than war.*

MILTON

Many thousands of years ago a great Tyee had two daughters who grew to womanhood at the same springtime, when the first great run of salmon thronged the rivers, and the ollallie bushes were heavy with blossoms. These two daughters were lovable and very beautiful. Their father, the great Tyee, prepared to make a feast such as the Coast had never seen. There were to be days and days of rejoicing; the people were to come for many leagues bringing gifts, and in turn they were to receive gifts from their chief. Hospitality was to reign as long as feet could dance, and lips could laugh, and mouths partake of the excellence of the chief's fish, game, and ollallies.

The only shadow on the joy of it all was war; the tribe of the great Tyee was at war with the Upper Coast Indians. Giant war canoes slipped along the entire coast, war parties paddled up and down, war songs broke the silence of the nights; hatred, vengeance, strife, horror, festered everywhere like sores on the surface of the earth. But the great Tyee, after warring for weeks, turned and laughed at the battle and bloodshed, for he had been



HEAR A PRAYER FOR COURAGE

victor in every encounter and could well afford to leave the strife for a brief week, nor permit any mere enemy to come between him and the traditions of his race and household. So he turned deaf ears to their war cries, ignored their paddle dips that encroached within his own coast waters, and prepared, as a great Tyee should, to entertain his tribesmen royally in honor of his daughters.

But seven suns before the great feast, these two maidens came before him, hand clasped in hand.

"Oh, our father," they said, "may we speak?"

"Speak, my daughters, my girls with the eyes of April, the hearts of June."

"Some day, oh, our father, we may mother a man child who may grow to be such a powerful Tyee as you are. For this honor that may some day be ours, we have come to crave a favour of you — you, our father."

"It is your privilege at this celebration to receive any favour your hearts may wish," he replied graciously. "The favour is yours before you ask it, my daughters."

"Will you, for our sakes, invite the great northern hostile tribe — the tribe you war upon — to this our feast?" they asked fearlessly.

"To a peaceful feast, a feast in the honor of women?" he asked incredulously.

"So we should desire it," they answered.

"And so it shall be," he declared. "I can deny you nothing this day, and sometime your sons may



bless this peace you have asked, and bless their mother's sire for granting it." Then turning to the young men of the tribe, he commanded, "Build fires at sunset on all the coast headlands — fires of welcome. Man your canoes and face the north; greet the enemy and tell them that I, the Tyee of the Capilanoes, ask — no, command — that they join me for a great feast in honor of my two daughters."



MAN YOUR CANOES AND FACE THE NORTH

When the northern tribe got this invitation they flocked down the coast to the Feast of a Great Peace. They brought their women and children; they brought game and fish, gold and white stone beads, baskets and carven ladles and wonderful woven blankets to lay at the feet of their now acknowledged ruler, the great Tyee. And he in turn

gave such a great potlatch that nothing but tradition can vie with it. There were long glad days of feasting, happy nights of dancing and camp fires, and vast quantities of food. The war canoes were emptied of their deadly weapons and filled with the daily catch of salmon. The hostile war songs ceased, and in their place were heard the soft shuffle of dancing feet, the singing voices of women, and the games of children. A great and lasting brotherhood was sealed between two powerful tribes which until now had been ancient enemies.

Then the Sagalie Tyee (*Great Spirit*) smiled on his Indian children. "I will make these young-eyed maidens immortal," he said. In the cup of his hands he lifted the chief's two daughters and set them forever in a high place, for they had borne two offspring — Peace and Brotherhood — each of which is now a great Tyee ruling a land. And on the mountain crest the chief's daughters, known by the paleface as *The Lions of Vancouver*, can be seen wrapped in the suns and the snows of all seasons. They have stood in this high place for thousands of years, and will stand for thousands of years to come, guarding the peace of the Pacific Coast and the quiet of the Capilano Canyon.



## THE STORY OF RAVEN

*Then the Frost his songs recited  
And the Rain its legends taught me.  
Other songs the winds have wafted  
Or the ocean waves have drifted.*

KALEVALA

In the days of the animal people, long, long ago, there lived in a house at the head of Nass River a being called Raven-at-the-head-of-Nass. He was the creator of human beings whom he fashioned from the leaves of plants; and as the leaves fall and wither, so death comes into the world. No one had ever seen this deity, but in his house were all kinds of things including sun, moon, stars, and daylight. Here his grandson, Raven, was born, grew up, and was made headman over the world. As a baby he had cried for the moon until it was handed to him, and quick as a wink he let it go up into the sky.

When Raven had grown quite large he obtained the box in which daylight was stored and walked with it along the bank of Nass River. Now all the people in the world lived at one place on Nass River, and Raven heard the noise they were making in the darkness as they fished for *olachen*. They had heard that Raven-at-the-head-of-Nass had something called daylight. They were afraid of it and talked about it a great deal. Raven shouted to the fisherman, "If you make so much noise I will bring daylight here."

They said, "You are not Raven-at-the-head-of-Nass. How can you have daylight?" Then Raven opened the box and daylight shot over the world like lightning. He opened the box wide and there was daylight everywhere. Then the people became frightened. Some jumped into the water and some ran into the woods. Those who jumped into the water became seals; those who ran into the woods became grizzly bears, martens, and wolves.

Raven made the great rivers of the world: Nass, Skeena, Stikine, Chilkat, and others. It happened in this way. Petrel, keeper of the fresh water, owned a spring on a rocky island called Dekino (*Fort Far-out*), where the well may still be seen. Raven stole a great mouthful of this water, but as he flew over the country, drops spilled out of his beak. These drops made the rivers. Some time after this, in his travels one day, Raven came upon a clear lake bordered by land points red with cranberries. He just rolled the lake up as though it were a blanket, put it under his arm, and pulled himself up into a tree. The beavers came, and by cutting down the tree, attempted to rescue their stolen property, but Raven escaped with it. After traveling around for a while he came to a large open place. There he unrolled the lake. There it lay!

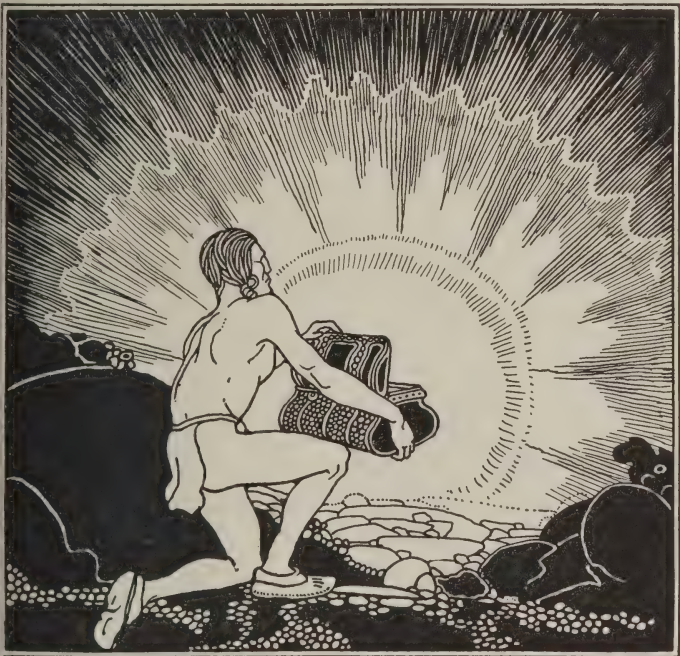
All the queer places that Raven visited could hardly be named, nor all his strange deeds and adventures told. He talked with the birds and charged the ptarmigan to teach the value of snowshoes to

man, the robin to pipe his glad whistle, the blue jay to flaunt his gay color. He gave to the eagle its talons and pronounced it the most powerful of birds. He stayed for a while with North Wind in his icy cliff. He lived inside a whale, down whose throat he had flown in an attempt to get the animal to shore. He feasted upon the fish which the whale took in, then finally killed it by cutting out its heart. When the dead whale floated ashore the people cut it open and Raven flew off into the woods. He took a trip under the sea and visited the halibut people, stopping too at the great under-ocean cave of Gonaqadet, spirit of the sea. Gonaqadet, who wore a Chilkat blanket, explained to his guest its strange pattern that illustrated the sea spirit's courtship and how he killed a bear with its heart between its eyes to rescue his bride, a chief's daughter. Later Raven taught the weaving of this blanket to his people, and its intricate pattern still shows the bear with its heart between its eyes, the sea spirit, the chief, and sometimes, also, the raven. Many were the teachings of Raven to his people: How to trap the salmon and to construct storehouses in which to freeze it; how to set the halibut hook, to plant the Indian tobacco, to build light canoes out of skins.

The bringing of the light by Raven was a feat performed in the latter days, the days of the shamans. After Raven let the daylight into the world, the sun and the moon were in the sky, but someone took them away, and people had only the light of the



stars. When even the magic of the shamans failed to bring back the sun and moon, an orphan boy in the village mocked, "You fine shamans cannot bring back the light, but I can." Then the shamans beat the boy and drove him out of the kashim. They did not know that when the boy put on a raven coat he be-



DAYLIGHT SHOT OVER THE WORLD

came Raven. The boy went to his aunt and said, "Where are the sun and the moon?"

"Go far to the south if you seek the light," she answered. "Go on snowshoes."



The boy put on snowshoes and set off toward the south. When he had gone a long way he came to a hut on the side of a high hill. At the entrance to the hut a man tossed snow high into the air. Near by was a large ball of fire. The boy caught up the ball of light, put it in the turned-up flap of his coat, and ran until his feet were tired. He could hear the man shriek behind him. Then he put on his raven coat and flew rapidly to the north. Faster and faster Raven flew, and as he flew he broke off a little piece of the light. This made day. Then he went on a long time in darkness until he broke off another piece of light. Thus it was day again. When he reached his own village he threw away the last piece. He said, "I have brought back the light. It will be light and then dark so as to make day and night." Thus Raven brought back the light. It is night and day as he said it would be, but sometimes the nights are very long because Raven traveled a long way without throwing away a piece of light.

After this Raven went out upon the ice by the seacoast. A great wind arose, and the ice drifted with him far out across the sea to the land on the other side.



## THE ELK'S HORN\*

*And therefore we must needs admit the means  
How things are perfected.*

SHAKESPEARE

One day Coyote was constantly saying, "I just want to have a great deal of fun." So he began to send messengers to call the people together. In the villages many things were being enacted. The people were spearing, fixing chisels, shooting at target, and walking on stilts. Some were playing the guessing game; some were spinning tops; others were dancing. The messengers arrived and announced the message.

"Coyote desires that all the people should assemble from everywhere. The counting sticks will be made ready. You will carefully watch the days go by. After ten counting sticks are gone then you shall come. You will take along your various playing utensils."

Finally the messengers returned to their chief. And now food was brought from everywhere and all sorts of things were being done. Spears and knives were fixed; shinny clubs, arrows, and bows were made. The counting sticks were being constantly counted and everybody was feeling glad. Coyote was walking around among his people continually advising them, "Do you please watch your-

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\* From the literal translation of an Indian narrative. Reprinted by permission of the BUREAU OF AMERICAN ETHNOLOGY from *Alsea Myths*.

selves carefully when the people shall assemble. They are the strong tribes; they simply know all sorts of tricks. Your hearts shall be very strong. You shall constantly practice among yourselves. Your spirits shall not be low. I know everything. No one is ever going to beat me by cleverness; it is for that that I am not afraid."

And the people answered, "Verily now we know thee. Thou knowest everything. Even our last property are we going to put at stake because we know thee. No one has ever overcome thee because Unconquerable is thy name."

"It will not be long before they will arrive," were Coyote's words. "I am not afraid. My name is Unconquerable."

At last they were arriving in great numbers; different people; just all sorts of tribes. All the shinny players had feathers on; the dancing people were painted in all sorts of ways. They played various games. The rooters were shouting from everywhere whenever the shinny ball moved a little. Coyote would say to the people who came, "Thou art ignorant of the shinny game. See, I have been telling thee thou canst not play shinny." Then they shot at the target. Coyote's people would win the arrows. "Friend, give me thy arrows," Coyote's people would say. Not long afterwards they danced. Then pole spearing was practiced. A bundle of dried-up grass would be thrown upward, and it would be speared up in the air. One of Coyote's men was continually hitting the grass.

When this game came to an end, the people assembled at another place. Then Coyote put on a horn and walked around with it. He said, "I want that all the people should put on this horn. I want to see whom the horn will fit best." Someone shouted, "Hey, my friend, it would never fit thee!" So he took it off right there, saying, "I want that thou shouldst try it, my friend Kingfisher." Then Kingfisher put it on, but Coyote said, "It does not look good on thee. Thy name will just be Noise-maker. Thou shalt always be spearing salmon. Now thou shalt wear it, my friend," said again Coyote to Crane. Then Crane put it on. He walked around but attempted to go to the ocean. Then Coyote said to him, "It does not look good on thee; take it off. Thou wilt wade around for mud cats. Continuous Wader shalt thou be." (In like manner Pelican, Night Owl, Screech Owl, Day Owl, White Swan, Buzzard, Eagle, Vulture, and Woodpecker tried it on.)

Then Coyote said to Wolf, "Thou shalt try to wear it." Wolf put it on, but he was acting bashful. "It does not fit thee even a little. Why art thou always ashamed? Take it off." (In like manner Cougar, Wildcat, Beaver, Raccoon, and Otter tried on the horn.) Then the Grizzly Bear tried it on, and after he had it on he began to dance with it. Then everybody merely told him that he did not look well in it, because it was feared he should become too dangerous with a horn. Then Rabbit put it on and

ran with it in all directions. "Thou art too lean for it," said Coyote. And Rabbit said, "I do not like it. How will I be able to go around inside the brush? If only my name were Elk, then I could wear it habitually. Only on Elk does it look well."

Then all the people said, "Let that Deer try it on." So Deer put it on and danced with it, and everybody told him that it simply fit him beautifully. And Coyote said to the Deer, "What shall be thy name?" "Oh, Brother-to-Him shall be my name, because Elk is my elder brother."

Then finally Coyote spoke to Elk, "Thou shalt wear this thy feather. Whenever thou shalt have it on it shall be nothing to thee, even if thou shouldst have to creep customarily under the trees."

And then Elk ran around; even in bad places he kept on running around. And it is for this reason this deer has a horn.







ONE MORNING AT SUNRISE

## THE DEEP WATERS

*. . . the same day were all the fountains of the great deep broken up, and the windows of heaven were opened.*

GENESIS 7:11

It was after a long, long time of rain. The rivers were choked, the mountain torrents roared thunderingly down, and the sea crept silently up. For weeks and weeks it rained. The level lands were first to float in sea water, then to disappear. The slopes were next to slip into the sea. The world was slowly being flooded. Hurriedly the Indian tribes gathered in one spot on the circling shore of Lake Beautiful, a place of safety far above the reach of the on-creeping sea. Here they held a great council and decided at once upon a plan of action. A giant canoe should be built, and some means contrived to anchor it in case the waters mounted to the heights. The men undertook the canoe; the women, the anchorage.

A giant tree was felled, and day and night the men toiled, carving from it the most stupendous canoe the world has ever known. Not an hour, not a moment, but many worked, while the toil-wearied ones slept, only to awake to renewed toil. Meanwhile the women worked at the cable—the largest, the longest, the strongest, that Indian hands and teeth had ever made. Scores of them gathered and prepared the cedar fiber; scores of them plaited,

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From PAULINE JOHNSON'S *Legends of Vancouver* published by McClelland and Stewart, Ltd., Toronto.

rolled, and seasoned it; scores of them chewed upon it inch by inch to make it pliable; scores of them oiled and worked it into a sea resisting fabric. And still the sea crept up, and up, and up. It was the last day; hope of life for the tribes, of land for the world, was doomed. Strong hands fastened the cable the women had made—one end to the giant canoe, the other about an enormous boulder, a great immovable rock as firm as the earth itself—for might not the canoe with its priceless freight, drift out, far out to sea, and when the water subsided might not this ship of safety be leagues and leagues beyond the sight of land on the storm-driven Pacific?

Then the noble workers lifted every child of the tribes into this vast canoe; not one single baby was overlooked. The canoe was stocked with food and fresh water. Lastly, the ancient men and women of the race selected as guardians to these children, the bravest, handsomest young man of the tribes, and the mother of the youngest babe. The mother was but a girl of sixteen, brave and very beautiful. The two were placed, she at the bow of the canoe to watch, he at the stern to guide, and all the little children were crowded in between.

Still the sea crept up and up. At the crest of the bluffs about Lake Beautiful the doomed tribes crowded. Not a single person attempted to enter the canoe; there was no wailing, no crying out for safety. "Let the little children, the young mother, and the bravest of our young men live!" was all the

farewell those in the canoe heard as the waters reached the summit and the canoe floated. Last of all to be seen was the top of the tallest tree, then all was a world of water.

For days and days there was no land — just the rush of swirling, snarling sea. The canoe rode safely at anchor, for the cable the faithful women had made held true as the hearts that beat behind their toil and labor. Then one morning at sunrise, far to the south, a speck floated on the breast of the waters; at midday it was larger; at evening it was yet larger. The moon arose, and in its magic light the man at the stern saw that the growing speck was a patch of land. All night he watched it grow, and at day-break he looked with glad eyes on the summit of Mount Baker. Then he cut the cable, grasped his paddle in his strong young hands, and steered for the south.

When the great canoe reached the shore, the waters were sunken half down the mountain side. The children were lifted out, and the young mother and the stalwart young brave clasped hands as they looked into each other's eyes and smiled. Then they made a new camp, built new lodges where the children grew, thrived, lived, and loved; and the earth was repeopled by them.

In a gigantic crevice halfway to the crest of Mount Baker may yet be seen the outlines of an enormous canoe.

# THE TULAMEEN TRAIL

*How the giant element  
From rock to rock leaps with delirious bound.*

BYRON

One morning a chief's daughter was loitering along the heights of the restless Tulameen River, listening to the voice of its waters that sang and laughed through the rocky throat of the canyon three hundred feet below. Sometimes she leaned over the precipice to catch a glimpse of the river itself, white-garmented in the film of countless rapids and dancing waterfalls. Suddenly she heard a slight rustle as though some passing bird's wing had clipped the air. Then at her feet there fell a slender, delicately shaped arrow. It fell with spent force, and her Indian woodcraft told her that it had been shot to her, not at her. She started like a wild animal. Then her quick eye caught the outline of a handsome erect figure that stood on the heights across the river. She did not know him as her father's enemy; she only saw him to be young, strong, and of manly beauty. The spirit of youth and of a certain savage poetry awoke within her. Quickly she fitted one of her own dainty arrows to the bowstring and sent it winging across the narrow canyon. It fell spent at his feet; and he knew that she had shot it to him, not at him.

Next morning the maiden crept noiselessly to the brink of the heights. Would she see him again — that handsome brave? Would he speed another arrow to her? She had not yet emerged from the tangle of forest, before it fell, its faint-winged flight heralding its coming. Near the feathered end was tied a tassel of beautiful ermine tails. She took from her wrist a string of shell beads, fastened it to one of her little arrows, and winged it across the canyon as on the day before.

The following morning, before leaving the lodge, she fastened the ermine tails in her straight, black hair. No arrow fell at her feet that day; but there on the brink of the precipice, he himself awaited her coming — he who had never left her thoughts since that first arrow came to her from his bowstring. His eyes burned with warm fires as she approached, but his lips said simply, "I have crossed the Tulameen River." Together they stood side by side, looking into the depths before them and watching in silence the little torrent that rollicked over its boulders and crags.

"That is my country," he said, pointing across the river. "This is the country of your father and of your brothers. They are my enemies. I return to my own shore tonight. Will you come with me?"

She looked up into his face. So this was her father's foe, the dreaded Tulameen!

"Will you come?" he repeated.

"I will come," she whispered.



It was in the dark of the moon, and through the kindly night he led her far up the rocky shores to the narrow belt of quiet waters, where they crossed in silence into his own country. A week, a month, a long golden summer slipped by, but the insulted old chief and his enraged sons failed to find the Indian girl.



HER BROTHERS' ARROWS BURIED IN HER FLESH

Then one morning, as the lovers walked together on the heights above the far upper reaches of the river, even the ever-watchful eyes of the Tulameen failed to detect the lurking enemy. Across the narrow canyon crouched and crept the two outwitted brothers of the girl wife at his side; their arrows

were on their bowstrings, their hearts on fire with hatred and vengeance. Like two evil-winged birds of prey, the arrows sped across the laughing river; but before they found their mark in the breast of the victorious Tulameen, the girl had unconsciously stepped before him. With a little sigh, she slipped into his arms, her brothers' arrows buried in her soft brown flesh.

It was many a moon before his avenging hand succeeded in slaying the old chief and those two hated sons of his. But when this was finally done the handsome young Tulameen left his people, his tribe, his country, and went into the far north. "For," he said, as he sang his farewell war song, "my heart lies buried in the Tulameen River."

And the spirit of his girl wife still sings through the canyon, its song blending with the music of that sweetest voiced river in all the great valleys of the west. This spirit never frees itself to rise above the heights and follow its fellows to the Happy Hunting Grounds, but is content to entwine its warbling laughter, its lonely call for companionship, with the wild music of the waters that sing forever beneath the western stars.



## EL CAPITAN

*Perseverance gains its meed,  
And patience wins the race.*

BERNARD BARTON

There were once two little Indian boys living in the valley, who went down to the river to swim. After paddling and splashing about to their hearts' content, they went on shore and crept up on a huge boulder which stood beside the water. They lay down in the warm sunshine to dry themselves, but fell asleep. They slept so soundly that they knew nothing, though the great boulder grew day by day and rose night by night, until it lifted them up beyond the sight of their tribe who looked for them everywhere.

The rock grew until the boys were lifted high into the heaven, even far up above the blue sky, until they scraped their faces against the moon. And still, year after year, among the clouds they slept.

Then there was held a great council of all the animals to bring the boys down from the top of the great rock. Every animal leaped as high as he could up the face of the rocky wall. Mouse could only jump as high as one's hand; Rat, twice as high. Then Raccoon tried; he could jump a little farther. One after another the animals tried, and Grizzly Bear made a great leap, far up the wall, but fell

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From KATHARINE B. JUDSON's *Myths of California and the Old Southwest* published by A. C. McClurg & Company, Chicago.



WHITE MEN CALL IT EL CAPITAN

back. Last of all Lion tried, and he jumped farther than any other animal, but fell down upon his back. Then came tiny Measuring Worm, and began to creep up the rock. Soon he reached as high as Raccoon had jumped, then as high as Bear had reached, then as high as Lion's leap, and by and by



THEY CREPT UPON A HUGE BOULDER

he was out of sight, climbing up the face of the rock. For one whole snow, Measuring Worm climbed the rock, and at last he reached the top. Then he wakened the boys, and came down the same way he went up, and brought them down safely to the ground.

Therefore the great rock is called Tutokanula, the Measuring Worm. But white men call it El Capitan.



## BRIDAL VEIL FALL

*Was it the plash  
Of silvery water that awakened me?*

THOMAS WALSH

The vast ravine of Yo Semite (*Grizzly Bear*) formed by tearing apart the solid Sierras, is graced by many waterfalls raining down the mile-high cliffs. One of the most beautiful of these falls, called Bridal Veil, has a story attached to it.

Centuries ago, in the shelter of this valley, lived a great chief and his tribe. A good hunter was he, a thoughtful saver of crops and game for winter, a wise chief, trusted and loved by his people. While he was hunting one day, the lovely Tisayac, tutelary spirit of the valley, revealed herself to him. From that moment he knew no peace, nor did he care for the well-being of his people; for she was not as they were: Her skin was white, her hair was golden, and her eyes like heaven. Her speech was as a thrush song; it led him to her. But when he opened his arms she rose lighter than any bird and vanished in the sky.

Yo Semite, lacking the direction of its chief, became a desert, and when Tisayac returned she wept to see the corn lands grown with bushes, and bears rooting where the huts had been. On a mighty dome of rock she knelt and begged the Great Spirit to

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From C. M. SKINNER'S *Myths and Legends of Our Own Land* published by the J. B. Lippincott Company, Philadelphia.



restore its virtue to the land. He did so, for, stooping from the sky, he spread new life of green on all the valley floor, and smiting the mountains he broke a channel for the pent-up meltings of the snows, and the water ran and leaped far down, pooling in a lake below and flowing off to gladden other lands. The birds returned, the flowers sprang up, corn swayed in the breeze, and the people, coming back, gave the name of Tisayac to South Dome where she had knelt.

Then came the chief home again, and, hearing that the Spirit had appeared, was smitten with love more strong than ever. Climbing to the crest of a rock that spires three thousand feet above the valley, he carved his likeness there with his hunting knife, so that his memory might live among his tribe. As he sat, tired with his work, he saw at the foot of Bridal Veil, with a rainbow arching around her, the form of Tisayac shining from the water. She smiled on him and beckoned. His quest was at an end. With a cry of joy he sprang into the fall and disappeared with Tisayac. Two rainbows quivered on the falling water and the sun went down.



## MONDAMIN

*Tall and beautiful he stood there,  
In his garments green and yellow;  
To and fro his plumes above him  
Waved and nodded with his breathing.*

LONGFELLOW

When the springtime came, long, long ago, an Indian boy departed from his father's lodge and, alone in the forest, began his fast according to the custom of his tribe. His father was a very good man but he was not a good hunter, and often there was no food in their wigwam. As the boy wandered from his small tepee in the forest, he thought about these things. He looked at the plants and shrubs and wondered about their uses, and whether they were good for food. He thought, "I must find out about these things in my vision."

One day, as he lay stretched upon his bed of robes in the solitary wigwam, a handsome Indian youth came down from Sky Land. He was gaily dressed in robes of green and yellow, with a plume of waving feathers in his hand.

"I am sent to you," said the stranger, "by the Great Mystery. He will teach you what you would know." Then he told the boy to rise and wrestle with him. The boy at once did so. At last the visitor said, "That is enough. I will come tomorrow."

The next day the beautiful stranger came again

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From KATHARINE B. JUDSON'S *Myths of the Mississippi Valley* published by A. C. McClurg & Company, Chicago.

from Sky Land. Again the two wrestled until the stranger said, "That is enough. I will come tomorrow."

The third day he came again. The fasting youth found his strength increase as he wrestled with the



THEY WRESTLED LONG

visitor. Then that one said, "It is enough. You have conquered." He set himself down in the wigwam. "The Great Mystery has granted your wish," he said. "Tomorrow when I come, after we have wrestled and you have thrown me down, you must strip off my garments. Clear the earth of roots and weeds, and bury my body. Then leave this place;

but come often and keep the earth soft, and pull up the weeds. Let no grass or weeds grow on my grave." Then he went away, but first he said, "Touch no food until after we wrestle tomorrow."

The next morning the father brought food to his son; it was the seventh day of fasting. But the boy refused until the evening should come. Again came the handsome youth from Sky Land. They wrestled long until he fell to the earth. Then the Indian boy took off the green and yellow robes, and buried his friend in soft, fresh earth. Thus the vision had come to him.

Then the boy returned to his father's lodge, for his fasting was ended. Yet he remembered the commands of the stranger from Sky Land. Often he visited the grave, keeping it soft and fresh, pulling up weeds and grass. And when people were saying that the Summer-maker would soon go away and the Winter-maker come, the boy went with his father to the place where his wigwam had stood in the forest while he fasted. There they found a tall and graceful plant, with bright silky hair, and green and yellow robes.

"It is Mondamin," said the boy. "It is Mondamin, the corn."



# HIAWATHA

*Listen to these wild traditions,  
To this Song of Hiawatha,  
Ye who love a nation's legends!*

LONGFELLOW

Hiawatha is one of the best known heroes of Indian legend. He came to earth on a mission, teaching justice, fortitude, and forbearance to the red men, showing them how to improve their handicraft, and ridding the woods and hills of monsters. He was brought up as an Indian boy, took to wife the Dakota girl, Minnehaha (*Laughing Water*), hunted, fought, lived as a warrior, and suffered the common pains and adversities of his kind. Although a giant in form, he could, when need came, change himself to any shape of bird, fish, or plant that he wished. To friends he spoke in the voice of a woman; to enemies, in tones like thunder.

Many and curious were the adventures of Hiawatha's life. As he fished one day in one of the Great Lakes, in his white stone canoe that moved whither he willed it, he and his boat were swallowed by the king of fishes. He killed the creature by beating at its heart with a stone club, and when the gulls had preyed on its flesh as it lay floating on the surface, until he could see daylight, he clambered through the opening they had made and returned to his lodge.

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From C. M. SKINNER's *Myths and Legends of Our Own Land* published by the J. B. Lippincott Company, Philadelphia.



As an antagonist he was invincible; few dared to resist him in battle. Believing that his father had killed his mother, he fought against him for several days, driving him to the edge of the world before peace was made between them. Upon another occasion, Pearly Feather, an evil brave, had slain one of his relatives, and Hiawatha avenged the crime. Pressing through a guard of fire-breathing serpents which surrounded his wicked enemy, he shot them with arrows as they struck at him, and having thus reached the lodge of Pearly Feather engaged him in combat. All day long they battled to no purpose. Toward evening a woodpecker flew overhead. "Shoot at your enemy's scalp lock," cried the bird. Hiawatha did so and the foe fell dead. In return for the service of the woodpecker, Hiawatha anointing his finger with the blood of the foe touched the bird's head, and the red mark is found on the woodpecker to this day.

Because the kingfisher led him to the home of the prince of serpents, a deadly enemy whom he afterwards slew in mortal combat, Hiawatha invested the bird with a medal. He ruffled its head feathers in putting the medal on; hence all kingfishers have topknots and wear white spots on their breasts.

A duck once led Hiawatha a long chase when he was trying to capture it for food. He angrily kicked it, flattening its back, bowing its legs, and despoiling it of half of its tail feathers. That is why, to this day, ducks are awkward.

Hiawatha is thought to have made his home at Mackinac, and to have hunted the beaver and fought the serpents on the shores of Lake Superior. Many traces of his life and deeds are still to be found: Huge boulders strewn along the banks of the upper Mississippi are the missiles that he used in the combat with his father; a depression in a rock on the



HIAWATHA ENTERED HIS STONE CANOE

southern edge of Michipicoten Bay is where he alighted after a jump across the lake; a larger depression near Thunder Bay marks the place where he sat when smoking his last pipe; the big rocks on the east side of Grand Traverse Bay are the bones of a stone monster he slew.

After killing the prince of serpents, Hiawatha traveled all over America doing good work. On

reaching Onadaga he organized a friendly league of thirteen tribes that endured for many years. This closed his mission. As he stood in the assemblage of chiefs, a white bird, appearing at an immense height, descended like a meteor, struck Hiawatha's daughter with such force as to drive her into the earth, and shattered itself against the ground. Hiawatha recognized the summons. He addressed his companions in tones of such sweetness and terms of such eloquence as had never been heard before, urging them to live uprightly and to enforce good laws. Then promising to return when the time was ripe, he entered his stone canoe and began to rise in air to strains of melting music. Higher and higher he arose, the white vessel shining in the sunlight, until he disappeared in the spaces of the sky. His chiefs, who beheld his strange summons and departure, gathered up the silvery feathers of the white messenger bird and, preserving them as ornaments for their hair, established a custom of wearing feather headdress that has endured to our time. Ghost dances and similar demonstrations came about through the Indians' expectancy of the return of Hiawatha.

On the east side of Thunder Bay extends a great mountain three miles long, which, from the water, resembles a man lying on his back. Under this mountain, as some legends recount it, Hiawatha lies buried. The red man makes oblation, as he rows past, by dropping a pinch of tobacco into the water.

## THE SKY WALKER OF HURON

. . . till the Moon  
Rising in cloudy majesty, at length,  
Apparent queen, unveiled her peerless light,  
And o'er the dark her silver mantle threw.

MILTON

Cloud Catcher, a handsome youth of the Ojibways, offended his family by refusing to fast during the ceremony of his coming of age, and was put out of the paternal wigwam. It was so fine a night that the sky served him as well as a roof, and he had a boy's confidence in his ability to make a living — and something of fame and fortune, maybe. He dropped upon a tuft of moss to plan for his future, and drowsily noted the rising of the moon, which he seemed to see as a face. On awaking he found that it was not day, yet the darkness was half dispelled by light that rayed from a figure near him — the figure of a lovely woman.

"Cloud Catcher, I have come for you," she said. And as she turned away he felt impelled to rise and follow. But, instead of walking, she began to move into the air with the flight of an eagle, and, endowed with a new power, he too ascended beside her. The earth was dim and vast below, stars blazed as they drew near them, yet the radiance of the woman seemed to dull their glory. Presently they passed

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From C. M. SKINNER's *Myths and Legends of Our Own Land* published by the J. B. Lippincott Company, Philadelphia.

through a gate of clouds and stood on a beautiful plain, with crystal ponds and brooks watering noble trees and leagues of flowery meadow. Birds of brightest colors darted here and there, singing like flutes; the very stones were of agate and jasper. An immense lodge stood on the plain, and within were embroideries and ornaments, couches of rich furs, pipes and arms cut from jasper and tipped with silver. While the young man was gazing around him with delight, the brother of his guide appeared and reproved her, advising her to send the young man back to earth at once; but, as she flatly refused to do so, he gave a pipe and bow and arrows to Cloud Catcher, as a token of his consent to their marriage.

This brother, who was commanding, tall, and so dazzling in his gold and silver ornaments that one could hardly look upon him, was abroad all day, while his sister was absent for a part of the night. He permitted Cloud Catcher to go with him on one of his daily walks, and as they crossed the lovely Sky Land they glanced down through open valley bottoms on the green earth below. On arriving at a spot where a large hole had been broken through the sky, they reclined on mats; and the tall man, loosening one of his silver ornaments, flung it into a group of children playing before a lodge. One of the little ones fell, and was carried within amid lamentations. Then the villagers left their sports and labors and looked up at the sky. The tall man cried in a voice of thunder, "Offer a sacrifice and the child shall be

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well again." A white dog was killed and roasted, and in a twinkling it shot up to the feet of Cloud Catcher, who, being hungry, attacked it voraciously.

Many such walks and feasts came after, and the sights of earth filled the mortal with a longing to see his people again. He told his wife that he wanted to go back. She consented, after a time, saying, "Since you are better pleased with the cares, the labor, and the poverty of the world than with the comfort and abundance of Sky Land, you may return; but remember, you are still my husband, and beware how you venture to take an earthly maiden for a wife."

She arose lightly, clasped Cloud Catcher by the wrist, and began to move with him through the air. The motion lulled him and he fell asleep, waking at the door of his father's lodge. His relatives gathered and gave him welcome, and he learned that he had been in the sky for a year.

But after his life in Sky Land he took the privations of a hunter's and warrior's life less kindly than he thought to, and after a time, enlivened its monotony by taking to wife a bright-eyed girl of his tribe. In four days she was dead. The lesson was unheeded and he married again. Shortly after, he stepped from his lodge one evening and never came back. The woods were filled with a strange radiance on that night, and it is asserted that Cloud Catcher was taken back to the lodge of the Sun and Moon, and is now content to live in heaven.



# THE RABBIT AND THE SUN

*Let others hail the rising sun.*

GARRICK

The Rabbit and his grandmother lived in a tent. He used to go hunting every day, very early in the morning. But though he used to go very early every morning, it happened that a person with very long feet had passed ahead of him. For many days the Rabbit wished to know what sort of person this man was. He continued to think, "I will reach there before him!" Nevertheless, it always happened that the person with the large feet had gone ahead of him.

So one day the Rabbit went home, and said to his grandmother, "O grandmother, though I have long desired to be the first to get there, again has he gotten there ahead of me! O grandmother, I will make a trap, and I will place it in the road, and thus I will catch him."

"Why will you do that?" said his grandmother.

"I hate the person," said the Rabbit.

He departed. On reaching the place, he found that the person had already departed. So the Rabbit lay near by, awaiting the coming of night. That night he went to the place where the person with large feet had been passing, and there he set the trap, a noose.

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*Dictionary of Biloxi and Ofo Languages.*

Very early the next morning he went to look at the trap. Behold, the Sun had been caught! The Rabbit ran home with all his might. When he reached there, he told his grandmother what he had seen. "O grandmother, I have caught something or other, but it scared me. I wished to take the noose, but the thing scared me every time that I tried to get it," said the Rabbit.

Then the Rabbit seized a knife and went again to the place of adventure. He went very near the strange being, who thus addressed him: "You have done very wrong! Come and release me!" The Rabbit did not go directly toward him, but passed to one side of him. He bowed his head, and cut the noose with a knife. The Sun went up above. But before he went, he had scorched the fur between the Rabbit's shoulders. Then the Rabbit ran home screaming with pain.

"Ouch! I have been burned severely!" said the Rabbit.

"Alas! this time has my grandson been burned severely," said the grandmother.

The end.



# THE BRIDE OF NIAGARA

*Her tremendous cataracts thundering in their solitudes.*

IRVING

The endless clamor of the cataract was a voice demanding a victim. Yearly, in order to satisfy the Spirit of the Waters and to protect the lives of his people, the war chief must offer a sacrifice chosen from among the daughters of the tribe. Every spring, a white canoe, light as a shell and decorated with fruits and flowers, carried the chosen bride of Manitou over the brink of the precipice. Canoe and maiden were lost in the rolling thunder and white chaos below, but the spirit of the bride passed to the Happy Hunting Ground, there to reign in joy and peace.

One year, White Cloud, the daughter of Chief Eagle Eye, was chosen to be the honored sacrifice. It was in the moon of green leaves that the tribes assembled to witness the sailing of the white canoe. At the meeting place above the rapids of the fast flowing river they gathered in great numbers, for White Cloud was a favorite of her father's people. The heart of Eagle Eye was heavy. For him, the eyes of his lovely daughter carried the light of an Indian summer day, and the flush of her cheek was the rose of the dawn. But without sign of grief or affection he watched the ceremony.

White Cloud descended the river bank to the waiting canoe that floated like a leaf at the edge of

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## MYTHS OF THE NEW WORLD

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the water. She was small. About her shoulders dark hair fell like a silken web, and she carried a bundle of willow buds in her arms. Her dress was of sweet grass and maple leaves and her tiny soft moccasins were embroidered with flowers. Her heart



A WHITE CANOE CARRIED THE BRIDE OVER THE BRINK

seemed fearless, for her words of farewell fell soft as the patter of rain on green leaves.

She took her place, and the little canoe was pushed toward the middle of the stream. There, in-

stantly caught by the swift, strong current, it was off, skimming the surface of the water like a strange bird. White Cloud sat erect, her long hair tossing winglike on the wind.

When the little bark had swung well into the current, the old chief, Eagle Eye, could control his feeling no longer. Not a sound escaped his lips, but swift as thought he leaped into his own canoe, drove it with mighty strokes into midstream, and sped after his daughter. Down the river with ever growing speed shot the canoes, the larger one gaining on the smaller. Faster and faster toward the verge, amid riotous waves and hissing clouds of spray! But ere they plunged into the sheer descent, the Great Spirit, well pleased with the double sacrifice, changed both father and daughter into spirits of strength and beauty — she, into the maid of the mist; he, into the power of the waterfall.

No more is the white canoe sent down the sounding river, for the smile of the Great Spirit rests upon its waters, and the voice of its mighty cataract is music to the ear. Changing clouds of white mist, rolling, rising, and falling, play forever in the sunlight above the dark strong waters of Niagara.



## THE GREAT STONE FACE \*

*The Almighty has placed His sign on that cliff to indicate that He makes men here.*

DANIEL WEBSTER

The Great Stone Face is a work of Nature in her mood of majestic playfulness, formed on the perpendicular side of a mountain. It seems as if an enormous giant has sculptured his own likeness on the precipice. There is the broad arch of the forehead, a hundred feet in height; the nose with its long bridge; and the vast lips, which, if they could speak, would roll their thunder accents from one end of the valley to the other. In the distance, with the clouds and glorified vapor of the mountains clustering about, the Great Stone Face seems positively to be alive. It is an education only to look at it, and a happy lot for children to grow up to manhood or womanhood with this vision before their eyes. All the features are noble; and the expression is at once grand and sweet, as if it were the glow of a vast warm heart that embraced all mankind in its affections, and had room for more.

To the Indians who formerly inhabited this valley a prophecy had been handed down. They had heard it from their forefathers to whom it had been murmured by the mountain streams and whispered by the wind among the tree tops. The purport was that at some future day a child should be born here-

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\* Adapted from Nathaniel Hawthorne's version of this story.



abouts, who was destined to become the greatest and noblest personage of his time, and whose countenance, in manhood, should bear an exact resemblance to the Great Stone Face.

At different times, as the years rolled by, rumors went throughout the valley that the great man, foretold from ages long ago, had appeared at last. First, a man of enormous wealth was acclaimed by the people as the very image of the Great Stone Face. Then came an illustrious general of military fame, and later an eminent statesman whose tongue was mightier than the rich man's wealth or the warrior's sword. Each in his turn was proclaimed the man of prophecy, but each in his turn proved a sad illusion. The rich man's look of sordid shrewdness bore no resemblance to the noble features on the mountain side; and the warworn countenance of the general, though expressive of energy and an iron will, lacked wisdom and broad tender sympathy. In the expression of the statesman something had been left out or had departed. There was a weary gloom in the caverns of his eyes, as of a man whose life, with all its high performances, was empty of high purpose and reality.

Meantime, in a simple log cottage of the valley, a happy child grew from boyhood to manhood. Ernest, for that was his name, had often heard from his mother the prophecy concerning the Great Stone Face, and the story was ever in his mind whenever he looked at the majestic image on the mountain side.

To the quiet, sun-browned boy, the Great Stone Face became a teacher, and more and more, as the swift years carried him toward manhood, he loved to gaze and meditate upon it. But he was industrious, kind, and neighborly, and neglected no duty for the sake of indulging this habit. The sentiment expressed in the Great Stone Face enlarged the young man's heart and filled it with a wide and deep sympathy. His thoughts, whenever he communed with himself, were of a higher tone than those which all men shared with him, for Ernest could discern in the Great Stone Face what other people could not see, and love which was meant for all became his peculiar portion.

With the other inhabitants of the valley Ernest had hopefully and patiently waited for the fulfillment of the great prophecy, and with them he had been disappointed when each of the rumors proved false. Still, he had faith that he might some day behold the living likeness of those wondrous features that he loved.

By degrees, as the years sped tranquilly away, Ernest became known among the people. He still labored for his bread, and was the same simple-hearted man that he had always been, but he had thought and felt so much, he had given so many hours of his life to hopes for some great good for mankind, that it seemed he had imbibed some of the wisdom of the angels. Not a day passed that the world was not better because he lived. The high

simplicity of his thought flowed forth in his speech, and the truths he uttered molded the lives of those who heard him.

By the time the years had brought white hairs and scattered them over the head of Ernest, unsought-for fame had come and made him known in the great world beyond the limits of the quiet valley. Statesmen, sages, philosophers, came from afar to see and converse with him. The venerable old man received them all with the gentle sincerity that had characterized him from boyhood, and spoke freely with them of whatever lay deepest in his heart or their own.

One summer evening a great poet visited the humble cottage of Ernest. The songs of this poet had already made their way to Ernest, and his soul had been thrilled by their beauty. Now as the two conversed, seated on a bench before the doorway, it seemed that the Great Stone Face was bending forward to listen. Ernest, soaring with the poet into high and beautiful flights of thought, lifted his eyes to the mountain side. "O majestic friend," he murmured, "is not this poet worthy to resemble thee?"

But the poet sadly shook his head and made reply: "My songs, indeed, have a far-off echo of divinity; they have glorified the lives of all who have crossed my path. But my life, dear Ernest, has not corresponded with my thought, for I have lacked the faith to which I have given expression. I have had grand dreams, but they have been only dreams."

Later that evening, at the hour of sunset, Ernest, as had long been his custom, spoke to an assemblage of his friends and neighbors in the open air. Accompanied by the poet, he proceeded to the spot. As he ascended into his natural pulpit, set in a rich framework of verdure, he threw a look of familiar kindness round upon his audience who stood or sat upon the grass. The departing sunshine fell obliquely over them. At a distance, high up in the golden light of the setting sun, with hoary mists around it, appeared the Great Stone Face, its look of grand beneficence seeming to embrace the world. Ernest began to speak; his words and thoughts were full of power because they harmonized with the life which he had always lived. Suddenly his mild sweet countenance, in sympathy with a thought which he was about to utter, assumed a grandeur of expression, and the deep-sighted poet exclaimed, "Behold, Ernest is himself the likeness of the Great Stone Face!"

The people looked and saw that the prophecy was fulfilled. But Ernest, having finished what he had to say, walked slowly homeward, still hoping that some wiser and better man would by and by appear, bearing a resemblance to the Great Stone Face.



## THE BAKER'S DOZEN

*In vain we call old nations fudge  
And bend our conscience to our dealing.*

LOWELL

Baas Volckert Jan Pietersen van Amsterdam kept a bakeshop in Albany, and lives in history as the man who invented New Year cakes and made gingerbread babies in the likeness of his own fat offspring. Good churchman though he was, the bane of his life was a fear of being bewitched. Perhaps it was to keep out evil spirits, who might make one last effort to gain the mastery over him ere he turned the customary new leaf with the incoming year, that he had primed himself with an extra glass of spirits on the last night of 1654. His sales had been brisk, and as he sat in his little shop meditating comfortably on the gains he would make when his harmless rivals, the *knikkerbakkers* (bakers of marbles), sent for their usual supply of olie-koecks and mince pies on the morrow, he was startled by a sharp rap, and an ugly old woman entered.

"Give me a dozen New Year's cookies!" she cried in a shrill voice.

"Vell, den, you needn' sbeak so loud. I aind teaf, den."

"A dozen!" she screamed. "Give me a dozen. Here are only twelve."

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From C. M. SKINNER'S *Myths and Legends of Our Own Land* published by the J. B. Lippincott Company, Philadelphia.



"Vell, den, dwalf is a dozen."

"One more! I want a dozen."

"Vell, den, if you vant anodder, go to de duyvil and ged it!"



IT SEEMED AS IF VOLCKERT WERE BEWITCHED

Did the hag take him at his word? She left the shop, and from that time it seemed as if poor Volckert were bewitched, indeed. His cakes were stolen; his bread was so light that it went up the chimney, when it was not so heavy that it fell through the oven; invisible hands plucked bricks from that same



oven and pelted him until he was blue; his wife became deaf, his children went unkempt, and his trade went elsewhere. Thrice the old woman reappeared, and each time was sent anew to the devil; but at last, in despair, the baker called on Saint Nicholas to come and advise him.

The call was answered with startling quickness, for, almost while he was making it, the venerable patron of Dutch feasts stood before him. The good soul advised the trembling man to be more generous in his dealings with his fellows. After his lecture on charity, Saint Nicholas suddenly vanished; and lo, the old woman was there in his place!

She repeated her demand for one more cake, and Volckert Jan Pietersen van Amsterdam gave it, whereupon she exclaimed: "The spell is broken, and from this time a dozen is thirteen!" Taking from the counter a gingerbread effigy of Saint Nicholas, she made the astonished Dutchman lay his hand upon it and swear to give more liberal measure in the future.

So, until thirteen new States arose from the ruins of the Colonies, when the shrewd Yankees restored the original number, thirteen made a baker's dozen.



# THE ALLIGATOR TREE

*Experience is the teacher of fools.*

LIVY

What the English call the alligator tree, that grows on the Tehuantepec isthmus, is known to the natives as the "alligator's tail." It affords a wood that promises to be of value in the building arts, and its rough thorny bark suggests the skin of the lizard whose name it takes.

In days of old the alligator was more respected than now, but for a different reason. It was because he was wise. He was represented in stone, clay, and wood; he was painted on walls, and princes bowed before him. He became vastly proud of this distinction, and began to put on airs about it. Among the beliefs in his family was that of its need to live among the rivers. Salt water and cold water meant death. But the younger members of the tribe were discontented. They sniffed at the axioms of the fathers, and scorned the notion that they were to stay in one country forever. They would travel and learn.

Now they had heard men talking of the land beyond the mountains, where great cities were; of a sea that spread to the world's edge; of alligators larger and wiser than those of the Gulf side. They held a meeting in the deepest and darkest forest on

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the Coatzacoalcos River and derided their elders for superstitious old fossils, and resolved to be at least as free as men were. "Those queer little creatures, with only two legs, thin skins, and no teeth to speak of, who cannot stay a minute under water, nor go for two days without food — they travel where they like, and why, therefore, should not we? Their gods



THE ALLIGATOR WOULD TRAVEL AND LEARN

are surely their betters; the whole earth should be ours."

This speech, by one of the party, was instantly approved, and soon after, a crowd of young alligators, several hundred in number, began the passage of the mountains. They ascended the river through the night, coming into an open country near the hills just as the sun was rising. Great was the surprise of all of them to find that the river was

coming to an end, for they had supposed that they could cross to the Pacific without walking on dry ground. What excited their alarm also, was the chill. The water grew so cold as they ascended that they could finally bear it no longer, but climbed upon the bank where the sun fell warm upon them, and fell asleep. At nightfall came a god of the hills. "What are these monsters doing in my country?" he cried. "Have I not warned all creatures of the coast to keep to their own kingdom? Come, spirits of the springs, up with you, and help me to punish these fellows."

Then came the water elves capering down the hillsides, curling and fawning about his feet, making a gurgling laughter as they thought of the surprise in store for the alligators. They whirled about and about until each had bored a hole two or three feet deep in the earth; then they seized the sleeping reptiles, and plunged them, head first, into the holes, with their tails in the air; and there they are at the edge of the *tierra templada*, to this day.

One alligator, who had awakened and hidden himself in the woods when the water sprites came down, escaped and swam down the river to his old home, where he told the sorrowing parents of the fate that had come upon the youngsters in punishment of their rashness. All in vain the elders mourned. Never since then have the alligators tried their fortunes out of the warm coast lands and waters.

## EL DORADO

*"Over the mountains of the Moon,  
Down the Valley of the Shadow,  
Ride, boldly ride," the Shade replied,  
"If you seek for El Dorado."*

POE

Somewhere beyond the Andes, in a beautiful country rich in emeralds, silver, and gold, ruled El Dorado, the Gilded King. The custom prevailed in this mystic land for each chieftain prince who was to become the ruler of his city and province to make costly oblation to his pagan god. Accordingly, after a long fast, the prince disrobed and anointed his regal body with fragrant oil and balsam. His attendants then blew upon him through hollow reeds or canes, powdered gold of delicate fineness, until his body was covered from head to foot with the precious metal. Resplendent as the beaming sun, the gilded chieftain then went aboard a raft and floated out upon a sacred lake. Heaped all about him, and lading the raft deep into the water, were quantities of gold and silver and emeralds, rare ornaments, fine trinkets, and costly vessels. When the treasure boat arrived at the middle of the lake, the gilded chief made a prayer, at the same time pouring all his rich offering into the deep sacred waters. During this ceremony, his subjects, a vast multitude of men and women who had gathered around the lake, sang, chanted, and played on curious musical instruments. When the lightened raft returned to shore the people



received their prince amid loud acclamations, music, and general rejoicing. His soldiers then formally dubbed him El Dorado, the Gilded King, their lord and prince.

In time the name El Dorado was synonymous with inexhaustible wealth; it was applied not only to the king himself, but to the city in which he lived, the province over which he ruled, and the lake into which he poured his treasure.



THE GILDED CHIEFTAIN WENT ABOARD A RAFT

The myth of El Dorado was first told by the Indians of South America, who, it is believed, devised it as a means of getting rid of Spanish invaders by luring them on to war with distant and hostile tribes. Promise of hidden treasure thrilled the hearts of thousands of fortune seekers, and colored the early history of tropical America with adventure



and romance. Eager, credulous Spaniards scoured the continent of South America from Pacific to Atlantic, from the Amazon to the Caribbean, in search of the ever-alluring, ever-elusive El Dorado. The years devoted to the quest were years of accident, tragedy, crime, and intrigue. Eager bands in pursuit of the Gilded King scaled mountain ranges, and pushed through dense tangled forests, exploring tawny rivers, sultry lowlands, and vast plateaus hitherto unknown to the world. With their thirst for gold was a love of glory and a sense of patriotism. Neither heat, cold, disease, nor famine could discourage the adventurers, who, with a yearning hope that would not die, clung to the belief in a beautiful empire and a great and golden city holding treasure untold.

This strange golden phantom lured generation after generation, and whether in the guise of a gilded king, a golden city, a country rich in precious metal, or a lake with an aureate strand, held its place in the dreams and hopes of man under the name of El Dorado.



# THE MEDAL AND THE ORCHID

*Who never sold the truth to serve the hour.*

TENNYSON

When the beauty of the orchid first became known to the world, rich amateurs offered small fortunes for large and striking specimens. Fabulous tales were told of orchids marvelous in size and exquisite in color growing on the trees of the Amazon forests, and seekers from afar invaded these forests in search of this rare and lovely plant of the air.

At this time a French nobleman offered a prize for the most beautiful flower that could be found for the Easter festival. Pierre, a sensitive religious young botanist, who had spent his life studying in the company of woods and mountains, had a great desire to obtain for the festival a beautiful orchid. He loved the strange new flower; it was to him a mystery, a problem, and a symbol. The nobleman, knowing Pierre's love for orchids, gave him money for a trip to Guiana, also a precious gold medal which the Pope had blessed. The young man landed in Cayenne, and, careless of malaria, tormenting insects, wild beasts, and loathsome snakes, set off at once for the highlands near Mount Roraima.

Just before he reached his destination he was encountered by a tribe of hill savages who refused to believe that he had traveled all the way from the

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farther shore of the great water to seek flowers. They had seen enough of white men to know how many vices could be indulged with gold, so they captured Pierre, searched his pockets, and took his money.

"Is this all?" asked the chief, holding the coins before his captive.

Pierre was about to answer "yes," but as he



SEEKERS FROM AFAR INVADDED THESE FORESTS

placed his hand on his heart he felt the medal there.

"All?" demanded the chief again.

Pierre could not lie. He bit his lip. It was hard to be robbed of every coin and be forced to give up his medal also. Its gold value was five hundred francs; the blessing it carried was without price. He had hoped to keep it always, or to part with it only if it were necessary to assure his return to France.

But he shook his head, parted his clothing at the throat, and revealed the medal.

"The lad will not lie, yet he is white!" exclaimed one of his captors in astonishment.

"It is his soul that is white," declared another.

The people would not touch the medal. Pierre had won them. They made a bed of fragrant leaves for him, and he slept unguarded until the call of the birds aroused him in the morning. When the Indians had shared their meal with him they gave back the money that they had taken. "You are good," they said. "You do not deceive. Keep your coins and rest. We will help you."

The people dispersed and did not return until night. When they came back they were laden with the strangest and most exquisite orchid blossoms, whose heavy perfume was almost overpowering. One of these was of remarkable size and color, and that one, Pierre knew, would win the prize. He carefully detached the plant from the tree to which it had fastened, and some weeks afterward it bloomed in Notre Dame. The wonder and admiration of the people were almost reward enough for all Pierre's toil and hardship. With the money he received as a prize, he returned to Guiana and taught the gospel to the Indians.



GOD STOOD UPON THEIR CREST

# GOD ON THE MOUNTAINS

*High mates! Ye teach me purity  
And lonely thought and truth.*

STOPFORD BROOKE

The miracle of the creation of a mountain kindles imagination, and from the oldest times men have associated the mountains with visitations of God. Bulk and magnificence suggest the power of Deity; towering peaks and sleeping snows, God's majesty and mystery. By the stairway of a mountain slope the Great Spirit descended to his people.

According to the Indians of California, Mount Shasta was the first part of the earth to be made. The Great Spirit broke a hole through the floor of heaven with a rock, and on the spot where this rock had stopped he flung down more rocks, with earth and snow and ice, until the mass had gained such a height that he could step from the sky to its summit. Running his hands over its sides he caused forests to spring up. The leaves that he plucked he breathed upon, tossed into the air, and lo! they were birds. Out of his own staff he made beasts and fishes, to live on the hills and in the streams that began to appear as the work of world-building went on. The earth became so joyous and so fair that he resolved at last to live upon it, and he hollowed Shasta into a wigwam where he dwelt for centuries



before the white man came, the smoke of his lodge fire pouring from the mountain top.

The Catskills and the Adirondacks were the abodes of many powerful beings, and the Highlands of the Hudson were a wall within which Manitou confined a host of rebellious spirits. When the river burst through this bulwark and poured into the sea, fifty miles below, these spirits took flight and many succeeded in escaping. But others still haunt the ravines and bristling woods, and when Manitou careers through the Hudson cañon on the car of cloud, crying with thunder voice and hurling his lightnings as he passes, the demons howl in rage and fear, lest they be recaptured and shut up forever beneath the earth.

The White Mountains were homes of great and blessed spirits. Mount Washington was Olympus and Ararat in one, for there dwelt God, and there, when the earth was covered with a flood, lived the chief and his wife whom God had saved, sending forth a hare after the waters had subsided, to learn if it were safe to descend. From them the whole country was peopled with red men. Woe betide the intruder on this high and holy ground, for an angered deity condemned him to wander for ages over the desolate peaks and through the shadowy chasms.

The birth of the White Mountains is accounted for in the following manner: A red hunter, who had wandered for days through the forest without finding game, dropped exhausted on the snow one night

and awaited death. But he fell asleep and dreamed. In his vision he saw a beautiful mountain country where birds and beasts and fruits were plenty, and, awaking from his sleep, he found that day had come. Looking about the frozen wilderness in despair, he cried, "Great Master of Life, where is this country that I have seen?" And even as he spoke the Master appeared and gave to him a spear and a coal. The hunter dropped the coal on the ground, when a fire spread from it, wrapping the rocks with dense smoke out of which came the Master's voice in thunder tones, bidding the mountains rise. The earth heaved, and through the reek the terrified man saw hills and crags lifting, lifting, until their tops reached above the clouds. From the far summits sounded the promise: "Here shall the Great Spirit live and watch over his children." Water now burst from the rocks and came laughing down the hollows in a thousand rills, the valleys unfolded in leaf and bloom, birds sang in the branches, butterflies — like winged flowers — flitted to and fro, the faint and cheerful noise of insect life came from the herbage, the smoke rolled away, a genial sun blazed out, and, as the hunter looked in rapture on the mighty peaks, God stood upon their crest.



## TO THE TRUE ROMANCE

Who holds by Thee hath Heaven in fee  
To gild his dross thereby,  
And knowledge sure that he endure  
A child until he die —  
For to make plain that man's disdain  
Is but new Beauty's birth —  
For to possess, in loneliness  
The joy of all the earth.

\* \* \* \* \*

Beyond the bounds our staring rounds,  
Across the pressing dark,  
The children wise of outer skies  
Look hitherward and mark  
A light that shifts, a glare that drifts,  
Rekindling thus and thus,  
Not all forlorn, for Thou hast borne  
Strange tales to them of us.

Time hath no tide but must abide  
The servant of Thy will;  
Tide hath no time, for to Thy rhyme  
The ranging stars stand still —  
Regent of spheres that lock our fears  
Our hopes invisible,  
Oh 'twas certes at Thy decrees  
We fashioned Heaven and Hell!

\* \* \* \* \*

- Thy face is far from this our war,  
Our call and counter-cry,  
I shall not find Thee quick and kind,  
Nor know Thee till I die.  
Enough for me in dreams to see  
And touch Thy garments' hem:  
Thy feet have trod so near to God  
I may not follow them.

RUDYARD KIPLING

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- Adirondacks (ăd'ī-rŏn'dăks). A group of mountains in northern New York. 272.
- Admetus (ăd-mē'tūs) (Greek, *The Untamed*). King of Thessaly. He was saved from death by Alcestis, his queen, who offered her life for him. 60.
- Ægir (ē'jīr) (Anglo-Saxon, *eagor*, the sea). The god who presided over the stormy sea. At harvest time he entertained the other gods and brewed ale for them. 90.
- Ægis (ē'jīs). The breastplate of Jupiter and Minerva. Minerva lent hers to Perseus to aid him in his fight with the Gorgon. 7, 51.
- Æschere (ăsh'-ēr). The favorite thane of Hrothgar. He was killed by the mother of Grendel, the monster, to avenge the death of her son. 108.
- Aes-shee (ă'-shē'). As recorded in Irish mythology, the name given by the earth-dwellers to those who inhabit the Land of the Living. 147.
- Ætna (ēt'nā). A volcano in northeastern Sicily. At its base lay the plain of Enna, the home of Persephone. 66.
- Agni (ăg'nē). The Hindu god of fire who protected Queen Sita from the flames. 167.



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- Albany (ôl'bà-nĭ). The capital of New York state. It was the reputed home of Baas Volckert Jan Pietersen van Amsterdam. 258.
- Alberich (äl'bēr-ĭk). The dwarf who stole the Rhinegold and ruled the underworld by virtue of a ring made from some of the treasure. 118, 119, 120, 121, 129, 130, 131, 133, 136.
- Alcazar (äl-kä'zär). The name given to palaces, usually royal ones, built in Spain by the Moors. 177, 179, 180.
- Alcestis (äl-sēs'tis). The wife of Admetus. Having offered her own life to save that of her husband, she was rescued by Hercules. 60.
- Alcmene (älk-mē'nē). The wife of Jupiter and the mother of Hercules. 56.
- Alfadur (äl-fäd'ūr) (Norse, *All-Father*). A name for Odin. 85.
- Allah (äl'ä). An Arabic word meaning *God* or the *Supreme Being*. The name is so used among the Mohammedans generally. 177.
- Amazon (äm'ä-zŏn). The largest river in the world. It is in northern South America. 265, 267.
- Amazon (äm'ä-zŏn). One of a reputed race of female warriors against whom the ancient Greeks claimed to have waged constant warfare in pre-historic times. 58.
- Andes (än'dēz). A range of mountains in South America. 264.
- Andromeda (än-drŏm'ē-dä). The daughter of King
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- Cephas. Having been rescued from a sea monster by Perseus, she later became his wife. 54, 55.
- Ang-ngalo (äng-nä'lō). In Philippine mythology, a giant who was the only son of the god of building. He sought to build a palace of salt for Sipgnet. 183, 184.
- Angin (äng-in'). In Philippine mythology, a goddess of the wind. 183.
- Apollo (ä-pöl'ō). The god of music and song. Also called *Phæbus* and *Phæbus Apollo*. 3, 9, 11, 13, 23, 30, 36, 40, 42, 47, 49, 59.
- Arachne (ä-räk'nē). A maiden skilled in weaving. She was changed into a spider by Minerva as a punishment for mocking the gods. 5, 6, 7, 8.
- Ararat (är'ä-rät). The mountain on which Noah's ark came to rest at the conclusion of the deluge. 272.
- Arcadia (är-kā'diä). A country in the central part of the Peloponnesus, the ancient name for the southern peninsula of Greece. It was here that Hercules performed one of his twelve labors, the capture of the wild horses. 58.
- Argonautic (är'gō-nōt'ik) Expedition. An expedition, led by Jason, which, in ancient times, was reputed to have set sail from Iolcus, a town of Thesaly, in quest of the Golden Fleece. Fifty mighty heroes were numbered among the warriors of the party. These are often referred to as the *Argonauts*. 23, 59.
- Asgard (äs'gärd). The Norse City of the Gods

- which stood on Ida-Plain. 73, 74, 75, 77, 78, 79, 80, 82, 83, 84, 86, 87, 89, 92, 99, 100, 102, 103.
- Asin (ä-sin'). In Philippine mythology, a ruler of the Kingdom of Salt. He gave bricks of salt to Ang-ngalo, out of which the latter planned to build a palace for Sip-gnet. 184.
- Atalanta (ăt'ä-lăn'tà). A maiden, beautiful and fleet of foot, who vowed that she would wed no one who failed to outdistance her in a race. 18, 19, 21, 22.
- Atlas (ăt'lăs). A giant who bore the heavens on his shoulders. For insulting Perseus he was changed by that hero into a mountain. Hercules stole three golden apples from him. 52, 59.
- Augean (ô-jě'ăn) Stable. This stable belonged to King Augeas of Elis. Hercules cleansed it in one day by causing two mighty rivers to run through it. 58.
- Augeas (ô-jě'ăs). The legendary king of ancient Elis, the owner of the stable which Hercules is said to have cleansed in one day. 58.
- Aurora (ô-rō'rà). The Greek goddess of the dawn. 11, 67.
- Ayodha (ä-yō'dà). A city in the land of Kosala, the home of Rama and Sita. 158, 159, 160, 168.
- Baas Volckert Jan Pietersen van Amsterdam (bäs fōl'kěrt yăn pě'těr-sěn vān ām'stěr-dām). The Dutch baker of Albany who was compelled to give thirteen cakes for a dozen. (*Baas* is the Dutch word for *Master* or *Mister*.) 258, 259, 260.

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- Bacchus (băk'ūs). Another name for Dionysus, the Greek god of wine and revelry. 36.
- Baucis (bô'sis). The wife of Philemon. The two were visited by Jupiter and Mercury in disguise, and were rewarded by the gods for their hospitality. 43, 44, 46.
- Baker, Mount. A peak of the Cascade Range in the state of Washington. According to legends current among the Indians of that region, it was the first land seen by men when the floods of the deluge receded. 228.
- Balder (bôl'děr). The Norse god of the summer sunlight. The son of Odin and Frigga. He was finally slain by the blind god Hoder, at Loki's instigation. 100, 101, 102, 103.
- Beowulf (bă'ō-wōolf). A hero of the great Anglo-Saxon epic, the reputed king of the Swedish Geats. He went to the aid of Hrothgar against the monster Grendel, and succeeded in killing Grendel and his mother. Beowulf met death late in life after slaying the monster fire-drake. 105, 106, 107, 108, 109, 110, 111, 112.
- Betis (bă'tis). The ancient name for the Guadalquivir River of Spain. 176, 177, 179.
- Bharata (bă-ră'tā). Rama's younger half brother who was made king in Rama's stead. He ruled during Rama's exile, and received his brother with joy upon the latter's return to the kingdom. 159, 160, 168.

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Bifrost (bē'fröst) (Norse, *the trembling way*). The rainbow bridge between the earth and Asgard. It was the only means of reaching the home of the gods. Under the hoofs of the horses, it finally fell at Ragnarok. 75, 85.

Bilskirnir (bēl'skēr-nēr) (Norse, *lightning*). The heavenly dwelling place of Thor. 86.

Biwa Ko (bē'wä kō) (Japanese, *Lake of the Lute*). A name given to a lake in the Province of Omi, Japan. 195, 196, 198.

Bodhisatta (bō'dī-sāt'tā). According to the belief of Buddhists, one who has attained to the highest degree of goodness in this life, and in consequence will be a Buddha at the next incarnation. The name is applied to Buddha in accounts of his earthly reincarnations, as in the story on pages 169, 170, 171, 173.

Brabant (brä-bänt'). A province of ancient Flanders, the reputed home of Elsa, a character in the story of *Lohengrin*. 140, 142, 146.

Bragi (brä'gē). According to Norse mythology, the son of Odin and the husband of Iduna. He was regarded as the god of poetry. 81.

Brahma (brä'mā). According to Hindu mythology, Brahma is the creator of the universe, that is, Brahma is *God*. With Vishnu and Siva, Brahma completes the trinity that rules the visible universe and is the essence of all being. 163.

Bridal Veil Falls. A magnificent waterfall in the Yosemite Valley of California. 236.

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Brock (brök). In Norse mythology, the dwarf brother of Sindre. 79, 80.

Brünnehilde (brīn'ě-hīl'dě). One of the valkyries. Because she disobeyed Wotan, the god cast a spell over her and caused her to fall into a deep sleep upon the summit of a high mountain. She was later awakened by Siegfried, whose wife she became and upon whose funeral pyre she died. 126, 127, 128, 129, 133, 134, 135, 136, 137, 138, 139.

Buddha (bōod'ä) (Sanskrit, *The Enlightened*). A name given to the Hindu teacher, Gautama Siddhartha, who, in the sixth century, B.C., began those teachings which later became the essence of Buddhism, a religion now followed by a large part of the inhabitants of eastern Asia. Buddha taught the precepts of self-denial, virtue, and wisdom. According to the Buddhist belief, those who practice right belief, right resolve, right word, right act, right life, right effort, right thinking, and right meditation are at death absorbed into Nirvana, a release from further existence and consequently the greatest good. Like the Brahmins, Buddhists believe in reincarnation, that is, in rebirth. 171.

Calydon (kāl'i-dŏn). An ancient city of Ætolia, a province of Greece. It was the home of Dejanira, the princess whom Hercules married. 60.

Capilano Canyon (kăp'ī-lă'nō kăn'yŭn). The western valley guarded by the Lions of Vancouver. 215.



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- Caribbean (kǎr'ĩ-bě'ǎn). The name of that part of the Atlantic Ocean that lies between the West Indies and the coasts of Central America and northern South America. 265.
- Carmela (kār-mā'là). A gypsy maiden who loved a Moorish king. 176, 179, 180.
- Cassiopeia (kǎs'ĩ-ō-pē'yà). The wife of Cepheus and mother of Andromeda. 52, 55.
- Catskill (kǎts'kĩl) Mountains. A group of mountains of the Appalachian system located in southeastern New York. The Indians of that region believed these mountains to be the abode of many powerful spirits. 272.
- Caucasian (kǒ'kā'shǎn). Pertaining to the Caucasus Mountains. 59.
- Caucasus (kǒ'kā-sŭs) Mountains. A mountain range lying in southern Russia between the Black and Caspian seas. There Hercules killed the vulture that preyed upon the vitals of Prometheus. 59.
- Cavern of Hate. The dwelling-place of the giant Fafnir. 131, 133.
- Cayenne (kā-ěn'). An island belonging to France and lying off the coast of French Guiana in northern South America. It was there that Pierre went in search of the wonderful orchid. 267.
- Celestially August. A title given to the Chinese emperors. 203.
- Celeus (cěl'ě-ŭs). The king who gave shelter to Ceres when she was seeking Proserpine. 67, 68.

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**Centaur** (sěn'tör). One of the race of fabulous monsters reputed to have inhabited Mount Pelion, in Thessaly, in ancient times. Said to have been the offspring of Ixion and a cloud, the centaurs were in form half man, half horse. The body of a man, from the waistline upwards, was joined to the shoulders of a horse. Hercules engaged in a battle with the centaurs at the time of capturing the wild horses of Arcadia. 60.

**Cepheus** (sě'fūs). King of Ethiopia and father of Andromeda. 52, 54.

**Cerberus** (sŭr'běr-ŭs). A fabulous doglike creature of Greek mythology, having three heads, serpents encircling the body, and a tail in the form of a serpent. Cerberus guarded the entrance to Hades. 25, 34, 59.

**Ceres** (sě'rěz). The daughter of Saturn and Rhea, and the mother of Proserpine. She was the goddess of all vegetation and the special protector of growing crops. 33, 34, 66, 67, 68, 69, 70.

**Cerynea** (sěr'i-ně'à). A country of ancient Greece that bordered on Arcadia. In Cerynea Hercules is said to have captured the stag with the golden horns. 58.

**Charon** (kā'rŏn). In Greek mythology, the boatman who ferried the spirits of the departed across the river Styx to the eternal dwelling-place of the shades. 17, 25, 34.

**Chief Eagle Eye**. The father of White Cloud. It was he whom the Great Spirit changed into the

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spirit of the waterfall in the Niagara River. 250, 252.

Chilkat (chĭl'kăt *or* kĭl'kăt). A tribe of Alaskan Indians famous for the beauty and excellence of their blankets. Also, the name of a river created by Raven. 217, 218.

Choice of Hercules. The name by which Duty was known after Hercules chose her gifts in preference to those offered by Pleasure. 56.

Cloud Catcher. A youth of the Ojibway Indians. 245, 246, 247.

Clymene (klĭm'ĕ-nĕ). An ocean nymph, the mother of Phaëton. She was also the mother of Atlas and Prometheus. 9, 13.

Clytië (klĭsh'ĭ-ĕ *or* klĭ'tĭ-ĕ). An ocean nymph who pined away on account of her unrequited love for Apollo and was finally changed into a heliotrope. The myth may have been suggested by the tendency of the heliotrope to turn towards the sun, which was identified with Apollo. The name *heliotrope* at one time applied to any plant that turns toward the sun, such as the sunflower, the marigold, and others. 41, 42.

Coast Indians. A general term commonly used in reference to the various Indian tribes dwelling along the Pacific coast of North America throughout its length. 211.

Coatzacoalcos (kō-ăt'sä-kō-äl'kōs). A river of northeastern Mexico. It empties into the Gulf of Campeche near the city of Vera Cruz. 262.

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- Conn the Hundred-Fighter. A fabled king of the ancient Gaelic Celts. 147, 148, 150.
- Connla of the Golden Hair. The son of Conn. (See above.) 147, 148, 150, 151, 152.
- Coran (kōr'ăn). A druid to whom Conn appealed for help against the invisible lady who, by means of her charms, enticed Connla of the Golden Hair away from his father. 148, 150.
- Court of the Maidens. A room in the palace of the Moorish king. 180.
- Cretan bull. A ferocious bull which was captured and brought back to Mycenæ by Hercules. This was the hero's seventh wondrous task. 58.
- Crete (krêt). An island of the eastern Mediterranean, off the coast of Asia Minor. It was the site of the ancient kingdom of King Minos. 37.
- Cupid (kū'pīd). The Roman god of love, equivalent to the Greek god, *Eros*. He was the son of Venus and was represented as a winged boy with bow and arrows. He married Psyche. 29, 32, 33, 34, 36.
- Cyane (sī-ăn'). The river that opposed Pluto's passage to Hades when he carried Proserpine away to his kingdom. When he discovered that he could not prevail upon the river to let him cross, Pluto struck the ground with his trident and the earth opened to give him passage. 67.
- Cybele (sīb'ē-lē). The goddess of earth and mountain fastnesses. It was she who turned Hippomenes and Atalanta into lion and lioness. 22.

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- Cycnus (sik'nūs). A friend of Phaëton. Cycnus so deeply mourned the loss of Phaëton that the gods changed him into a swan. (See *Phaëton*.) 13.
- Cyprus (sī'prūs). A large island of the eastern Mediterranean lying off the coast of Syria. It was sacred to Aphrodite (Venus). 21, 63, 64.
- Dædalus (dëd'ä-lūs). The architect of the Cretan labyrinth, a renowned structure of the ancient world which consisted of a confusing maze of passages. Dædalus was imprisoned by Minos, but he succeeded in escaping from the island with Icarus, his young son, by devising wings for the two. (See *Icarus*.) 37, 38, 39, 40.
- Dakota (dä-kō'tä). A powerful tribe of Indians that formerly dwelt in the region now included in the states of the name. Minnehaha was a member of this tribe. 241.
- Damascus (dä-mäs'kūs). A city of Syria renowned in earlier times for its silken stuffs and steel. 177.
- Danaë (dăn'ä-ē). The daughter of King Acrisius and mother of Perseus. With the latter she was boxed up and cast into the sea by her father. (See *Acrisius* and *Perseus*.) 50.
- Danaïdes (dä-nä'ī-dēz). The fifty daughters of King Danaüs. Their father commanded them to marry the fifty sons of Ægyptus, his bitter enemy, so that each might then murder her husband and so rid the world of the family of Ægyptus. For this crime the Danaïdes were doomed forever to pour water into a broken cistern in Hades. 25.

- Danes. The subjects of Scyld and his descendants, hence sometimes called *Scyldings*. 104, 107, 108, 110.
- Daphnis (dăf'nīs). A shepherd who was also singer and poet. He was the son of Hermes (Mercury); and much loved by Apollo, who gave him the gift of verse-making. Hercules rescued Daphnis from the power of the king of Phrygia. 59.
- Dasaratha (dä-sä-rä'tā). King in Ayodha and father of Prince Rama. 158, 159, 160.
- Daughter of a Hundred Stars. A name sometimes given to Isis. 174.
- Dejanira (dē-jä-nī'rā). Daughter of CENEUS of Calydon, sister of Meleager, and wife of Hercules. She brought about her husband's death by presenting him with the shirt soaked in the blood of Nessus. 60.
- Dekino (dā-kē'nō). Fort Far-out, a rocky island off the western coast of northern North America. 217.
- Delos (dē'lōs). One of the islands of the Cyclades group at the eastern end of the Mediterranean. It was the reputed birthplace of Apollo and Diana. 39.
- Delphic (děl'fik) Oracle. The most famous oracle of the ancient world. It was originally the oracle of Gæa, from whom Apollo is said to have wrested it. According to another tradition it was given to him by Phœbe (Diana). 57.



Demon King. A name sometimes given to Ravana. 163.

Diana (dī-ān'ā or dī-ān'ā). Ancient Greek goddess of the moon and of the chase. She was the daughter of Jupiter and Latona. 14, 19, 27, 28.

Diomedes (dī-ō-mē'dēz). The son of Mars and owner of the man-eating mares. 58.

Donner (dōn'er). A name often given to the Norse god, *Thor*. 122.

Draupnir (drōwp'nēr). The name of Odin's magic ring. It was placed upon Balder's funeral pile. 80, 103.

Earth Mother. In Hindu mythology, the mother of Queen Sita. At Sita's plea the earth opened and received her daughter in order to prove the latter's innocence. 168.

Echo (ĕk'ō). A nymph of Diana. Having loved Narcissus without being able to obtain his affection, she pined away until nothing remained but her voice. 14, 15, 16, 17.

El Capitan (ĕl kăp'ī-tăn') (Spanish, *the captain*). One of the tallest wall rocks of the Yosemite Valley. 235.

El Dorado (ĕl dō-ră'dō) (Spanish, *the gilded*). The fabulously rich king who was believed to rule over a city within the Andes Mountains. The name was also given by the Spaniards to a land of treasure which was reputed to lie somewhere within Central America or western South America. 264, 265, 266.

- Eleusis (ē-lū'sis). A city of ancient Greece celebrated for the splendor of its festivals in honor of Ceres and Persephone. The feast was held every five years. 67, 70.
- Elis (ē'lis). A city of ancient Greece ruled over by King Augeas. 58.
- Elli (ē'lē) (Norse, *old age*). The nurse of Utgard Loki who successfully wrestled against Thor. 98, 99.
- Elsa (ē'sà). A princess of Brabant, the sister of Gottfried. She became the wife of Lohengrin. 140, 141, 142, 143, 144, 145, 146.
- Endymion (ēn-dīm'ī-ōn). A beautiful shepherd of Caria who fed his flocks on Mount Latmos. He was loved by Diana. Jupiter granted him the gifts of perpetual youth and eternal sleep. 27, 28.
- Enna (ēn'nà), Vale of. The home of Proserpine. 66.
- Epimetheus (ēp'ī-mē'thūs) (Greek, *afterthought*). A brother of Prometheus. Jupiter gave Pandora to Epimetheus, who had been warned against accepting any gift from the gods. 3, 4.
- Erda (ērd'à) (Norse, *Earth-Mother*). The All-wise One who was loved by the father of the gods. 122, 134, 135.
- Erebus (ēr'ē-būs). The region of mist and darkness which lies about the entrance to Hades. 26.
- Eridanus (ē-rīd'ā-nūs). A river of ancient Greece into which Phaëton is said to have fallen. 13.

Ethiopia (ē-thě-ō'pī-à). The name given in ancient times to a region lying about the headwaters of the Nile, south of Egypt. King Cepheus and Queen Cassiope are said to have ruled over it at one time. 52.

Eurydice (ū-rīd'ī-sē). The wife of Orpheus. Although she died, as mortals do, Orpheus was granted permission to take her from Hades back to earth provided he did not look at her until they reached the realm of mortals. Having failed to obey the command, Eurydice was snatched from him and returned to Hades. 23, 24, 25, 26.

Eurystheus (ū-rīs'thūs). Cousin to Hercules. As taskmaster it was he who imposed the twelve labors upon Hercules. 57, 58.

Fafnir (fäv'nēr). A giant who changed himself into a dragon and then guarded the Rhinegold. He was slain by Siegfried. 120, 122, 126, 128, 130, 131, 133, 136.

Fasolt (fäz'ölt). A giant, the brother of Fafnir. Fafnir slew Fasolt during a fight which resulted from a quarrel over the Ring of the Nibelungs. 120.

Fates. In Greek mythology, the three goddesses, Clotho, Lachesis, and Atropos, who determined the course of human life. In Norse mythology, three goddesses of like powers and duties are commonly called the *Norns*. 42, 68, 73, 135.

Fenris (fěn'ris). Also called *Fenris-Wolf*. The son of Loki. The gods put Fenris in chains. His

- fate was to remain a prisoner under those conditions until, at Ragnarok, he should get loose and conquer Odin, only to be slain later by Vidar, one of Odin's sons. 82, 83, 84, 85.
- Forbidden Kingdom. The home of the gods, according to Egyptian mythology. 175.
- Fountain of Wisdom. According to Norse mythology, a renowned fountain which stood beneath the branches of the World Ash. 135.
- Frederick of Telramund. A character in *Lohengrin*, claimant to the throne of Brabant. 140, 141, 142, 143, 144, 145.
- Freia (frā'yā). Identical with Freya, the sister of Freyr. She was the Norse goddess of spring, flowers, and music. 120, 121, 140.
- Freki (frā'kē) (Norse, *fierce*). One of the two wolves that usually accompanied Odin. 75.
- Frey or Freyr (frā or frā'r). In Norse mythology, the god of the sun. He became the husband of Gerth, to win whom he gave up his wonderful sword. 79, 80, 81.
- Freya *see* Freia. 77, 78, 87, 88, 89.
- Frigga (frīg'gā) (Norse, *love*). The wife of Odin. She was the goddess of sunshine, rain, and harvest. 75, 100, 101, 126.
- Fricka *see* Frigga. 126, 127.
- Fuji *see* Fuji Yama. 196, 197, 198.
- Fuji Yama (fōō'jē yā'mā). The highest mountain in Japan. It is sacred to the Japanese. 195, 198.
- Furies. In Greek mythology, the three avenging

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spirits who visit with suitable punishment all those who violate the first laws of nature and society, that is, those who violate the claims of kinship, hospitality, and social requirements. 25.

Galatea (gāl'á-tē'à). The name of the maiden, whom, as a marble figure, the sculptor Pygmalion carved from stone. In certain stories of Greek mythology the name Galatea designates a sea nymph or nereid, an altogether different creature. 63, 64, 65.

Ganymede (gǎn'ĩ-mēd). The most beautiful of mortals. He was taken up onto Mount Olympus by command of Zeus, there to be cupbearer to the king of the gods. 36.

Geri (gā'rē) (Norse, *greedy*). One of the two wolves that always accompanied Odin. 75.

Gerth (gǔrt). A beautiful maiden from the land of the giants. She became the wife of Freyr. 81.

Geryon (jē'rĩ-ön). A monster that had three bodies, each furnished with powerful wings. It was slain by Hercules, one of whose tasks was to carry off Geryon's herd of red cattle. 58.

Gibichungs (gĩb'ĩ-kǔngs). A legendary race of northern Europe to which King Gunther and his sister, Gutrune, are reputed to have belonged. 136.

Gilded King. A name given to El Dorado, a mythical prince or king of early America. (See *El Dorado*.) 264, 265, 266.

Gladsheim (gläts'him). In Norse mythology, the

- home of the gods, the golden palace of Odin. It was a place of brightness and gladness. 73.
- Gleipnir (glāp'nēr). In Norse mythology, the magic silken chain which bound Fenris, and which could not be broken until Ragnarok. 84.
- God of Fire *see* Agni. 167.
- God of the Firmament *see* Indra. 167.
- God of the Ocean *see* Wata-tsu-mi. 190.
- Gonaqadet (gōn'ā-kwä'dět). An American Indian deity, the spirit of the sea. 218.
- Gorgon (gōr'gōn). In Greek mythology, one of three monstrous female creatures, the sight of which turned the beholder to stone. Medusa, the most famous of the three, was slain by Perseus. 50, 51, 52, 55.
- Goth. One of the followers of Beowulf. 105, 108, 110.
- Gothic coast. The land of Beowulf, probably the coast of Denmark, northern Holland, or northern Germany. 110.
- Gottfried (gōt'frēd). The young duke of Brabant, only brother of Elsa, and a character in the story of *Lohengrin*. Elsa was accused of having killed him. 140, 146.
- Graces. In Greek mythology, the three goddesses who enhanced the enjoyment of life by refinement and gentleness. They were Aglaia (*Brilliance*), Euphrosyne (*Joy*), and Thalia (*Bloom*). 3.
- Grææ (grē'ē'). The three old female creatures who were watchers for the Gorgons. 51.



Grail (grāl). According to some legends, the platter from which Christ ate at the Last Supper; according to others, the wine cup from which he drank on that occasion. According to mediæval legend, the Grail was brought to England at an early date and was there preserved by the knights of King Arthur. It was visible only to the pure in heart, and if approached by any who were not so, it vanished. Percival was one of the knights who saw the Grail. 145, 146.

Grand Traverse Bay. A large inlet on the eastern side of Lake Michigan, toward the northern end. The region roundabout was the scene of many of Hiawatha's deeds. 243.

Grane (grä'nā). Brünnehilde's war horse. 135, 139.

Great Mystery. A term used by certain tribes of American Indians when referring to the Supreme Being. 238, 239.

Great Spirit. A term used by certain tribes of American Indians when referring to the Supreme Being. 215, 236, 252, 271, 273.

Grendel (grën'děl). A monster mentioned in the Anglo-Saxon epic, *Beowulf*. Envious of the joy in Hrothgar's palace, he caused that king untold trouble for years until he was finally slain by Beowulf. 104, 105, 106, 107, 108, 109, 110.

Groa (grō'ā). In Norse mythology, the giantess whose charms did not avail to remove the stone splinter from Thor's forehead. 93.

- Guiana (gē-ä'nà). A region lying along the north-eastern coast of South America. 267, 269.
- Gullfaxi (gool'fäx'ē) (Norse, *gold-mane*). In Norse mythology, the horse belonging to the giant Hrungrir. 92.
- Gungnir (gŭng'nēr). Odin's sword. It was made of the wood of the renowned ash tree, Yggdrasil. 75, 79, 81.
- Gunther (gŭn'tēr). A king of the race of the Gibichungs, who sought to win Brünnehilde for his bride. 136, 137, 138, 139.
- Gutrune (goōt-roōn'ā). The sister of Gunther. She was to win the love of Siegfried who was then to help Gunther win Brünnehilde. 136, 137.
- Hades (hā'dēz). In Greek mythology, this was originally the name used to designate the god of the other world. Later it came to be applied to the fabulous subterranean region reputed to be the gloomy dwelling-place of the souls of the departed. 24, 25, 34, 57, 59, 67, 155, 156, 157.
- Hagen (häg'ēn). A son of Alberich, the dwarf, and half brother to Gunther. It was he who urged Gunther to marry Brünnehilde. 136, 138, 139.
- Halemaumau (hā'lā-mōw'mōw) (Hawaiian, *house of everlasting fire*). The deep inner crater of Mt. Kilauea, a volcano in Hawaii. 185, 187.
- Hanuman (hŭn'ŭ-män). In Hindu mythology, the son of the wind god. He was the general of the monkey tribes. 165, 166.

Happy Hunting Grounds. According to the mythology of many American Indian tribes, the abode of the blest after death. 232, 250.

Hawaii (hä-wī'ē). The largest of the Hawaiian Islands, which lie in the mid-Pacific between North America and Asia. 185.

Hea *or* Ea (hē'à *or* ē'à). The ancient Persian god of the waters. He was regarded as the giver of the arts and sciences. 157.

Hebe (hē'bē). A daughter of Juno and cupbearer to the gods on Mt. Olympus. After Hercules was transported to Olympus, Hebe became his wife. 62.

Hebrus (hē'brūs). Ancient name of the river Maritsa, in Roumelia, European Turkey. It flows into the Ægean Sea. 26.

Heimdall (hīm'däl). In Norse mythology, the watchman for the gods and the keeper of the bridge Bifrost. 75, 85, 87.

Hel (hěl). In Norse mythology, the lower world to which the spirits of those who did not die in battle found an eternal dwelling-place. 102.

Hela (hā'lä) (Norse, *death*). In Norse mythology, the daughter of Loki and the queen of Hel. She corresponds to the *Persephone* of Greek mythology. 82, 83, 100, 102.

Heliades (hēl'ē-ā'dēz). Sisters of Phaëton, who, lamenting his fate, were turned into poplar trees. Their tears, which continued to flow, were turned into beads of amber. 13, 64.

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- Heorot *or* Heort (hā'ō-rōt' *or* hā'ört). The name of the great mead-hall which Hrothgar built for his men. 104, 105, 106, 107.
- Hercules (hŭr'kū-lēz') (Greek, *Herakles*). A renowned athletic hero, the son of Jupiter and Alcmene. He performed many glorious deeds and completed twelve great labors. 55, 56, 57, 59, 60, 62.
- Hermes (hŭr'mēz). Another name for Mercury. He was the messenger for the gods of Mt. Olympus. 62.
- Hermod (hŭr'mōd) (Norse, *courage of hosts*). The son of Odin. Mounted upon Sleipnir, he rode to Hel to bring back Balder. 101, 102.
- Hesione (hē-sī-ō'nē). The daughter of Laomedon, a Trojan king. Having been rescued from a sea monster by Hercules, she later became the wife of Telamon, one of his followers. 60.
- Hesperides (hēs-pēr'ī-dēz). Sometimes called the *Atlantides*. These were the nymphs, who, with the help of a dragon, guarded the golden apples that Gæa gave to Hera as a wedding present. Obtaining some of these apples was one of the twelve labors of Hercules. The Hesperides are usually thought of as three in number, although the number varies according to the stories. They were the daughters of Atlas and Hesperis. The Garden of the Hesperides was located somewhere at the extreme western end of the Mediterranean Sea. 52, 57, 59.

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- Hesperus (hěs'pěr-ŭs) (Greek, *the evening star*). In Greek mythology, the god who at dusk led the evening star into the heavens. 67.
- Hiawatha (hī'ā-wā'thā). An Indian chieftain to whom the Iroquois ascribed miraculous powers and deeds. 241, 242, 243, 244.
- Higelac or Hygelac (hīj'ī-lāk). A king of the Geats, uncle and overlord of Beowulf. 105, 108, 110.
- Highlands of the Hudson. The hilly region on either side of the Hudson River. 272.
- Hills of Pele (pě'lē). According to Hawaiian legend, the hills thrown up by Pele in a fit of anger. 188.
- Hilo (hē'lō). A bay that cuts into the shore of the island of Hawaii. 185.
- Hippolyta (hī-pōl'ī-tā). The queen of the Amazons. As his ninth labor, Hercules obtained the belt of Hippolyta as a present for the daughter of Eurystheus. 58.
- Hippomenes (hī-pōm'ě-nēz). The youth who, with the help of Venus, defeated Atalanta in a foot race and thereby won her for his wife. (See *Atalanta*.) 18, 19, 21, 22.
- Hoard. A term commonly used when referring to the Rhinegold mentioned in the legend of the Nibelungs. (See *Rhinegold*.) 133, 136.
- Ho-deri (hō-dā'rē). The Japanese name of Prince Fire-Flame, who, according to the legend, was a great fisherman. 189, 193.

**Hoder** (hō'dēr). In Norse mythology, the blind god who was responsible for the death of Balder. When directed by Loki, Hoder hurled a branch of mistletoe which struck Balder and caused his death. Hoder is the Cain of Norse mythology.

101, 102.

**Hours**. In Egyptian mythology, the attendants of Osiris. (See *Osiris*.) 175.

**Ho-wori** (hō-wō'rē). Prince Fire-Fade, a famous hunter, the brother of Prince Fire-Flame. (See *Ho-deri*.) 189, 190, 191, 192, 193.

**Hringham or Hringhorn** (rīng'hām or rīng'hörn). Balder's great ship, upon which his funeral pile was built. 102.

**Hrothgar** (rōth'gār). The Danish king who built the mead-hall *Heorot*. A kind overlord, a faithful friend, lavish in his gifts, Hrothgar is typical of the early Germanic princes depicted in the legends and sagas. Hrothgar's wife was named Wealh-theow. (See *Beowulf*, *Heorot*.) 104, 105, 108, 109, 110.

**Hrungnir** (rūng'nēr). The giant who owned the steed, Gullfaxi, upon which he raced against Odin. He was slain in combat with Thor. 92, 93.

**Hrunting** (rūnt'īng). Unferth's sword, which he loaned to Beowulf. 108, 109.

**Hugi** (hōō'gē) (Norse, *thought*). The giant who defeated Thialfi in a foot race. 97.

**Hugin** (hōō'gīn) (Norse, *mind*). One of the two ravens which belonged to Odin. 75.



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- Hunding (hōon'dǐng). A chieftain of the Neidung clan, the husband of Sieglinde. He was slain by Siegmund. (See *Neidung*, *Sieglinde*, *Siegmund*.) 123, 124, 126, 127, 128.
- Hyacinthus (hī-à-sǐn'thūs). A youth beloved of Apollo. Apollo killed the lad by accident, then, out of remorse and love, changed him into a hyacinth. 47, 49.
- Hygd (hǐj'd). According to the Anglo-Saxon epic, *Beowulf*, Hygd was the wife of Higelac. It is believed that after she became a widow by the death of Higelac, she became the wife of Beowulf. (See *Beowulf*, *Higelac*.) 110.
- Hygelac *see* Higelac.
- Hylas (hī'làs). A lad who accompanied Hercules on the Argonautic Expedition. Hercules was very fond of Hylas, and when the boy was stolen by the Naiads, the hero left the Argonauts to rescue him. (See *Hercules*, *Argonautic Expedition*.) 59.
- Hymen (hī'měň). In Greek mythology, the god of marriage. He was the son of Apollo and Urania. 24.
- Hymir (hē'mǐr). The giant with whom Thor went fishing at the time when he caught the Midgard Serpent. Hymir's wife was the mother of Tyr. Tyr and Thor went to Hymir to procure a kettle for Ægir. 90, 91.
- Hyrrokin (hēr'rō-kǐn) (Norse, *fire-smoked*). According to Norse mythology, a giantess that had

once been burned for some misdeed. Apparently she did not come to her death by the burning, and was thereafter called "fire-smoked." 103.

Icaria (ī-kā'ri-à). An island in the Ægean Sea.

Icarus was buried there. (See *Icarus*.) 40.

Icarian (ī-kā'ri-àn). A sea which forms part of the Ægean. It was so called because Icarus fell into it and was drowned. (See *Icarus*.) 40.

Icarus (īk'ā-rūs). The young son of Dædalus. Having been provided with wings by his father, he failed to heed the warning of Dædalus, flew too near the sun, and, losing his wings, fell into the sea. 37, 38, 39, 40.

Ida-Plain (ī'dā-plān'). In Norse mythology, the plain upon which stood the city of Asgard, dwelling-place of the gods. 73, 101.

Iduna (ī-dū'nà). A daughter of the dwarf Ivald. She was the wife of Bragi and the goddess of early spring. She possessed the youth-giving apples of which the gods ate in order not to grow old. 81.

Ifing (īf'ing). In Norse mythology, a river that divided the lands of the gods from those of the giants. 75.

Ilmarinen (īl-mā-rē'něn). A mighty craftsman, the hero of the Finnish epic, *Kalevala*. 113, 116.

Immortals. A name frequently applied to the Greek gods who dwelt on Mt. Olympus. 57.

India. A country of southern Asia. It was the home of Rama. (See *Rama*.) 166.

Indra (in'drā). A Hindu god. He was the wielder of the thunderbolt, the gatherer of clouds, and the dispenser of rain. 158, 163, 167.

Iole (ī'ō-lē). The daughter of Eurytus, who refused to give her to Hercules although that hero had fairly won her in an archery contest. Eurytus gave as his reason for refusing, the fear that Hercules might a second time become insane and kill Iole. According to some legends, Iole is the half sister of Dryope. 60.

Iris (ī'rīs). The Greek goddess of the rainbow and messenger to Zeus and Juno. 62.

Isis (ī'sīs). In Egyptian mythology, a star maiden, the Daughter of a Hundred Stars. She was beloved of the Nile, but she herself was in love with the god Osiris. According to some legends she became the wife of Osiris. Isis was the Egyptian goddess of fertility, as Ceres was the goddess of fertility among the ancient Greeks. (See *Osiris*.) 174, 175.

Ishtar (ish'tār). In Persian mythology, the earth mother, the goddess of fertility. As the queen of love and beauty she resembles the Greek goddess *Venus*. 155, 156, 157.

Ixion (ik-sī'ōn). A king of the Lapithæ, the father of the centaurs. For aspiring to the love of Hera (Juno), he was bound to an ever-turning wheel in Tartarus (Hades). 25.

Janaka (jä-nä'kā). According to Hindu mythology, Janaka was the father of Queen Sita, whom he

found in a furrow when she was an infant. Because of that Janaka named the child Sita (*furrow*). (See *Sita*.) 158.

Jotunnheim (yō'tōon-him). According to Norse mythology, the home of the giants. 73, 75, 82, 85, 87, 88, 89, 94, 99, 103.

Jotunn (yō'tōon). One of the giants who dwelt in Jotunnheim. 97.

Jove (jōv). Another name for Jupiter. He was a god of the ancient Romans, the father of Perseus. (See *Jupiter*, *Perseus*.) 52.

Jumala (yū-mä'là). According to the mythology of the Finns, this term was first applied to the sky, then to the sky god, and finally to the supreme god. 117.

Juno (jōō'nō). According to Roman mythology, Juno was the wife of Jupiter and the queen of the gods. She is identical with the Greek *Hera*. 14, 33, 56, 57, 62.

Jupiter (jōō'pī-těr). According to Roman mythology, Jupiter, the light-bearer, was the king and father of the gods. He is identical with the Greek Zeus. 3, 4, 7, 8, 13, 14, 26, 28, 36, 43, 44, 45, 46, 50, 52, 56, 68, 69.

Kahuku (kā-hōō'kōō). The name of the region around Mount Pele in Hawaii. (See *Pele*.) 186, 187, 188.

Kaikeya (kā-ē-kā'yà). The youngest queen and favorite of King Dasaratha. She prevailed upon the king to banish Rama, his eldest son, and to

make her son king instead. (See *Rama, Dasaratha.*) 159.

Kaleva (kä'lā-vā). The giant ancestor of the heroes of Finnish mythology. His exploits are recounted in the Finnish epic, the *Kalevala*. 114.

Kalevala (kä'lā-vä'lā). According to Finnish mythology, the land of the giant, Kaleva. 113.

Karjola (kär-jō'lā). A province in Finland. 113.

Kilauea (kīl-ōw-ā'ā). One of the world's great volcanoes, located in Hawaii. According to some Hawaiian legends it was the home of Pele. (See *Pele.*) 185, 187.

Kingdom of the Dead. Another name for Hades, the kingdom of Pluto. 68, 69.

King of Death. According to Greek mythology, Hercules engaged him in battle and succeeded in taking Alcestris from him. 60.

Ko-Ngai (kō'n-gī). According to Chinese legend, Ko-Ngai was the daughter of Kouan-Ku. To save her father's life the maiden plunged into a mass of molten metal from which he was to cast a bell for the emperor. 204, 205, 206, 208.

Kosala (kō-sā'lā). The land in which the city of Ayodha is located. 158.

Kouan-Ku (kōō'an-kōō'). An official of the Chinese Empire, the father of Ko-Ngai. (See *Ko-Ngai.*) 203, 204, 206.

Lake of the Four-Stringed Lute. Another name for the Japanese lake, Biwa Ko. (See *Biwa Ko.*) 195, 196.

Lakshman (lăk'sh-măn). According to Hindu mythology, the son of King Dasaratha and Queen Kaikeya. He was half brother to Prince Rama. 160, 161, 162, 165, 166, 168.

Lakshmi (lăk'sh-mē). According to Hindu mythology, the goddess of fortune and the wife of Vishnu. Representations of Lakshmi are typical of the East Indian idea of beauty. 158, 167.

Land of Shadows. Another name for Hades. (See *Hades*.) 155.

Land of the Rising Sun. A name frequently applied to the Japanese Empire. 195.

Land of the Setting Sun. According to Greek mythology, the region lying somewhere about the western end of the Mediterranean Sea. The Garden of the Hesperides was situated there. 59.

Lanka (lăn'kă). By some supposed to be a Hindu name for the island of Ceylon. The fabulous kingdom of Ravana was located there. (See *Ravana*.) 161, 165, 166.

Laomedon (lă-ôm'ē-dŏn). A king of Troy, the father of Priam and Hesione. He was slain by Hercules because he refused to give over to the hero the famed horses of Neptune promised as a reward for the rescue of the king's daughter. 60.

Latmos (lăt'mŭs), Mount. A mountain of Caria, in southwestern Asia Minor. It was upon Mount Latmos that Endymion fed his flocks. (See *Endymion*.) 27, 28.

Lichas (lik'ăs). Lichas carried to Hercules the



shirt which had been steeped in Nessus' blood. Because of that Hercules cast him into the sea. (See *Hercules, Nessus.*) 60.

Loge (lō'gā). Another name for Loki. 119, 120, 121, 129.

Logi (lō'gē). This was the name of Utgard-Loki's cook, who vanquished him in an eating contest. According to the Norse mythology, Logi was really *Fire* in disguise. This accounts for his being able to consume anything at all with so much rapidity. 97, 99.

Lohengrin (lō'ēn-grīn). The champion of Elsa, princess of Brabant. He was the son of Percival (Parsifal). Lohengrin is a hero of mediæval legend, and a reputed knight of the Holy Grail. (See *Elsa, Grail.*) 146.

Loki (lō'kē) (Norse, *finish, end*). Loki was the evil giant-god of Norse mythology. He was regarded as the father of Sleipnir, the Midgard Serpent, Fenris-wolf, and Hela. He typified the end of divinity. Finally he was captured and bound by the gods of Asgard. (See *Sleipnir, Midgard Serpent, Fenris-Wolf, Hela, Asgard.*) 77, 78, 79, 80, 82, 84, 85, 87, 88, 89, 94, 97, 99, 100, 101, 102.

Lydia (līd'ī-ā). An ancient kingdom of western Asia Minor. At one time its ruler is said to have been Omphales, to whom Hercules was bound. 59.

Lyrnean Hydra (līr'nē-ān hīd'rā). A nine-headed

- water serpent of Greek mythology. It was slain by Hercules as one of his twelve labors. 58.
- Mackinac (măk'î-năk). A beautiful island lying in the Strait of Mackinac, between the upper and lower peninsulas of Michigan. It is reputed to have been the scene of many of Hiawatha's exploits. (See *Hiawatha*.) 243.
- Mæander (mē-ăn'děr). Ancient Greek name of a famous river in western Asia Minor. 59.
- Magni (măg'nē). Thor's three-year-old son. Unaided, he lifted the dead giant Hrungrir from the body of Thor. 93.
- Manitou (măn'î-tōō). According to the superstitions of the Algonquin Indians, one of the spirits that dominate the forces of nature. 250, 272.
- Marica (măr'ē-chà). According to Hindu mythology, one of the fiends that helped Ravana to capture Queen Sita. 161, 162.
- Master of Life. A name frequently given to the Supreme Being. 273.
- Medusa (mē-dū'sà). The most famous of the three Gorgons. She was slain by Perseus, who then presented her head to Minerva. (See *Gorgon*, *Perseus*, *Minerva*.) 50, 51.
- Megara (mē-gă'rà). A princess of ancient Greece, the wife of Hercules. She was slain by her husband while he suffered from a fit of insanity. 57.
- Mercury (měr'kū-rē). A Roman god identical with the Greek *Hermes*. (See *Hermes*.) 3, 36, 43, 44, 45, 51, 68.

Michipicoten (mĭsh'ē-pĭ-kō'tĕn). A large bay lying on the Canadian side of Lake Superior. It was reputed to have been the scene of many incidents of Indian legend. 243.

Midgard (mĭd'gärd). According to Norse mythology, Midgard, the earth, the abode of men, was situated in the middle of the universe. It was thought to be bordered by great mountains and surrounded by a mighty sea. It lay between Asgard, the dwelling-place of the gods, and Utgard, the home of the giants. 82.

Midgard Serpent. According to Norse mythology, the world serpent which lies hidden in the ocean that surrounds the earth. It is the offspring of Loki. Its coils encircle the whole of Midgard (the earth). On one occasion Thor catches the Midgard Serpent on a fishhook, but the creature escapes. Thor finally slays it, at Ragnarok, but is himself poisoned by the breath of the serpent. 82, 83, 85, 90, 99.

Milky Way. The faintly luminous path seen in the heavens on clear nights. It is composed of stars so distant that the light from all gives the appearance of a path or band of light. The Milky Way is also called the *Galaxy*. 197, 205.

Mime (mĕ'mā). One of the chief dwarfs of ancient Teutonic mythology. Mime was a craftsman in metals. In his workshop the most renowned sons of princes learned the mysteries of metal-working. It was he who forged the Tarnhelm for his

- brother Alberich. (See *Tarnhelm*.) 121, 130, 131, 133.
- Minerva (mĭ-nŭr'vā). A Roman goddess identified with the Greek *Athene*. Minerva was regarded as the daughter of Jupiter and was said to have sprung from his brain. She was the patroness of health, learning, wisdom, and the household arts. 3, 5, 6, 7, 8, 51, 55, 57.
- Ming (mĭng). The name of a dynasty, or family, of Chinese rulers who reigned from about 1368 to 1644 A.D. During the rule of the Ming emperors, commerce and the cultivation of the arts were encouraged. 203, 204.
- Minnehaha (mĭn'ē-hä'hä) (Indian, *Laughing Water*). A maiden of the Dakota tribe, the bride of Hiawatha. 241.
- Minos (mĭ'nös). A grandson of the first Minos, who was king and lawgiver of Crete. He was the builder of the labyrinth and the oppressor of Athens. 37, 38.
- Mira (mē'rā). In Egyptian mythology, the Star Mother. This name was given to a particularly bright star. 174.
- Mjollnir (myöl'nēr). The name of Thor's mighty hammer which was forged for him by the dwarf Sindre. After Ragnarok the hammer comes into the possession of Thor's sons. 80, 86, 93.
- Mokkrkalfi (mökr'käl'fē) (Norse, *mist-wader*). The clay giant that was felled by Thialfi, helper of Thor. 92.

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Mondamin (mön-dā'mīn) (American Indian, *maize*, *corn*). According to a legend of the American Indians, the plant which grew from the body of the stranger who was vanquished by one of the braves during the starving time of his people.

240.

Moy-mell. According to Celtic mythology, the plain of never-ending pleasure. 148, 150.

Muse (mūz). According to Greek mythology, one of the nine goddesses who presided over music, poetry, and the other arts and sciences. 26.

Mycenæ (mī-sēn'ē). A city of ancient Greece reputed to have been ruled at one time by Agamemnon. 58.

Munin (mōōn'ēn) (Norse, *memory*.) One of Odin's two ravens. (See *Hugin*.) 75.

Naiad (nāy'ād). In Greek mythology, one of the nymphs which presided over fountains and brooks. They were the daughters of Jupiter. 59.

Nalakapana (nāl'ä-kä-pän'ä). A village of India. 169.

Nanna (nä'nä). According to Norse mythology, Nanna, the daughter of Nep, was the wife of Balder. After Balder's death, she died of grief. 103.

Narcissus (när-sīs'ūs). A beautiful youth who died of unsatisfied love for his own image which he saw reflected in a pool. He was changed to the flower that bears his name. 15, 16, 17.

Nayajo (näv'ä-hō). One of a numerous and im-

- portant tribe of Indians living in the states of Arizona, New Mexico, and Utah. Their blankets and work in jewelry are celebrated. 210.
- Nefra (nē'frā). In Egyptian mythology this god was the bearer of fire to mortals. 174.
- Neiding (nīd'ing). A legendary clan among the primitive Germanic peoples, of which Hunding was the leader and head. 123.
- Nemea (nē-mē'à). A valley in northwestern Argolis, a district of ancient Greece. In this valley Hercules killed a lion which for a long time had laid waste the homesteads of the inhabitants. 57.
- Neptune (něp'tūn). A Roman god of the sea, the son of Saturn and Ops. He is identical with the Greek *Poseidon*. Neptune is usually represented as bearing aloft a trident, or three-pronged fork, as a symbol of his powers. 7, 12, 19, 21, 52, 60.
- Nereid (ně'rē-īd). One of the daughters of Nereus and Doris, of whom there were a hundred. The nereids were nymphs of the sea. 40.
- Nessus (něs'ūs). A centaur whom Hercules fatally wounded with a poisoned arrow. By the advice of the dying Nessus, Dejanira, the wife of Hercules, steeped her husband's shirt in the blood of the centaur so as later to use it for a love charm. When, finally, Dejanira prevailed upon Hercules to wear the shirt, it poisoned his flesh, causing such agony that he killed himself. 60.
- Nibelheim (ně'běl-hīm). The subterranean home of the Nibelungs. 119, 121.



Nibelungs (nē'běl-ōongs). In Teutonic mythology, a race of dwarfs, the children of the mist. They were the possessors of the Ring and the Hoard. 118, 121, 126, 127, 128, 136.

Niflheim (nēv'l-hīm). According to Norse mythology, the world of fog and mist. It was a place of punishment for the spirits of mortals, after their death, similar to the Hades of the Greeks. Odin visited Niflheim to inquire after the fate of Balder. 73, 78, 83.

Nin-ci-gal (nĭn'cē-gāl). In Persian mythology, the queen of the underworld. 155, 156, 157.

Norn (nörn). According to Norse mythology, there were three Norns whose functions resembled those attributed to the *Fates* of the Greeks. (See *Fates*.) The names of the Norns were Urd (*Past*), Verdande (*Present*), and Skuld (*Future*). 73, 135.

Nothung (nō'tŭng). The magic sword of the Volungs. (See *Volsungs*.) 124, 126, 127, 128, 130, 131, 133, 134.

Notre Dame (nōtr dām) (French, *Our Lady*). A celebrated cathedral of Paris. 269.

Oak of Justice. According to the legend of *Lohengrin*, this was the tree in Brabant beneath which the Saxon king was accustomed to dispense justice. 140, 145.

Odin (ō'dĕn). Probably identical with *Woden* and *Wotan*. According to Norse mythology, Odin was the chief of the gods. He was regarded as

the beginning of all wisdom, the founder of culture, the inventor of writing and poetry. He carried a magic spear and was always accompanied by two ravens and two wolves. At Ragnarok he was slain by the Fenris-Wolf. His wife was Frigga. 73, 74, 79, 80, 83, 85, 86, 87, 92, 100, 101, 103, 120.

Ojibwa (ō-jīb'wā). Sometimes spelled *Ojibway*. Originally the largest tribe of American Indians north of Mexico. 245.

Old Man of the Sea. According to Japanese legend, it was the Old Man of the Sea who built the boat for Ho-wori, Prince Fire-Fade, the mighty hunter. 190.

Olympus (ō-līm'pūs), Mount. A mountain of Thessaly, a district of ancient Greece. Upon its summit, according to the mythology of the Greeks, was the dwelling-place of the gods. 14, 28, 36, 56, 62, 68, 272.

Omi (ō'mē). A province of Japan. 195, 196, 198.

Omphale (ōm'fā-lē). A queen of Lydia whom Hercules served for three years, as a punishment. During his servitude he wore woman's clothing; Omphale wore the lion's skin of Hercules. 59.

Orpheus (ör'fūs or ör'fē-ūs). A poet and musician, the son of Apollo and Calliope. By means of his music Orpheus so charmed Pluto that he was permitted by the king of the underworld to lead his wife Eurydice from Hades back to the realm of mortals. Orpheus was finally slain by some of

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- the Thracian maidens whose attentions he refused to acknowledge and accept. 23, 24, 25, 26.
- Ortrud (ör'trōd). According to the legend of *Lohengrin*, the wife of Frederick of Telramund. 140, 142, 143, 144, 146.
- Osiris (ō-si'rīs). The Egyptian god of the underworld and judge of the souls of men. He was the wisest and most beneficent of the Egyptian gods. 174, 175.
- Osmo (ös'mō). Another name for Kaleva. (See *Kaleva*.) 114.
- Osmotar (ös'mō-tär). The daughter of Osmo. 114.
- Palace of Lanka. The home of Ravana. 166.
- Palace of the Ocean Bed. The home of Wata-tsumi. 191.
- Pan (păn). The Greek god of flocks and pastures. 36.
- Pandora (păn-dō'rà) (Greek, *all-gifted*). A beautiful maiden whom Zeus gave to Epimetheus as a wife. Pandora's curiosity prompted her to open a little casket which Zeus had placed in her keeping with the injunction that she was not to look inside it. When Pandora opened the box, all human ills escaped into the world. Hope alone remained within. Another version of this story has it that when Pandora opened the casket all those blessings which the gods had destined for man escaped and were lost to humankind. 3, 4.
- Paros (pā'rös). An island of the Ægean Sea. 39.
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- Pearly Feather. A wicked Indian who was slain by Hiawatha. 242.
- Peerless Jewel. Another name for Toyo-tama. (See *Toyo-tama*.) 190.
- Pegasus (pěg'â-sūs). According to Greek mythology, a winged steed born of a union of the sea foam and the blood of Medusa. 51.
- Pele (pē'lē). According to the mythology of the Hawaiians, the goddess of fire. 185, 186, 187, 188.
- Percival. The same as *Parsifal*. A knight of the Holy Grail, the father of Lohengrin. 146.
- Persephone (pěr-sěf'ō-nē). The daughter of Ceres (Demeter). She was the wife of Pluto and queen of Hades. (See *Proserpine*.) 24, 25, 66, 67, 68, 69, 70.
- Perseus (pūr'sūs). The son of Zeus and Danaë, the slayer of the Medusa. He rescued Andromeda from a sea monster, and so won her for his wife. 50, 51, 52, 54, 55.
- Petrel (pē'trēl). According to American Indian mythology, Petrel was the keeper of fresh water and the owner of a mighty spring on Dekino. 217.
- Phaëton (fā'ē-tōn). A son of Phæbus Apollo. On one occasion, when Phaëton drove the sun-chariot of his father, he lost control of the steeds and almost burned up the earth. As a punishment, Jupiter struck him down with a thunderbolt. 9, 11, 12, 13.

- Phantom (fǎn'tǔm). The messenger of the Persian god, Hea. 157.
- Philemon (fǐ-lě'mǒn). The husband of Baucis. (See *Baucis*.) 43, 46.
- Phineus (fī'nūs). The betrothed of Andromeda. Perseus turned him to stone by showing him the head of Medusa. (See *Andromeda*, *Perseus*, *Medusa*.) 54, 55.
- Phœbe (fē'bē). Another name for Diana. (See *Diana*.) 27.
- Phœbus (fē'būs). Another name for Apollo. (See *Apollo*.) 9, 41, 47, 49.
- Phrygia (frij'i-à). An ancient country lying in central Asia Minor. 59.
- Pillars of Hercules. According to Greek mythology, these lay at the far western end of the Mediterranean Sea, where they were cast up by Hercules. They are often identified with Gibraltar. 59.
- Plain of Arcomin (är'kō'mǐn). A region in the kingdom of Conn the Hundred Fighter. 150.
- Pluto (plōō'tō). The god of the lower world. According to Greek mythology he was the king of Hades. He captured Persephone and carried her away to be his bride and the queen of the lower regions. 24, 25, 34, 51, 59, 66, 67, 68.
- Pohja (pō'jä). A shortened form of Pohjola. (See *Pohjola*.) 113, 114, 115, 116, 117.
- Pohjola (pō-jō'là). A name sometimes applied to the region now known as Lapland. 113, 115, 117.

Polydectes (pŏl'ē-dĕk'tēz). An ancient king of Seriphus whom Perseus turned to stone by showing him the head of the Medusa. (See *Medusa*, *Perseus*.) 50, 55.

Prometheus (prō-mē'thūs) (Greek, *forethought*). According to Greek mythology, Prometheus stole fire from heaven and gave it to man, thus becoming the founder of civilization. In punishment, Zeus had him bound to a rock on Mount Caucasus, and there a vulture preyed upon his vitals until he was finally released by Hercules. 3, 59.

Proserpine (prŏs'ēr-pĭn). The same as *Persephone*. Proserpine was the daughter of Ceres and Jupiter who was carried off by Pluto to become the queen of Hades. At the supplication of Ceres, Pluto permitted Proserpine to return to earth for nine months of each year, but he compelled her to remain with Pluto during the remaining months, because she had tasted of food during her first sojourn in Hades. 34.

Proteus (prō'tūs or prō-tē'ūs). An attendant of Neptune. He possessed the gift of prophecy and the power to change his shape at will. (See *Neptune*.) 2.

Psyche (sĭ'kē). According to Greek mythology, Psyche was an extremely beautiful maiden who became the wife of Cupid. She personifies the soul, and is usually represented with the wings of a butterfly, the emblem of immortality. 29, 30, 31, 32, 33, 34, 36.



Pygmalion (pĭg-mā'li-ön). A sculptor who fell in love with the statue of a maiden which he carved. (See *Galatea*.) 63, 64, 65.

Ragnarok (räg'nà-rök'). According to Norse mythology, Ragnarok signifies the final destruction of the world in the great conflict between the gods, who dwell in Asgard, and the giants, who live in Utgard, aided by the powers of Hel under the leadership of Loki. Ragnarok is sometimes referred to as "the twilight of the gods." 85.

Rama (rä'mà). A son of King Dasaratha, the hero of the *Ramayana*, one of the great epics of India. He was the husband of Sita, and one of the incarnations of Vishnu. 158, 159, 160, 161, 162, 165, 166, 167, 168.

Ravana (rà-vā'nà). According to Hindu mythology, the king of Lanka. He was the dread oppressor of gods and men, who stole Queen Sita and held her captive. 161, 162, 163, 165, 166, 167.

Rhine-daughters. According to Teutonic mythology, the three water sprites that owned the Rhinegold, or magic treasure, hidden in the river Rhine. It was stolen from them by the dwarf, Alberich. (See *Alberich*.) 118, 119, 137, 139.

Rhinegold. A magic treasure hidden in the depths of the river Rhine, where it was guarded by the Rhine-daughters. When out of their keeping its possession brought misfortune to him who held it. (See *Rhine-daughters*.) 119, 126, 129, 135.

Ring. A magic ring fashioned by the dwarf Alberich from some of the Rhinegold which he stole from the Rhine-daughters. By virtue of the power of this ring, its possessor could rule the world. 121, 122, 126, 127, 130, 131, 133, 134, 135, 136, 137, 138, 139.

Roraima (rō-rī'mā). A mountain in British Guiana, near the northeastern coast of South America. 267.

Roskva (rōsk'vā). According to Norse mythology, the maiden follower of Thor. She symbolizes the ripe fields of harvest time. 94, 96.

Runic (rōō'nīk). Pertaining to the *runes*. The runes were alphabetic signs used by some of the early Teutonic peoples for preserving records of their past. The letters were cut in wood, stone, or metal by the priests, who alone understood the art of runic writing. The word *rune* is frequently used to denote a mystery, because the secret of runic writing was a prerogative of the older Germanic priesthood and was jealously guarded by those who were acquainted with the mystery. 110.

Sagalie Tyee (sā-gā'lē tī'ē). A name used by the American Indians of the Northwest to designate the Great Spirit. 215.

Samos (sā'mōs). An island of the Ægean Sea. 39.

Scheldt (skēlt). A great river of Belgium which empties into the North Sea at the site of Antwerp. According to the legend of *Lohengrin*, the Oak of

Justice stood upon the banks of the Scheldt. (See *Oak of Justice*.) 140.

Scythian (sĭth'ĭ-àn). One of an ancient people about whom very little is definitely known. Among the early Greeks the Scythians were notorious for their bloodthirstiness and savagery. They probably inhabited the plains of southern Russia along the northern coast of the Black Sea. 21.

Scyldings (skĭld'ĭngs). According to the Anglo-Saxon epic *Beowulf*, the Scyldings were the descendants of Scyld and the followers of Hrothgar. 105.

Seasons. According to Greek mythology, these were the goddesses that kept the gate of clouds which opened from Mount Olympus. They are sometimes identified with the Hours. (See *Mount Olympus*.) 36.

Seriphus (sĕr'ĭ-fŭs). An island lying in the Ægean Sea. According to Greek mythology, it was upon this island that Perseus and his mother were cast up by the sea. 50, 51, 55.

Seville (sĕ-vĭl'). A famous city of Spain. During the period when the Moors held dominion in Spain, Seville was the capital of a principate, a sort of province under the rule of its own prince. At that time it was renowned as a splendid city, the site of Moorish culture. 176, 177.

Shasta (shă's'tà), Mount. A volcanic peak in northern California. 271.

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Sicily (sĭs'ĭ-lĭ). The largest island in the Mediterranean Sea. 40.

Siegfried (sĕg'frĕd). The hero of various Germanic legends. According to Wagner, he was the son of Siegmund and Sieglinde. He refashioned the sword Nothung, killed Fafnir and Mime, and became possessed of the Rhinegold. He wed Brünnehilde, whom he later forgot in love for Gutrune. He was killed by Hagen. Brünnehilde died on his funeral pyre. 128, 129, 130, 131, 133, 134, 135, 136, 137, 138, 139.

Sieglinde (sĕg'lĭnd *or* sĕg'lĭn-dà). The wife of Hunding. Later she became the wife of Siegmund and mother of Siegfried. 123, 124, 127, 128, 130.

Siegmund (sĕg'mĭnd). The father of Siegfried. He was slain by Hunding. 123, 124, 126, 127, 128.

Sierra Nevada (sĭ-ĕr'ă nĕ-vă'dà). A mountain chain in eastern California. 236.

Sif (sĕf). The wife of Thor. She was thought of as a golden-haired goddess that typified the earth decked in the bright green of springtime. She was the goddess of wedlock and family life. 79, 80, 93.

Sigyn (sĕ'gĭn). The wife of Loki. She held a basin to catch the serpent's venom and to keep it from dropping into Loki's face. 84.

Silver Stream. Another name for the Milky Way. (See *Milky Way*.) 205.

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Sindre (sĭn'drā). In Norse mythology, Sindre was the dwarf who devised the wonderful gifts for the gods. The gifts were Draupnir, Mjollnir, and a boar with bristles of gold. (See *Draupnir*, *Mjollnir*.) 79, 80.

Sip-gnet (sĭp'nĕt'). According to Polynesian mythology, Sip-gnet was the goddess of darkness for whom Ang-ngalo began to build a mansion out of snow-white bricks. (See *Ang-ngalo*.) 184.

Sisyphus (sĭs'ĭ-fŭs). According to Greek mythology, a crafty and avaricious king of Corinth. As a punishment in Hades he was condemned to roll a gigantic stone to the top of a hill. So soon as he reached the top, he lost hold of the stone, which immediately rolled to the foot of the hill. Thus the task of Sisyphus never came to an end. 25.

Sita (sĕ'tā). According to Hindu mythology, Sita was the beautiful daughter of King Janaka. Because Prince Rama was able to bend the wonder-bow of King Janaka, the father gave Sita in marriage to the prince. 158, 159, 160, 161, 162, 163, 165, 166, 167, 168.

Siva (sĕ'vā). In Hindu mythology, the third of the triad of gods. He represents the principle of destruction, and also that of the restoring power, because, according to Hindu belief, the two are identical. Siva has more than a thousand titles. 159.

Skeena (skĕ'nā). A river in British Columbia. 217.

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- Skidbladnir (skīd'blād-nēr). According to Norse mythology, the famous ship of Frey. As Frey willed, the ship could move on either sea or land; at his wish it became large or small. 79.
- Skrymir (skrē'mēr). The name assumed by Utgard-Loki in order to deceive Thor. (See *Utgard-Loki*.) 95, 96.
- Sky Land. According to the mythology of the American Indians, the dwelling-place of the Great Mystery. 238, 239, 240, 246, 247.
- Sleipnir (slāp'nēr) (Norse, *the slipper*). Odin's eight-footed steed. 74, 92, 100, 101, 102.
- Son of Heaven. A name frequently given to the Chinese emperor. 203, 204.
- South Dome. The name of a rocky cliff in the Yosemite Valley. 237.
- Saint Nicholas (sānt nīk'ō-lās). The patron saint of Russia and of seafarers, thieves, young women, and children. As the bearer of gifts to good children on Christmas Eve, he was a favorite of the young. The name Saint Nicholas has been corrupted to *Santa Claus*. 260.
- Star Mother. Another name for Mira. (See *Mira*.) 174.
- Stikine (stī-kēn'). A river in Alaska and British Columbia. 217.
- Storm God. According to Japanese legend, the god who brought about storms at sea. 189.
- Stygian (stīj'ī-ān). Pertaining to the river Styx. (See *Styx*.) 17, 26.



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Stymphalis (stĭm-fä'lĭs). A lake in Arcadia, a district of ancient Greece. 58.

Styx (stĭx). According to Greek mythology, the Styx was the chief river of the lower world, which it encompassed seven times. Those who passed to the regions of the dead were compelled to cross this river. 11, 26.

Sugriva (sōō-grē'vā). According to Hindu mythology, the king of the monkey tribe. He sent his army to aid Rama in rescuing Queen Sita from Ravana. 165.

Sultan (sŭl'tān). A ruler of a Mohammedan state. 180.

Summer-maker. According to the mythology of the American Indians, the spirit that brings summer to the earth. 240.

Suruga (sōō-rōō'gā). The plain on the Island of Hondo from which Mount Fuji Yama rises. 195, 196, 198.

Sun God *see* Apollo. 11.

Svadifare (svād-ē-fä'rā). According to Norse mythology, a giant horse, the sire of Sleipnir. (See *Sleipnir*.) 77, 78.

Tai (tä'ē). The fish that swallowed the magic fish-hook of Prince Fire-Flame. (See *Ho-deri*.) 192.

Tantalus (tān'tā-lŭs). According to Greek mythology, Tantalus, a son of Zeus, was a wicked king who was punished in Hades by being placed in a lake whose waters reached just to his chin. Branches laden with choice fruits swayed forever

- just over his head, and whenever he bowed his head to drink, the waters about him receded. 25.
- Tara (tä'rá). According to Irish mythology, Tara was the region in which lay the kingdom of Conn the Hundred-Fighter. 148.
- Tarnhelm (tärn'hělm). A helmet which Mime forged for Alberich. It rendered the wearer invisible. (See *Mime, Alberich.*) 121, 122, 133, 136, 137.
- Tehuantepec (tā-wän'tā-pěk). An isthmus which separates the Gulf of Mexico from the Pacific Ocean. 261.
- Temple of Justice. The temple from which Nin-ci-gal dispensed justice to the people of earth. (See *Nin-ci-gal.*) 157.
- Thebes (thěbz). A city of ancient Greece, capital of the district of Bœotia. It is said to have been founded by Cadmus, a legendary hero to whom was ascribed the renown of having brought the alphabet from Phœnicia to the Greeks. 56, 57.
- Thialfi (thyäl'fē). The servant and follower of Thor. The name is probably the Norse word for *delver* or *digger*. The fact that Thialfi and Roskva were both regarded as followers of Thor seems to indicate that Thor was regarded as the friend of the husbandman and consequently the god of agriculture. (See *Roskva.*) 92, 93, 94, 97, 99.
- Thor (tör or thör). The son of Odin and Mother Earth. He was the god of thunder, the keeper

of the hammer which was the holiest symbol of the ancient races of Teutonic Europe. As the defender of heaven and earth, Thor was the favorite deity of Norse mythology. (See *Odin*, *Erda*.) 75, 78, 79, 80, 85, 86, 87, 88, 89, 90, 91, 92, 93, 94, 95, 96, 97, 98, 99, 103, 122.

Thrace (thrās). In ancient times the name of a region now included within the confines of Macedonia. 58.

Thrym (thrīm). The giant who stole Thor's hammer and demanded Freya as a reward for the return of it. (See *Thor*, *Freya*.) 87, 88, 89.

Thunder Bay. A bay on the northern shore of Lake Superior. It extends into the province of Ontario, Canada. 243, 244.

Thunderer *see* Thor. 75, 78, 86, 89, 90, 93.

Tierra templada (tĭ-ĕr'ra tĕmp-lă'dă) (Spanish, *land of the temperate weather*). A region of Mexico, so called because of the temperate climate. It lies part way up the mountain sides; its coolness is due to its altitude. 263.

Tisayac (tĕ'să-yăk). According to the legends of the American Indians, Tisayac is the spirit of the Yosemite Valley. 236, 237.

Toye-tama (tō-yă-tă'mă). According to Japanese legend, Toyē-tama was a princess, the daughter of Wata-tsu-mi. (See *Wata-tsu-mi*.) 190, 191, 192, 193.

Triton (tri'tŏn). According to Greek mythology, Triton was the son of Neptune. He was the

trumpeter of ocean, who, by a blast of his horn, stirred the waves to fury or quieted them. (See *Neptune*.) 2.

Trojan king *see* Laomedon. 60.

Troy. An ancient city of western Asia Minor, the siege and destruction of which forms a large part of the story of Homer's *Iliad*. 60.

Turja (tŭr'yà). Another name for Pohjola. (See *Pohjola*.) 113.

Tutokanula (tōō'tō-kä-nōō'là) (American Indian, *measuring worm*). Another name for the cliff El Capitan. (See *El Capitan*.) 235.

Twelve Labors of Hercules. The twelve great tasks, or "labors," imposed by Eurystheus upon Hercules as a result of the hatred of Hera (Juno) for Hercules. These tasks were: (1) The killing of the invulnerable Nemean lion, which he strangled; (2) the killing of the Lyrnean hydra; (3) the capture of the Erymanthian boar; (4) the capture of the Cerynean hind; (5) the killing of the man-eating Stymphalian birds; (6) the procuring of the girdle of Hippolyta, queen of the Amazons; (7) the cleansing of the stables of King Augeas; (8) the capture of the Cretan bull; (9) the capture of the man-eating mares of Diomedes; (10) the fetching of the red cattle of Geryon; (11) the procuring of the golden apples of the Hesperides; (12) the bringing of Cerberus up from the lower world. 57.

Twilight of the Gods. According to Norse mythol-

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ogy, the final destruction of the world in the great conflict between the gods and the giants. (See *Ragnarok*.) 135.

Tyee (tī'ē). A word used by the American Indians of the Northwest to designate the ruler of a tribe. 211, 213, 214, 215.

Tyr (tīr). A son of Odin. According to Norse mythology, Tyr was the god of battle. The Fenris-Wolf bit off one of his arms on a certain occasion, but that did not rob him of either valor or skill in battle. With Thor he went to borrow the kettle from Hymir. (See *Fenris-Wolf*, *Thor*, *Hymir*.) 84, 90, 91.

Tyre (tīr). An ancient Phœnician city reputed to have been founded by the legendary Dido. Among the peoples of the ancient world Tyre was renowned as the site of manufacture of the far-famed Tyrian dye, a purplish coloring matter derived from a mollusk that abounds in the waters of that coast. 7, 49.

Unsa (ōon'sà). A royal hill in Tara, site of the home of Conn the Hundred-Fighter. (See *Tara*, *Conn the Hundred-Fighter*.) 147.

Urdar (ōōr'dār). According to Norse mythology, the Norn which represented the past. (See *Norn*.) 73.

Utgard (ōōt'gård) (Norse, *the outer yard*). The abode of the giant, Utgard-Loki. 96.

Utgard-Loki (ōōt'gård lō'kē). The giant of Utgard who was visited by Thor. In order to deceive

- Thor he called himself Skrymir. (See *Skrymir*.) 96, 97, 99.
- Väinämöinen (wä'ĩ-nām-ō-ĩ'něn). The chief hero of the Kalevala. He was the son of Ilmater, daughter of Air. He is the same as Osmo and Kaleva. (See *Osmo*, *Kaleva*.) 117.
- Valhalla (väl-häl'ä). In Norse mythology, the hall of the slain. The spirits of those slain in battle were brought to Valhalla by order of Odin, and there feasted throughout eternity. 73, 74, 92, 101, 120, 121, 122, 126, 127, 136, 137, 139.
- Valkyrie (väl-kēr'ĩ) (Norse, *the chooser of the slain*). One of the armed and warlike virgins, daughters of the gods. They were the hand-maidens of Odin. They selected the slain heroes from the field of battle, and served them at their feasts in Valhalla. 74, 126, 127, 128, 129, 133, 135, 137.
- Vanar (vä'när). The monkey tribe that helped with the rescue of Queen Sita at the time when Ravana was compelled to relinquish her to Rama. 165, 166, 167.
- Vancouver (văn-kōō'věr). A large island off the coast of British Columbia. 215.
- Venus (vē'nūs). The Roman goddess of love and beauty, identical with the Greek *Aphrodite*. A popular story of her birth is that she arose from the foam of the sea. 3, 21, 22, 27, 29, 32, 33, 34, 36, 64, 65.
- Vishnu (vĩsh'nōō). The second god of the Hindu



- triad. In contrast to Brahma, the creator, and Sita, the destroyer, he is called the preserver. Among the many incarnations which he experienced, one was Rama. 158, 166, 167.
- Volsung (völ'sōong). According to Teutonic mythology, Volsung was the father of ten sons, one of whom was Siegmund. The word *Volsung* also refers to one of the clan founded by Volsung, who was none other than Wotan himself. 123, 124, 126, 128, 130, 131, 133, 134.
- Vulcan (vŭl'kăn). According to Roman mythology, Vulcan was the god of the fiery element. He was identical with the Greek *Hephæstus*. In some myths he is represented as the husband of Venus and the god of metal-working. His forges were said to be located within Mount Ætna. 9, 11.
- Wanderer. A name sometimes given to Wotan. (See *Wotan*.) 130, 131, 134.
- Washington, Mount. The highest peak of the White Mountains of New Hampshire. 272.
- Wata-tsu-mi (wă'tă-tsōō'mē). A Japanese god of the sea. 190, 191, 192.
- Wealththeow (wă'ălk-thě'ōw). According to the Anglo-Saxon epic, *Beowulf*, in which her queenly courtesy is depicted at some length, Wealththeow was the wife of Hrothgar. (See *Beowulf*, *Hrothgar*.) 106, 110.
- West Wind *see* Zephyrus. 47.
- Wiglaf (wīg'lāf). A faithful follower of Beowulf in his struggle with the Fire-Drake. 111, 112.

- Wind God. The father of Hanuman. (See *Hanuman*.) 165.
- White Cloud. The name of an Indian maiden, the daughter of Chief Eagle Eye, and an important character in the story of *The Bride of Niagara* (page 250). 250, 251.
- White Mountains. A range of mountains in New Hampshire. Mount Washington is the highest peak of the range. 272.
- Winter-maker. According to the belief of the North American Indians, Winter-maker was the spirit that brought winter to the earth. 240.
- Woden (wō'dēn). The Anglo-Saxon form of Wotan. (See *Wotan*.) 74.
- World Ash. According to Norse mythology, the World Ash, or Yggdrasill, was the great tree which supports the universe. It has three roots: One in Niflheim, a second in Jotunnheim, and a third in Midgard. (See *Niflheim*, *Jotunnheim*, *Midgard*.) 135, 136.
- World Under the Sea. According to Japanese legend, this was the kingdom of the dragon-helmed king and the shell-crowned queen. 195.
- Wotan (wō'tān). A form of Odin. (See *Odin*.) 120, 121, 122, 126, 127, 128, 129, 130, 134, 135, 136, 137, 140.
- Yankee. A nickname given to the early New Englanders. Commonly considered to be a corrupt pronunciation of the word *English* by the American Indians. 260.

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- Ymir (ě'mēr). According to Norse mythology, the giant from whose body the gods made the universe. 73.
- Yggdrasill (ĭg'drà-sĭl) *see* World Ash. 73, 85.
- Yong-lo (yǒng'lō). According to legend, an early ruler of China. 203, 204.
- Yo Semite (yō sēm'ĭ-tā). More commonly spelled *Yosemite*. A valley in eastern California. 236.
- Zephyrus (zěf'ĭ-rŭs). According to Greek mythology, the god of the west wind. 30, 31, 47.





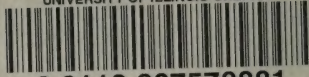








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